

John Hardy

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 John Hardy was a desperate little man,
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 He carried two guns every day,
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 He killed a man on the West Virginia line,
 You ought to see John Hardy gettin' away,
 F C
 You ought to see John Hardy gettin' away.

Well, John Hardy run for that old state line,
 It was there he thought he'd go free,
 But a man walked up and took him by the arm,
 Saying "Johnny walk along with me,
 Johnny walk along with me."

Well the first one to visit John Hardy in his cell,
 Was a little girl dressed in blue,
 She came down to that old jail cell,
 Singing "Johnny, I've been true to you, Lord knows,
 Johnny I've been true to you."

Then the next one to visit John Hardy in his cell,
 A little girl dressed in red,
 She came down to that old jail cell,
 Singing "Johnny, I had rather see you dead,
 God knows, Johnny I had rather see you dead."

John Hardy stood in his old jail cell,
 The tears running down from his eyes,
 He said "I've been the death of many poor boy,
 But my six-shooter never told a lie,
 No my six shooter never told a lie."

John Hardy was a desperate little man,
 He carried two guns every day,
 Well, he blowed down a man on the West Virginia
 You ought to seen John Hardy getting away,
 You ought to seen John Hardy getting away.