

# Jamey Johnson, My Saving Grace

Daddy's bourbon breath was strong as gasoline,  
An' it seemed to fuel the rage he had inside.  
He'd come home just burnin',  
Mad an' drunk an' mean an' raisin' hell on a Saturday night.  
Momma'd lock us up in her bedroom,  
He'd be lyin' in the hallway on our way to Sunday school.

They both, in their own way became my savin' grace.  
Daddy passed out with his demons:  
Momma passed the offerin' plate.  
An' she'd cry out to Heaven: "Protect this son of mine,"  
While Daddy kept the devil off my back,  
By takin' up his time.

Momma said: "Nobody's perfect," as we walked into Church,  
To ask the Good Lord to forgive him, again.  
I still recall that sermon, I hung on every word.  
That's when I learned just exactly what a Father really meant.  
And the Angels and the people gathered round,  
I was standin' in that water when that Preacher laid me down.

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