On a Corner In Memphis

Todd Agnew

Saturday on Beale St.
With the drunk and the searching
I hear an old man playing guitarI can't make out what he's saying
But I can tell you that he's suffered
That he means every word from the bottom
Of what's left of his heart tonightA few hours later, I slip into church
Singing the songs about Saving Grace
One guy's nodding off and another hates to be here
And we all mouth the words to save face
It's 11:15 on Sunday morning and I wish I wasOn a corner in Memphis listening to the old man
Singing out his sorrows and laying down his pride
He's telling me his story or at least his side
With no need to pretend and nowhere to hide'Cause we are all broken here
And we're are all ashamed
I couldn't fool you if I wanted to
Our stories are too much the sameAnd what about this Jesus?
They say He drank with the poor and the blind and the lame
Do you think He'd like the songs that we sing?
Or would He feel the same as I do?What if Sunday School was on Saturday night?
On a corner in Memphis, listening to the old man
Singing out his sorrows and laying down his prideHe's telling me his story or at least his side
With no need to pretend and nowhere to hide
On a corner in MemphisWhat if their heart-breaking cries of pain
Are the first hymns of tomorrow's saints?On a corner in Memphis, we're singing with the old man
Crying for his sorrows and laying down our pride
He's telling us our story or at least his side
With no need to pretend and nowhere to hideOn a corner in Memphis
We're singing out our sorrows
He's telling us his story
With no need to pretend and nowhere to hide
On a corner in Memphis

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