

Jeff Bates, A New Beginning

Lying in jail
I had sank so low
I ask God to help me
I had no place to go
So the Fahter above
said, "Son, I love you so";
So many doubts,
no more of "I could";
but he said,"You got talent,to use it you would";
With brand new confidence
and a heart full of thanks
just a little while latter
no more of "I can't";
I called up the folks
and poured my heart out.
I was sorry I had
caused them so much hurt and to doubt.
I told them how sorry I was,
that I had cheated and stole.
What a surprize I got!
Kenny Beard treated me like gold.
He welcomed me back into his home.
Gave me that cherished guitar.
Treated me better,
Then I'd ever dreamed that he would by far.
Broken promises, Broken dreams,
No longer my demise
Out law moves,
No longer my diguise
My cry for help
from heaven had been heard.
The Lord will help
if you ask
like it says
in his Word.