

Casy

Casy was a lean young man, maybe seventeen, no more  
and with his father worked the land  
some ninety acres 'round junction four  
When the bank foreclosed on them it was a sad, sad time indeed  
they lost their home, they lost their land  
and there were hungry mouths to feed

You search your heart to find the answer  
some people just don't understand I guess, but  
it's a shame that we could treat each other  
so unkind

Casy headed out one day with a .410 at his side  
he held a bank up at high noon  
and even killed one man inside  
His father stood there right beside him after they caught Casy on the run  
said to the judge, "You took my home, you took my land  
and now you take my son"

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We've got to figure some way to stop this  
it's not like lightning or hurricanes  
we've got a bad thing made by men  
and by God that's something we can change