

## The Coral

# "Sheriff John Brown"

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Sheriff John Brown just wandered into town  
Looking for a cripple and a thief  
A black man and a woman and a lonesome guy like me  
Just trying to raise the stakes so we can be free

The dust balls were blowing, the sun it cracked the  
ground  
Where could a crime like this ever be found?  
Good people of the town said to sheriff John Brown  
Go and shoot those invalids right down

But I said, "Sheriff no don't you be cruel  
It could happen to you now"

"What exactly have they done?", said sheriff John  
Brown

"For me to shoot those poor old bastards down  
Then out stepped the preacher with his hand upon his  
heart  
Can't you see that I've been chosen by God"

And I tell you this for nothing, "That crowd ain't no  
good"

They're standing out just like a sore thumb  
"But yes I do agree", said the lawyer on the left  
I'd kill them now if it were up to me

But I said, "Sheriff no don't you be cruel  
It could happen to you now"

Out into the wilderness the sheriff he did ride  
Heading for the river bridge the laws you must abide  
Two hours became three, I knew he would come for me  
The day grew long and I began to tire

John Brown's face appeared from behind the fire  
"Boys and girls what 'cha doing, donna be so free  
The people of the town talk disapprovingly  
Don't want to take you in, that's not up to me"

I said, "Sheriff no don't you be cruel  
It could happen to you now"

But guilt and doubt they cloud his mind  
He thought, ' What exactly is the law?'  
He didn't even know what it stood for  
And who pays the cost for all that is lost?

Seems to me an impossibility  
And who says whats right and who says what's wrong?  
Who benefits? It sure ain't me  
And out stepped the woman saying, "We mean you no  
harm  
Come closer and I will read your palm"

But I said, "Sheriff no don't you be cruel  
It could happen to you now"

That night he left a long road came back without a rest  
Knowingly he questioned the lawyer on the left  
Bet you've gone and set them sinners free  
"Well yes", replied the sheriff, "They done nothing  
wrong"

"My God, why can't you people see?"  
And the preacher shot him down and his head it hit the  
ground  
The last you'll ever see of poor John Brown  
And the moral of this tale it is simple it is plain  
People always need someone to blame

But I said, "Sheriff no don't you be cruel  
It could happen to you now"

But I said, "Sheriff no don't you be cruel  
It could happen to you now"

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