

The Gospel Singer

Tony Joe White

In the town of Tifton, Georgia
On a hot and dusty day
You could see the heat coming off the ground
Up the street a man came running
Stumbling on his way
And he shouted that the gospel singer is coming to our town
Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming
Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming
He was born in Tifton, Georgia
With a voice as pure as gold
And his hair was golden as the sun
Drinking women were his friends
But the people did not know
That he did not feel the songs he sung
Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming
Hallelujah yeah the gospel singer is coming
In a tent, a thick tarpaulin
In a pasture near the town
The people came and waited all day long
There were some who could not walk
And some who could not see
And it was believed that he could help them with his songs
But the singer he had grown tired
Of the life that he had lived
And to the rich and poor, sick and cripple
He looked at them and said
I cannot cure your illness
And I cannot make you see
For I have loved your women
And I sang to you for money
In the town of Tifton, Georgia
The sun was arising
But not a soul was seen out on the street
But some had gathered in the pasture
And were staring silently
At the shadow of the singer
'Neath the tall and lonesome pine tree
Hallelujah, hallelujah ...

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