

## Clutch "David Rose"

Visit "[David Rose](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

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.

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.

Visit [Clutch](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

