

Tom T. Hall

"Bourbon Man"

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I have a very good friend in Nashville Tennessee
Who is a semiprofessional wino
And during one of our recent and frequent
conversations
We got to talk about his religious philosophy
And as far as I could determine this is the way he feels
about it

Lord can a drunk go to heaven
Well, frankly I don't see why not
If the Lord loves the weak and the weary
Well, how come He can't love a sot

Now I don't drink to hurt anybody
Why I love everybody I meet
I can quit any time but I don't want to
And in fact I quit three times last week

Now lemme tell you 'bout some of them preachers
Lord you know some of 'em ain't worth a dime
Why they're flirtin' with all of them wider, mm yeah
And one is a wider of mine

Oh, I hear people prayin' so fancy
Why they'd be better off a sendin' you mail
Lord if they could've heard me last Sunday
Well, I've prayed 'em right out of that jail

Now Lord if a drunk gets to heaven
To walk on that great Golden Strand
Would You give me a spot and the shade of a tree
And remember I'm a bourbon man

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