

# Porter Wagoner, I Judged A Man

I JUDGED A MAN

Writer Johnny Mullins

Today I saw some ragged clothes and I judged the frame on which they hung  
There goes a wasted life says I I'll not waste mine for I'm young  
I know his kind they're all alike he's from the Skid Row part of town  
He'll beg a dime here and a quarter there  
And be in the gutter before the sun goes down  
Then I turned and walked into a store to buy a book of poems to read  
Oh the best of literature says I is for the man of higher bread  
Then I saw these words aimed right at me and it made me sorta hang my head  
For I'd turned that random to a page and halfway down this poem I read  
He sold a row of violets along a barren path he trod  
That every future passes by might view the handy work of God  
He carved a map upon a stone placed it on a dessert floor  
To show tomorrows dying soul where cool clear water lay in store  
And to write here all the many things he did to help his fellow man  
Why it would make a book too long to read and wear away the poet's pen  
Then I left the store to find that man just walk up to him rags and all  
And shake his hand and chat awhile and then I heard an ambulance call  
What happened here I asked someone why all the crowd that's gathered round  
They said just some old ragged man from the Skid Row part of town  
I bowed my head in silent prayer forgive me Lord for my idle tongue  
Today I saw some ragged clothes and I judged the frame on which they hung