

Neil Diamond

"Brooklyn Road"

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BROTHER LOVE'S TRAVELING SALVATION SHOW

Neil Diamond

Written by Neil Diamond

Hot August night
And the leaves hanging down
And the grass on the ground smelling sweet
Move up the road
To the outside of town
And the sound of that good gospel beat
Sits a ragged tent
Where there ain't no trees
And that gospel group
Telling you and me

It's Love
Brother Love's Traveling Salvation Show
Pack up the babies
Grab the old ladies
Everyone goes
Everyone knows
Brother Love's show

Room gets suddenly still
And when you'd almost bet
You could hear yourself sweat, he walks in
Eyes black as coal
And when he lifts his face
Every ear in the place is on him

Starting soft and slow
Like a small earthquake
And when he lets go
Half the valley shakes

It's Love, Love
Brother Love's Traveling Salvation Show
Pack up the babies
Grab the old ladies
Everyone goes
Everyone knows

Brother Love's show

Sermon

Take my hand in yours
Walk with me this day
In my heart, I know
I will never stray
Halle, halle, halle, halle, halle, halle, halle

It's Love, Love
Brother Love's Traveling Salvation Show
Pack up the babies
Grab the old ladies
Everyone goes
Everyone knows
Brother Love's show
Amen

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