Kingston Trio, The "Getaway John"

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Get away, get away Get away, get away Poor John

John Hardy was a fightin' man
Carried a razor ev'ry day
He killed a man in Mobile town
You ought to see my Johnny get away
You ought to see my Johnny get away

Get away Get away, get away Poor John

John Hardy was standin' at the bar So drunk he could not see Along came a sheriff with a warrant in his hand "Johnny boy, you'd better come with me Yeah, Johnny boy, you'd better come with me"

John Hardy had a pretty little gal Kept her dressed in blue He saw her in the hangin' crowd Cryin', "Johnny boy, I'll be true to you Johnny boy, I'll be true to you"

True to you, true to you Poor, John

I've been to the East and I've been to the West Been this whole world 'round I've been to the North and I lived in the South This will be my buryin' ground This will be my buryin' ground

Well, I've been this wide world over Been this whole world 'round Been to the river and I've been baptized Take me to my buryin' ground

Get away, get away, get away

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