

Poor Back Slider

Greg Brown

I'm a poor backslider in the pit of sin
I try to crawl out. I slip back in
Come Savior save me-get ahold of my hand
Please don't let me slide back in the dark again

Well the preacher told me hope was never gone
I combed my hair with water and put my white shirt on
One Sunday morning I put the family in the car
Dropped them down at church and went on down to the bar

Audrey left me and she took my kids
I miss them children-I'm sorry for what I did
When I get drinking I lose control
When you lose your family it's like you lost your soul

Now the mill is failing, I'm on shifting sand
I sit in my trailer and I wring my hands
No children's voice, no woman's touch
Just a whiskey bottle, some shotgun shells and such

Should not have let that woman get me so annoyed
Should not of hit my girl; should not of struck my boy
Should not of took off running like a turkey through
the corn
Should not of bought this gun; should not of ever been
born

The preacher told me Jesus laid down his life for my
sin
Well I'd lay mine down too if I could do it like him
Three days in the grave-that sounds good to me
I just have some problems with eternity

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