

Drugs and Ammunition

Colonel Robert Lee caught the telegram, and rolled in on the train.
"John Brown's got Sharps rifles, and insurrection on the brain.
I've got my light battalion and the regimental band,
Mr. Lincoln wants that ferry crossing to the promised land."

Chorus

Bring drugs and ammunition, and maybe we'll go fishin',
By the landing for the ferry where old John Brown used to go,
Where John Brown wet a line before he went to town that time,
Where John Brown did some fishing, couple hundred years ago.

"We shot some in the armory, it was over pretty fast.
John Brown was in a rifle shop, but we turned him out at last.
A couple dropped their rifles, hit the river to escape . . . our boys
Shot'em in the water, didn't get a hundred yards away."

Chorus

Stonewall Jackson came to town for the hanging of John Brown,
Did some fishing by the ferry 'fore he rode to his hotel,
He did quality control, checked the rope and checked the hole,
Got promoted, got real famous, made the papers when he fell.

Verse Instrumental

Bridge

The Harpers Ferry ballroom could hardly be better
With rifles in the parlors and revolvers in the vaults
There's no rhythm any sweeter than a patent Halls Repeater,
By the Shenandoah River, for that Harper's Ferry waltz.

Roosevelt rolled everywhere, fishin' from his wheelchair,
With Churchill and Joe Stalin on some battleship somewhere,
He had radio and polio, rationed gas and oleo,
Rode a black train back to Washington, about a million years ago.

Instrumental, Followed by Chorus Out!