

# Robbie Robertson, Soap Box Preacher

Soap box preachers tanding on the corner  
And all the people they would gather round  
You speak of faith with a blaze of glory  
But those that fear they wanna knock you down

Nobody knows where you live  
Where do you go in the naked night  
All of the prophets that come before you  
They can hear your lonesome cry

When you're out there in the night  
All alone  
When you're staring in the light  
At the end of the road

In those proud shoes coming on up the alley  
In those proud shoes walks all over the sky  
Then he tipped his hat just like Don Quixote  
And said don't let the rapture pass you by

Heard a bugle blowing in the misty morning  
What a haunting sound over Times Square  
Heard of the ghost of 52nd Street  
Looked out the door but no one was there

Out in the cold Harlem rain  
I went searching for this minstrel man  
Played me a song to ease the pain  
With a Salvation Army band

When you're out there in the dark  
All alone  
When you're sleeping in the park  
At the end of the road

In those proud shoes coming on up the alley  
In those proud shoes walks all over the sky  
Then he tipped his hat just like Don Quixote  
And said don't let the rapture pass you by

In the neon wilderness and the asphalt jungle  
He carries his cross of passion  
Through the wreckage and the rumble

In those proud shoes coming on up the alley  
In those proud shoes walks all over the sky  
Then he tipped his hat just like Don Quixote  
And said don't let the rapture  
Don't let the rapture pass you by

Don't let it pass you by  
Oh don't let it pass you by