

Speaking In Tongues

Greg Brown

A wild high cry flew up out of our brother
He was moaning and shaking, shining like the sun
He fell down like a dead man, Some people helped him up
He was all right, He was just speaking in tongues

When someone was sick we gathered all around them
and lay our hands upon them, all of us, old and young
We prayed that God Almighty would heal them
Our prayer was in English, but we was all just speaking in tongues

When I really feel my way back to that church and them people
the little hairs stand up all over me
and I hope that this nation like that congregation
will give it up and pray for our soul, which is in misery

And that one day we may lay our hands on one another
and seek the healing for ourselves, this earth and our young
and sing that old song of many colors, many rhythms
and listen with our hearts to the speaking in tongues.