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

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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

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