

## 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.