

## John Brown's Body

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Theres 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 its shinin all them different ways, crimson blues and yello  
w shades  
Theres 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 someday we will...you know someday we will

There's always the creaks and the strangest sounds  
John brown's body's up and walkin round  
Countin all the riches that he's found

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