

James Lincoln Deere

My name is James Francis Deere
I was born in Remington
Found my home in Richfield prison
Where I paid for the wrongs I done
Once, I was free and on the streets of Indiana
And I was twenty-two
Just a kid, no better or worse than you

Me and Terry married in the spring
We moved in with her ma and pa
On our wedding night she sighed, Jimmy,
We can have anything we want.

She got a job in Silverton
We worked hard and we scraped and saved
And we got by all right
On the money that we made

Terry had a brother
A brother, name of Sill
Made a livin stealin farm equipment
Down in Wiggonville

Hed sit at my kitchen table Friday nights
His roll of dough hed flash
Say, Johnny, you need a little extra work
All you gotta do is ask.

You got a wife and a child to feed
With nobody lookin out here for you
In this world a man takes what he can
Or he aint nothin but a fool

Then came the shutdowns
And our whole world went black
Man said, These jobs are goin boys
And they aint comin back.[1]

Then I required a bigger job
Couldnt find none
Found myself sittin
On the curb outside Sils house

Trial, trial was short
An honest man had died
They put us on the prison trucks
And let us ride

Now I got nothin to do
Cept wait for these days to pass
I see my wife and child
Through double pained Richfield glass

Me and Sill, we robbed a Stop and Shop
On a cold and windy night
I had my pistol
And I shot a boy in flight.

I held my pistol to his face
His eyes caught fire with fear
I said, Remember me before you die.
My name is James Lincoln Deere.