

Hank Snow

"Shopworn"

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Shopworn and aged
What's left of a man
Will never be useless
'Cause he's part of God's plan.

Did you ever think of life as just a shop along the street
And yourself as a product displayed in easy reach
You laid there for some quite some time now and
pondered at your fate
Then you begin to wonder if you'd hit the market late.

Wealth had looked you over once and seen you at your
best
But somehow you didn't fit his needs so he took one of
the rest
Sweet love had read your label and you lingered in her
mind
But competition caught her eye and she left you there
behind.

Fame had brushed the edges of the counter where you
laid
And she pondered for a moment but then she walked
away
Lady Luck had even picked you up but this you heard
her say
I just can't afford you so I'll just have to let you lay.

Then one day they marked you down put you up on
sale
And you got looked over once again all to no avail
Now stained with yellow marked with age you heard a
salesman state
Boss I guess I'll throw this out it's old and out of date.

The keeper of the shop came then and he seemed to
understand
He smiled and looked you over then held out a caring
hand
Give me that I'll take it home don't throw it on the street
It's old and gray but in it's way it'll help my shop
complete.

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