

Common Rider, Midnight Passenger

i stepped out on a celluloid night
that flickered on a black and white reel
looking for something that i could not explain
i could only feel
these were the songs upheld by the shades
that spoke to me as i left town
israelites, the harder they come, 56-47
i hear them now
and the words of the prophets never sounded
as good as the echo of a hard one drop
to be forever enslaved by the sound the creator made --
don't let it stop

come again, midnight passenger
there to accompany down
to the end of the souls lost avenue
feel it now

i kept walking in the dust all night
looking for a diamond in the crush
halfway under in bars like a ship that was going down -- or coming up
it was not the sun that stung,
but the feel of loss and the voice of suffering and fate
till i just stopped listening to the chatter of all those yesterdays -- crime pays

we will show up with all our secret problems
and if we can't find land
there's a tone written into soul songs that understands
we will be free