

**Song:** "The Wheel Meets the Road"

**Album:** Reckonings (2023 Release by Eric Kilburn)

The church parlor's faded couch would barely catch your eye  
Unless you chanced to notice the small plaque nearby  
"John Brown Sat Here 1857" says the text  
Looking for rifles on his way out west

He travelled New England in search of funds  
Needing horses and wagons, mostly needing guns  
40 bucks for a Sharps long barrel, shoots in rain and mud  
Kansas-bound with a promise that there would be blood

(Chorus)

Did you hear him preach? Did you hear him prophesize?  
See the iron in his jaw, and the fire in his eyes?  
So few people would carry that load  
Where the word becomes deed and the wheel meets the road

Concord made him welcome and turned out to hear the news  
Emerson, Thoreau, the Alcotts, a hundred in the pews  
At the end of the week, over a thousand was raised  
Though few did believe he would really free the slaves

There was something in his face that brought caution and fear  
He talked revolution and they thought, "We don't want it here"  
A slave rebellion only made them afraid  
So they made their contributions and sent him on his way

(Chorus)

The old couch in the corner called out to me  
Like the elephant in the room of my country's history  
400 years and it just won't go away  
As the arc of justice bends and sways  
And John Brown's body lies a moldering in his grave  
And John Brown's body lies a moldering in his grave

(Chorus)

Did you hear him preach? Did you hear him prophesize?  
See the iron in his jaw, and the fire in his eyes?  
Hundreds of thousands died to carry that load  
Where the word became deed and the wheels met the road