

Midnight Passenger

Common Rider

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
Israelite's, 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 yeste
rdays 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