

## **Robertson Robbie**

### **"Soap Box Preacher"**

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Soap box preacher  
Standing on the corner  
And all the people they would  
Gather round  
You speak of faith  
With a blaze of glory  
But those that fear they wanna  
Knock you down  
Nobody knows  
Where you live  
Where do you go in the  
Naked night  
All of the prophets  
That come before you  
They can hear your lonesome cry  
When you're out there in the night  
All alone  
When you're staring in the light  
At the end of the road  
In those  
Proud shoes

Coming on up the alley in those  
Proud shoes  
Walks all over the sky  
Then he tipped his hat  
Just like Don Quixote and said  
Don't let the rapture pass you by  
Heard a bugle blowing  
In the misty morning  
What a haunting sound over  
Times Square  
Heard of the ghost  
Of 52nd Street  
Looked out the door  
But no one was there  
Out in the cold  
Harlem rain  
I went searching for this  
Minstrel man  
Played me a song  
To ease the pain  
With a Salvation  
Army band  
When you're out there on the dark  
All alone  
When you're sleeping in the park

At the end of the road  
In those  
Proud shoes  
Coming on up the alley in those  
Proud shoes  
Walks all over the sky  
Then he tipped his hat  
Just like Don Quixote and said  
Don't let the rapture pass you by  
In the neon wilderness  
And the asphalt jungle  
He carries his cross of passion  
Through the wreckage and the rumble  
In those  
Proud shoes  
Coming on up the alley in those  
Proud shoes  
Walks all over the sky  
Then he tipped his hat  
Just like Don Quixote and said  
Don't let the rapture  
Don't let the rapture pass you by  
Don't let it pass you by  
Ooh don't let it pass you by

