Every Head Bowed

Randy Travis

Sunday a morning was a fight
I was running from a clip on tie
it took daddy's belt to get me in my Sunday's bestLord suffer would go on past
Cracker crumbs and a little shot glass
I was starving to death because I didn't know Jesus yetBut I was saved by a month old Twinkie in my corduroy coat
When every head bowed, every eyed closedAmazing grace
Don't make a sound
Or mama's going to wear that back side out,
While shouting Hellulaj
If you raised your hand
Or came on down
To repent of your sins
They'll be a little kid
Staring a hole right through you
But I was no angel
So i wasn't going to throw no stone
When every head bowed, every eye closedPass a plate in 'Alter call'
Every verse if I surrender all
Squirming in my seat
Tummy growling like a grizzly bearHit the door as the service closed
Hoped in the car, burned up the road
To the KFC
Because I'm going to beat the Catholics thereWhile they were still confessing|
We were blessing our mashed potatoes
With every head bowed, every eye closedWhile daddy says grace
Put that fork back down
Or mama's going to wear that back side out,
While shouting Hellulaj
I could have sworn
I lost 15 pounds
Lust for finger licking
Greasy fried chicken
Burns a whole right through you
While daddy's still praying
Everybody's dinner done got cold
With every head bowed, every eye closedWell god never struck me down
Yes, he thought it was a pretty good show (show, show)
Every head bowed, every eye closed

Every head bowed, every eye closed

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