

# Fool With a Fancy Guitar

[Andrew Peterson](#)

It's so easy to cash in these chips on my shoulders  
So easy to loose this old tongue like a tiger  
It's easy to let all this bitterness smolder  
Just to hide it away like a cigarette lighter  
It's easy to curse and to hurt and to hinder  
It's easy to not have the heart to remember  
That I am a priest and a prince in the Kingdom of God  
I've got voices that scream in my head like a siren  
Fears that I feel in the night when I sleep  
Stupid choices I made when I played in the mire  
Like a kid in the mud on some dirty blind street  
I've got sorrow to spare, I've got loneliness too  
I've got blood on these hands that hold on to the truth  
That I am a priest and a prince in the Kingdom of God  
I swore on the Bible not to tell a lie  
But I've lied and lied  
And I crossed my heart and I hoped to die  
And I've died and died  
But if it's true that you gathered my sin in your hand  
And you cast it as far as the east is from the west  
If it's true that you put on the flesh of a man  
And you walked in my shoes through the shadow of death  
If it's true that you dwell in the halls of my heart  
Then I'm not just a fool with a fancy guitar  
No, I am a priest and a prince in the Kingdom of God

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