

## Marty Stuart "Porter Wagoner's Grave"

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A world-wearied man with tear filled eyes  
Walked in off the street of the uncommonly wise  
Into the church meeting, with this story he came  
Sometimes angels and strangers are one and the  
same  
The preacher said "Sir, you're welcome in here  
Now tell us as much as you'd want us to hear"  
And the stranger said, "It was no more than an hour  
ago, people,  
I was lookin' for shelter for the night."  
"I wanted to go somewhere out of the way,  
somewhere peaceful and quiet."  
"So I went to a cemetery, close by Thompson Lane,  
and with full respect I entered it and found rest from  
the rain."  
"I laid down under a sycamore, and I was barely  
asleep,  
when someone said "Hello stranger" and  
touched the boots on my feet."  
"His hair was pure silver, almost like a crown of  
glory on top,  
and the rain didn't touch him, not one single  
drop."  
"His voice was familiar, it brought me comfort and  
peace."  
"He laughed and said, "Well, we picked a  
strange place to meet,  
but I understand, I've often come here to pray,  
when the burdens of life put stones in my way."  
"And you see friend, you and me, we're  
brothers,  
though we've never met."  
"We've both known heartache, disappointment  
and the pain of regret."  
"The full weight of sadness, love and it's cost,  
and without love, a soul is nothing, but empty and  
lost."  
"And I've come to tell you, to go on now and be  
brave."  
"You can live again."  
"You know it's her love that you crave."  
"Go find the one you left behind, hold her, take her

by the hand.â€  
â€œShow her how much you need her, I believe  
sheâ€™ ll understand.â€  
â€œNow son you take a look at this ground, itâ€™ s  
filled with things unsaid.â€  
â€œThereâ€™ s a world of good intentions here in the  
land of the dead.â€  
â€œAnd friend Iâ€™ m here to tell ya, on this very  
night, I was sent by your Maker, the giver of life, to tell  
you thereâ€™ s rest  
for your soul.â€  
â€œThereâ€™ s peace and relief, if youâ€™ ll just  
surrender your burdens.â€  
â€œLay them at Godâ€™ s feet.â€  
â€œWalk out of this place.â€  
â€œGo now and live in the light of a pure perfect  
presence,  
that loves and forgives.â€  
He wore a long purple coat, covered in wheels  
Red leather boots, with sparkling heels  
On a dark stormy night, a lost soul was saved  
Brought into the fold on Porter Wagonerâ€™ s grave

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