

Harry E. Pearson Jr.

"A Poor Sinner Like Me"

Visit "[A Poor Sinner Like Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Self righteous hypocrites, Lord ain't it nice
Always so eager to hand out advice,
And look down their noses at everyone else
And so sure there's not a thing wrong with themselves.

They're in church on Sundays to, talk to their friends,
And when service is over, their religious front ends.
When you think that their ways are so moral and true,
Just to find they're the first ones to stick it to you..

(Chorus)

Help me, oh help me, Lord this is my prayer.
Help me believe in what's right and what's fair.
Make me a glass house with a yard full of stones,
Just to see if this sinner can leave them alone.

Had to Omit And show me compassion and the
meaning of love,
this verse for Make me believe in your home up above,
time

Where there is no sorrow and there is no pain,
And in hopes that You'll hear me, I'll ask it again

Talk to my brothers and my sisters as well
Keep them away from that place they call Hell.
Take the sweet little children so young and so free,
And don't let them be a poor sinner like me.

[Time: 2:40

Written By: H.E.Pearson Jr. A.K.A: Mr. "NOBODY" Jones

Copyright: 1988 Published by: Nobody One Publishing

BMI

April 17, 1997]

Visit [Harry E. Pearson Jr.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.