

Gregory Alan Isakov

"John Brown's Body"

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There's always the creaks and the strangest sounds
John Brown's body was never found
But the locals see him walkin' round

There's a 'for sale' sign on the old farm roads
There's a silo empty and done for
The place just ain't the same no more

Now it's shinin' all them different ways,
Crimson blues and yellow shades
There's snow up in the way
And those clouds still full of rain

There's work in town or so they say
Just blessed to fill our hands today
God knows if it will ever pay

And we fill our hands with wood and steel
And grace is a woman we all long to feel
You know we will, you know someday we will

Now there's always the creaks and the strangest
sounds
John Brown's body's up and walkin' round
Countin' all the riches that he found

And he throws it all in that wishing well
Made it home in the morning hail
There's snow up in the way
Something's gotta give
And those clouds still full a rain

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