

Clutch, David Rose

Old John Brown left Kansas before the blood had dried
And as he rode his head did shine like the sun in mid-July.
In a tiny farm house by Brunswick piano
He warmed his boots by the fireplace and read aloud from Samuel.
David rose to beat the Philistines with five smooth stones and a sling.
One October morning his army did approach
The armory that sat between the Potomac and Shenandoah.
The engine house flung open with report of several guns
When it was done he looked upon the bodies of his dying sons.
David rose to beat the Philistines, with five smooth stones and a sling.
Throughout our history there are those ghosts
Compelled to illustrate our dreams and hopes
Victors hang in pictures, losers from ropes.
Regardless they all swing in the same boat.
Yeah....yeah, yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah
In Southampton County 'round 1831
Nat Turner prayed and the cornstalks swayed
A voice rose up and a text was raised.
In the planter's steak house they went from room to room
When it was done they rode along to liberate Jerusalem.
David rose to beat the Philistines, with five smooth stones and a sling.
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Victors hang in pictures, losers from ropes.
Regardless they all swing in the same boat.