

## **Coral, The "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 dustballs 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  
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 outstepped 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 don't 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 whatcho doing gonna be so free  
The people of the town talk dissapprovingly  
Don't want to take you in, thats not up to me

I said sheriff don't 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 whats wrong  
Who benefits it sure ain't me  
And outstepped 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 ??? 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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