

Wishing Chair, Family Man

Driving past the Lorraine in Memphis
My mind flashed back to the screen
A dark form crashing to the ground
And the people around him screaming
My grandmother was standing behind me
I heard her say "well, it's about time"
Now my grandma was a real good woman
How could she want that man to die

Tanks in Natchez
Governor's called out the National Guard
Good people
Black and white
How could you make your hearts so hard

In the suburbs near Detroit city
They're talking riots in the street
So you hide your kids behind the sofa
Eat your dinner with a shotgun across your knees

Tanks in Natchez
Governor's called out the National Guard
Good people
Black and white
How could you make your hearts so hard

People say he was a loudmouth troublemaker
But Reverend King was a family man
You never heard him threaten anybody
You never saw a gun in his hand

I can't find no real deliverance
In hate preachers like the Ku Klux Klan
They never helped raise up the spirits
They never loved their fellow man

Tanks in Natchez
Governor's called out the National Guard
Good people
Black and white
How could you make your hearts so hard