

Robbie Robertson

"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

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