

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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John Hardy

John Hardy was a desperate little man
He carried two guns every day
He shot down a man on that West Virginia line
You oughta seen John Hardy getting away
You oughta seen John Hardy getting away

John Hardy stood in that old barroom
So drunk that he could not see
And a man walked up and took him by the arm
He said Johnny, come and go along with me
Poor boy, Johnny, come and walk along with me

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

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
She said Johnny, I've been true to you
God knows, Johnny, I've been true to you

The next one to Visit John Hardy in his cell
Was a little girl dressed in red
She come down to that old jail cell
She said, Johnny, I had rather see you dead
Well, Johnny, I had rather see you dead

I've been to the East and I've been to the West
I've traveled this wide world around
I've been to that river and I've been baptized
So take me to my burying ground
So take me to my burying ground

John Hardy was a desperate little man
He carried two guns every day
He shot down a man on the West Virginia line
You oughta seen old John Hardy getting away
You oughta seen old John Hardy getting away