

Porter Wagoner's Grave

Marty Stuart

A world-wearied man with tear filled eyes
Walked in off the street of the uncommonly wise
Into the church meeting, with this story he came
Sometimes angels and strangers are one and the same
The preacher said Sir, youre welcome in here
Now tell us as much as youd want us to hear
And the stranger said, It was no more than an hour ago, people,
I was lookin for shelter for the night.
I wanted to go somewhere out of the way,
somewhere peaceful and quiet.

So I went to a cemetery, close by Thompson Lane,
and with full respect I entered it and found rest from the rain.
I laid down under a sycamore, an I was barely asleep,
when someone said Hello stranger and touched the boots on my feet.
His hair was pure silver, almost like a crown of glory on top,
and the rain didnt touch him, not one single drop.
His voice was familiar, it brought me comfort and peace.
He laughed and said, Well, we picked a strange place to meet,
but I understand, Ive often come here to pray,
when the burdens of life put stones in my way.
And you see friend, you and me, were brothers,
though weve never met.

Weve both known heartache, disappointment and the pain of regret.
The full weight of sadness, love and its cost,
and without love, a soul is nothing, but empty and lost.
And Ive come to tell you, to go on now and be brave.
You can live again.

You know its her love that you crave.
Go find the one you left behind, hold her, take her by the hand.
Show her how much you need her, I believe shell understand.
Now son you take a look at this ground, its filled with things unsaid.
Theres a world of good intentions here in the land of the dead.
And friend Im here to tell ya, on this very night, I was sent by your Maker, the giver of life, to tell you theres rest
for your soul.
Theres peace and relief, if youll just surrender your burdens.
Lay them at Gods feet.
Walk out of this place.
Go now and live in the light of a pure perfect presence,
that loves and forgives.

He wore a long purple coat, covered in wheels
Red leather boots, with sparkling heels
On a dark stormy night, a lost soul was saved
Brought into the fold on Porter Wagoners grave

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