

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 bine of my own tooth

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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