

Fool With A Fancy Guitar

Andrew Peterson

One two three two.

It's so easy to cash in these chips on my shoulder,
So easy to lose this whole 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 laid 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. Well I swore on the bible to not tell a lie, but I've lied and
lied.

And I've 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 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, I am a priest and a prince in the kingdom of God.

Songwriters

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