

Porter Wagoner "I Judged A Man"

Visit "[I Judged A Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I JUDGED A MAN

Writer Johnny Mullins

Today I saw some ragged clothes and I judged the
frame on which they hung
There goes a wasted life says I'll not waste mine for
I'm young
I know his kind they're all alike he's from the Skid Row
part of town
He'll beg a dime here and a quarter there
And be in the gutter before the sun goes down
Then I turned and walked into a store to buy a book of
poems to read
Oh the best of literature says I is for the man of higher
bread
Then I saw these words aimed right at me and it made
me sorta hang my head
For I'd turned that random to a page and halfway down
this poem I read
He sold a row of violets along a barren path he trod
That every future passes by might view the handy work
of God
He carved a map upon a stone placed it on a dessert
floor
To show tomorrows dying soul where cool clear water
lay in store
And to write here all the many things he did to help his
fellow man
Why it would make a book too long to read and wear
away the poet's pen
Then I left the store to find that man just walk up to him
rags and all
And shake his hand and chat awhile and then I heard
an ambulance call
What happened here I asked someone why all the
crowd that's gathered round
They said just some old ragged man from the Skid Row
part of town
I bowed my head in silent prayer forgive me Lord for
my idle tongue
Today I saw some ragged clothes and I judged the
frame on which they hung

Visit [Porter Wagoner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.