

Soap, Soup And Salvation

Lone Justice

All ill-fated sorts
Who sleep on doorsteps and in alleyways
 Take a stumble to the corner
There's heavenly music playin'No more taking recreation
 With your dark defeated friends
They who seek the consolation of the bottle
 Never win
Soap, soup and salvation
 Tired hearts sing in jubilation
 Restoration at the rescue mission
Soap, soup and salvationWell, Brother Randall is a bit
 Long winded and a little loud
 And as he pounds the pulpit
The sweat flies from his browMaking sure none are caught slumbering
 In this mournful motley crowd
 For the ones that stay awake
Are therefore graciously endowed with...Soap, soup and salvation
 Tired hearts sing in jubilation
 Restoration at the rescue mission
Soap, soup and salvationProcter & Gamble
 Campbell's gospel
Watch Brother Randall wave that bibleBein' drunk and hungry
 Seemed like more fun cause
 They don't feed no one
Til' all this preachin's done, oh noI just thought I heard the choir singing
 My old favorite song
 That old harmony is still familiar
Though it's been so longLonely faces, and empty glances
 They surround me everywhere
 But those sweet angelic voices
Are now rising through the air..."When the roll is called up yonder"
 "When the roll is called up yonder"
 "When the roll is called up yonder"
 "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there"
 With...Soap, soup and salvation
 Tired hearts sing in jubilation
 Restoration at the rescue mission
 Soap, soup and salvation
 With...Soap, soup and salvation
 Tired hearts sing in jubilation

Restoration at the rescue mission
Soap, soup and salvationSoap, soup and salvation

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