Brother Love's Traveling Salvation Show

Neil Diamond

Brother love's traveling salvation show neil diamondwritten by neil diamondhot august nightand the leaves hanging downand the grass on the ground smelling sweetmove up the roadto the outside of townand the sound of that good gospel beatsits a ragged tentwhere there ain't no treesand that gospel grouptelling you and meit's lovebrother love's traveling salvation showpack up the babiesgrab the old ladieseveryone goeseveryone knowsbrother love's showroom gets suddenly stilland when you'd almost betyou could hear yourself sweat, he walks ineyes black as coaland when he lifts his faceevery ear in the place is on himstarting soft and slowlike a small earthquakeand when he lets gohalf the valley shakesit's love, lovebrother love's traveling salvation showpack up the babiesgrab the old ladieseveryone goeseveryone knowsbrother love's showsermontake my hand in yourswalk with me this dayin my heart, i knowi will never strayhalle, halle, halle, halle, halle, halle, halle, halle, halle love's traveling salvation showpack up the babiesgrab the old ladieseveryone goeseveryone knowsbrother love's showamen

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