

Porter Wagoner, Charley's Picture

A wino we called Charley had a picture that he wore around his neck upon a chain
But you couldn't see the face in Charley's picture
Just long brown hair and a poem in the frame
We tried and tried to see old Charley's picture
But we couldn't even tempt him with the wine
His shaking hands would tightly grip the picture
And he'd recite the poem one more time
You grace this frame the picture of affection
While I'm the perfect picture of disgrace
And upon your name I'll swear until I'm worthy
I forbid my eyes to look upon your face

Old Charley froze to death one Sunday morning
We found him and I guess you know the rest
Someone removed the poem from his picture
And the chilling truth lay framed upon his chest
As I knelt beside his body the picture lay there before my anxious eyes
And with trembling lips I whispered the words of Charley's poem
As I stared into the face of Jesus Christ
You grace this frame...