

Getaway John

The Kingston Trio

Getaway, getaway, getaway, getaway, 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.
Ought to see my Johnny

Getaway, getaway, getaway, getaway, Poor John.

John Hardy was standin' at the bar,
So drunk he could not see.
Along came a man with a warrant in his hand,
Crying, "Johnny boy, why don't you come with me?
Johnny boy, why don't you 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. 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.

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.
Getaway, getaway, getaway.