

## Porter Wagoner "Charley's Picture"

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A wino we called Charley had a picture that he wore  
around his neck upon a chain  
But you couldn't see the face in Charley's picture  
Just long brown hair and a poem in the frame  
We tried and tried to see old Charley's picture  
But we couldn't even tempt him with the wine  
His shaking hands would tightly grip the picture  
And he'd recite the poem one more time  
You grace this frame the picture of affection  
While I'm the perfect picture of disgrace  
And upon your name I'll swear until I'm worthy  
I forbid my eyes to look upon your face

Old Charley froze to death one Sunday morning  
We found him and I guess you know the rest  
Someone removed the poem from his picture  
And the chilling truth lay framed upon his chest  
As I knelt beside his body the picture lay there before  
my anxious eyes  
And with trembling lips I whispered the words of  
Charley's poem  
As I stared into the face of Jesus Christ  
You grace this frame...

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