

# Porter Wagoner, I Found A Man

It was on a Sunday morning when I found him standing all alone starin' into space  
He looked like a man had lived a hard life and the hurt of it showed on his face  
Hunger for food showed through his loose clothes  
That you could tell were once tailored to fit  
And a distant look was in his eyes as though he'd just seen hell's fiery pits  
When I first spoke to him it seemed like he didn't hear a sound  
And I stood there for a minute and thought he might be deaf  
But then he turned around  
And acted like he wanted to say something but couldn't speak  
So I took him by the arm and said would you like to talk to me  
In his humble voice so shaky soft and low  
Said you look like an old friend of mine someone from long long ago  
Then he said I've been thinkin' a lot about a little place not too far away from here  
Where they sing and pray and they say God will answer prayers  
But I can't seem to find it by myself would you walk with me over there  
Then I choked the tears back before I could say a word  
Then the church bells started ringin' the prettiest I ever heard  
And as we walked toward the church house we'd stop along the way  
And just listen to the church bells ring out God's holy day  
And as we walked into that sacred place  
I felt I was all alone with God but my friend had gone away  
And then as I knelt down to pray it was all so plain to see  
That the friend that I'd been talkin' to was my own soul inside of me  
And for the first time I found myself inside myself with God's helping hand  
The Master of the Universe thank you for finding this man (Amen)