

Soap, Soup and Salvation

Lone Justice

All ill-fated sorts
Who sleep on doorways and in alleyways
Take a stumble to the corner
There's heavenly music played

No more taking recreation
With your dark defeated friend
They who seek the consolation of the bottle
Never win

Soap, soup and salvation
Tired hearts sing in jubilation
Restoration at the rescue mission
Soap, soup and salvation

Brother Randel is a bit
Long winded and a little loud
And as he pounds the pulpit
The sweat flies from his brow

Making sure none are caught slumbering
In the mournful motley crowd
For the ones who stay awake
Are therefore graciously endowed with

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Procter and Gamble
Campbell's gospel
Watch brother Randle wave that bible

Bein' drunk and hungry
Seemed like more fun cause
They don't feed no one
Til' the preacher's done

I just thought I heard the choir singing
My old favorite song
That old harmony is still familiar
Though it's been so long

Lonely faces, empty glances
They surround me everywhere
But those sweet angelic voices
Are now rising through the air

"When the roll is called up yonder"
I'll be there with

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