

Slobberbone

"Trust Jesus"

Visit "[Trust Jesus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Traveling salesman, the road was his love as he
Carved a path through all the struggle and the strife of
this
great big nation falling to its knees
oh lord, please
give us the strength

The World Book was his trade but paint was his tool
A Chrysler his engine but the Good Book his fuel
Concrete his canvas, his message was simple
And at the start of everyday he would pray:

Lord, I'm only just one man
Lord, I've only got two hands
Lord, I'll do the best I can

San Diego to Boston and all points between
From Brownsville, Texas up to Canada in the spring
From the Great Smoky Mountains to the Bitterroot Range
It's all the same
Some'd say he's a messenger and some would say a
sage
Some would say a vandal but I guess it's hard to gauge
Travel any highway in this land and you can probably
catch his track
But you won't ever catch him in the act

Lord, I'm only just one man
Lord, I've only got two hands
Lord, I'll do the best I can

Now one day this world is gonna curl up and burst
It's gonna choke on it's own tongue and die of it's own
thirst
Until that day comes our roads will always be long
But he's left signposts to guide us along
On overpass columns from Mexico to Maine
The color may vary but the message doesn't change
He knows he's not judged by his works, he does it just
the same
And at the start of every day he would pray:

Lord, I'm only just one man
Lord, I've only got two hands
Lord, I'll do the best I can
Lord, help me help them to understand
/]

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

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