

# The Outlaw's Prayer

## Johnny Paycheck

You know, I worked the Big Packet show  
In Fort Worth, Saturday night  
We had all day Sunday to rest and relax  
Before I caught another flight So I decided to walk downtown  
An' get myself a little fresh air  
Before long, I found myself in front of a big Church  
On the corner of the square Boy, I could hear that singin' way out in the street  
It wure was a beautiful sound  
So I just walked up the steps  
An' opened the door an' started to go inside an' sit down But before I could, a young man  
walked over to me  
An' said, "Excuse me, sir  
But I can't let you in with that big black hat  
Those jeans, that beard an' long hair"  
So I just left, went back outside  
Sat down on that curb  
An' I thought to myself, that's the house of the Lord  
That guy's got a hell of a nerve  
Tellin' me I can't worship anywhere I please So right there, in front of that Church  
I just knelt down on my knees  
I said, Lord, I know I don't look like much  
But I didn't think You'd mind  
I just wanted to be with your people, Lord  
It's been a long time A while ago, I saw a wino over there in the alley  
All bent over in tears  
An' I thought how one stained glass window from this Church  
Would feed his family for years  
Then there's those fine cars parked outside  
Too many for me to count  
Made me think how people walked for days  
To hear Your sermon on the mountain Then there's those fine ladies in the choir, Lord  
Singin' like they really love it  
Hell, last night, they were dancin' on the front row of my show  
Drinkin' beer and screamin', "Sing Shove It!" You know, even John the Baptist  
Wouldn't be welcome in this place  
With his coat made of camel hair  
An' sandals on his feet an' a long beard on his face You know, Lord, when You come back to  
get Your children  
An' take 'em beyond the clouds  
To live forever in Heaven with Ya  
Well, I'd sure hate to be in this crowd You know, Lord, I'm not perfect  
Some even call me 'No Account'

But I'll tell You, I believe a man is judged  
By what's in his heart, not his bank account  
So if this is what religion is  
A big car and a suit an' a tie  
Then I might as well forget it Lord  
'Cause I can't qualify  
Oh, by the way, Lord, right before they kicked me out  
Didn't I see a picture of You?  
With sandals an' a beard?  
Believe You had long hair too  
Well, this is Paycheck, signing off  
I'll be seein' you Lord, I hope

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>