

Matthew 7:1

Bryan Andrews

This old 6 string has heard me say things I'd never say to another man

It was the Grace I'd find when I was skinned alive by the fire in the devil's hand

And some folks think that a man like me could never be saved

They thought I was haunted by the secrets that I'd take with me to my grave

So I'll ride until my soul shows it's bones

Yeah, I'll ride until my flesh is dead and gone

And I'll lay my head softly on this pinewood

And plead my case to the only man who could save me

I've spent too much time trying to prove them right and that's an ugly truth

I just thought that I might as well die by the bane of my own oath

And I'm labelled as a sinner, yeah, my past is blood stained red

But the man who judges me now ain't the man that'll judge me when I'm dead

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And plead my case to the only man who could save me

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