Gospel Singer

Eric Burdon

In the town of Tifton, Georgia
On a hot and dusty day
You could see the heat coming off the ground

Up the street a man came a-running
Stumbling on his way
And he shouted that the gospel singer
Was a-comin' to our town

Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming
Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming

He was born in Tipton, Georgia
With just for sense to his gold
And his hair was as golden as the sun

Drinking women were his friends
But the people did not know
That he did not live in the songs he sung

Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming
Hallelujah the gospel singer is a-coming

Now in a tent, a thick tarpaulin
In a pasture near the town
The people came and waited all day long

Now, there were some who could not walk
Anothers who could not see
But it was believed that he could help them
With his songs

But the singer he had grown tired
Of the life that he had lived
And to sick and cripple, rich and poor
Here is what he said

'I cannot cure your illness
Lord, I cannot make you see
'Cause I have loved your women
And I sing to you for money'

In the town of Tipton, Georgia
The sun was arising
But not a soul was seen out on the street

But some had gathered in the pasture
And were staring silently
At the shadow of the singer
'Neath the tall and lonesome pine tree

Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming
Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming
Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming
To your town, to your town
We want to turn it down, turn it down
Burn it now, burn it

Hallelujah the gospel singer is coming
Hallelujah, Lord
I lied to you, I lied to you
I lied

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