

Man On Box

Audience

Every day he finds a crowded spot
To assemble his battered old soapbox stand
Smiles as he climbs to the very top
The good Lord's book in his hand

All day long he stands telling the throng
The price of their terrible ways
Telling them all just where they go wrong
And how they'll eventually pay

People fly past don't bother to stop
To listen to the man on top of the box
Beneath their breath they quietly say
We'd better look the other way, yeah
We'd better look the other way

Night draws on and people go home
His eyes light up, his smile is broad
Confident now that he has shown
A few more people the Lord
A few more people the Lord