

That Old King James

Scotty McCreery

Preacher gave it to him when he was eight,
That Sunday morning he got saved in that little church
Gran-daddy totted it to Bible school
I bet back then it looked brand new,
not a faded word, now the cover's torn
and the leather's worn on that Old King James

He took it with him overseas
England, France and Germany
Right there in the middle of hell
Said he read it every night
He swore that it saved his life
His only hope when there was no hope left
Was in that Old King James

Passed it down to Momma on the day he died
Sat there for the longest time just gathering the dust
But when life would take a sharp turn every now and then
And she would just start missing him, I'd see her pick it up
Now the cover's torn
and the leather's worn on that Old King James

You'll find on every other page
Yellow lines or tear drop stains
Every chapter of that good book
Been through cancer, war and crazy kids
All the stupids things I did
I may never know the toll I took on her
And that Old King James

Yeah I'm the one who's got it now
She said read it when you're feeling down
And I said, "Yes Ma'am"
Now the cover's torn
And the leather's worn on that Old King James