

Beale Street

The Yawpers

Come in brothers, there's a story to tell
One of damnation born of grace
A promised land behind the gates of hell
Where the rough beast slouches to drums of faith
They bus them in and bus them out
Pilgrims going to meccas past
The dead can only give you so much clout
When this pell-mell worship begins to pass
Come and see a city of ghosts
They're dealing communion at Sun Studios
A cathedral once, now a skid on the row
Writing their check as the kings walk away
Down Beale St
The community heart is the local pawn
Stuck to the wall with a buyer's pin
The privileged regarding from tailored lawns
There isn't remorse so it isn't a sin
The candle's burning at the end of its wick
It's plain to see on the EPB
Now rock and roll is for turning tricks
This coming flood is going to clean these streets
Come and see a city of ghosts
They're dealing communion at Sun Studios
A cathedral once, now a skid on the row
Writing their check as the kings walk away
Down Beale St
Graceland's a gravestone
Come and see a city of ghosts
They're dealing communion at Sun Studios
A cathedral once, now a skid on the row
Writing their check as the kings walk away
Crawled off their crosses in this Passion Play
Set on Beale St

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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