God's Own Singer

The Flying Burrito Brothers

Straight backed chair and a table
Where he sits when he's able
To walk over from bedridden miseryTo record from his thoughts
On a worn out table cloth
Where he'd been while
His mind breaks sleeplesslyThough his body's bent with age
You know, he's still out on that stage
Entertaining all his friends
That pause to greet him at the doorForty nine years out on the road
Many nights he'd saved a soul
Now he sits and waits
To claim his own rewardGod's own singer of songs is going home
Though he's poor, he might be
The richest one you knowAll his pain will set him free
Wash his soul and cleanse him clean
God's own singer of songs is going home
God's own singer of songs is going home

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/