

John Brown

Masters of Reality

John Brown
Bring him down
Pull his body
To the ground
Left him up
For long enough
Let me be
The baby gruff
John Brown
Bring him down
Pull his body
To the ground
Holiday, holiday
I declare a holiday
Holiday, holiday
No matter what the doctors say
Holiday, holiday
We pull John down
At noon today
Tomorrow day, nothing rings
Nothing rings and nothing brings

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