

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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