

Guy Penrod

"Every Saint"

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He climbed down off that old John Deere, wiping sweat
and I was wiping tears.
He saw me coming across them cotton rows, he was 78
and I was 21,
Feeling guilty for who I'd become, and then the
toughest man I knew pulled me close.
He said, son no matter what you've done, you gotta
know

It ain't that you fall but that you get back up.
Life's more about faith, than it is about luck.
Man makes a living by the work he does,
But he'll leave his mark 'cause of who he was.
My boots have walked that road, so son remember,
Every saint has a past, and every sinner has a future.

See, I never knew the cane he raised. He was a man of
God, a man of faith.
He said, Let me tell you 'bout the way I used to be, I've
run from the law and I've run 'shine.
I've had some bar room fights and a shotgun bride,
'Till one night in a tent revival I hit my knees

And then Jesus got my heart and now I believe

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In the pages of the Good book you can read
about liars, losers, cheats, and thieves
Who were changed, so there's hope for you and me.

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Every sinner has a future.

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