

# 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 misery To record from his thoughts  
On a worn out table cloth  
Where he'd been while  
His mind breaks sleeplessly Though 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 door Forty nine years out on the road  
Many nights he'd saved a soul  
Now he sits and waits  
To claim his own reward God's own singer of songs is going home  
Though he's poor, he might be  
The richest one you know All 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

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