Soap Box Preacher

Robbie Robertson

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Soap box preacher standing on a 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 downNobody knows where you live
Where do you go in the naked night?
All of the prophets, they come before you
They can hear your lonesome cryWhen you're out there in the night all alone
When you're staring in the light at the end of the roadIn 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 thereOut in the cold Harlem rain
I went searching for this minstrel man
Played me a song to ease the pain
With the Salvation Army BandWhen you're out there on the dark all alone
When you're sleeping in the park at the end of the roadIn 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 rumbleIn 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"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/