

Kingston Trio, The

"Run The Ridges"

Visit "[Run The Ridges](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, I hope to tell you, Johnny, that I lay that rifle down
But leave the noose and the calaboose and headed for
another town

Well, I've got your name in San Jose and your picture's
there to see
And they're shootin' men in Texas just because they
look like me

And we will run the ridges of our green land Tennessee
And we will hide for forty years if that's what's meant to
be
Meant to be, meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be

Maybe we could try Mexico and cross the desert sand
But they're guardin' 'cross the border 'case we swim
the Rio Grande

And we will run the ridges of our green land Tennessee
And we will hide for forty years if that's what's meant to
be
Meant to be, meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be

Well, they'll rope and tie you, Johnny, and they'll throw
you to the ground
And they'll let you hang a week or two 'fore they cut
your body down

And we will run the ridges of our green land Tennessee
And we will hide for forty years if that's what's meant to
be
Meant to be, meant to be

And we will run the ridges of our green land Tennessee
And we will hide for forty years if that's what's meant to
be
Meant to be, meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be

Visit [Kingston Trio, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.