

Johnny Paycheck

"Outlaw's Prayer"

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(Billy Sherrill - Glenn Sutton)

You know, I worked the Big Packet show in Fort Worth,
Saturday night
We had all day Sunday to rest and relax, before I
caught another flight
So I decided to walk down town an' get myself a little
fresh air
Before long, I found myself in front of a big church on
the corner
Of the square.

Boy, I could hear that singin' way out in the street, sure
was a
Beautiful sound
So I just walked up the steps an' opened the door an'
started to go inside
An' sit down
But before I could, a young man walked over to me an'
said
"Excuse me, Sir,
But I can't let you in with that big black hat, those jeans,
that beard
An' long hair."

So I just left, went back outside, sat down on that
curbing,
An' I thought to myself
That's the house of the Lord, that guy's got the hell of a
nerve
Tellin' me I can't worship anywhere I please
So right there, in front of that Church, I just knelt down
on my knees.

I said: "Lord, I know I don't look like much, but I didn't
think you'd mind
I just wanted to be with your people, Lord, it's been a
long time.
Awhile ago, I saw a wino over there in the alley, all bent
over in tears
An' I thought how one stained glass window from this

Church
Would feed his family for years."

"Then there's those fine cars parked outside: too many
for me to count
Made me think how people walked for days to hear
your sermon on the mount
Then there's those fine ladies in the choir, Lord, singin'
like they really love it
Hell, last night, they were dancin' on the front row of
my show, drinkin' beer
Screamin: 'Sing Shove It.'"

"You know, even John the Baptist wouldn't be welcome
in this place
With his coat made of camel hair an' sandals on his
feet
An' a long beard on his face
You know, Lord, when you come back to get your
children
An' take 'em beyond the clouds
To live forever in Heaven with you: well, I'd sure hate to
be in this crowd."

"You know, Lord, I'm not perfect; some even call me no
count
But I'll tell you, I believe a man is judged by what's in
his heart
Not what's in his bank account
So if this is what religion is, a big car, a suit an' a tie
Then I might as well forget it Lord, 'cause I can't
qualify."

"Oh, by the way, Lord, right before they kicked me out
Sidn't I see a picture of you?
With sandals an' a beard, believe you had long hair
too.
Well, this is Paycheck, signing off
I'll be seein' you Lord, I hope..."

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