Porter Wagoner, Shopworn

Shopworn and aged what's left of a man Will never be useless for he's part of God's plan Did you ever think of life as just a shop along the street And yourself as a product displayed in easy reach And you laid there for some guite some time now and pondered at your fate Then you begin to wonder if maybe you'd hit the market late Wealth had looked you over once and seen you at your best But somehow you didn't fit his needs so he took one of the rest Love had read your label and you lingered in her mind But the competition caught her eye and she left you there behind Fame had brushed the edges or the counter where you lay And she pondered for a moment but then she walked away Lady Luck had even picked you up but then you heard her say I just can't afford you so I'll have to let you lay Then one day they marked you down put you up on sale And you got looked over once again but all to no avail Now stained with yellow marked with age you heard a salesman state Boss I guess I'll throw this out it's old and out of date The keeper of the shop came then and he seemed to understand He smiled and looked you over and out a caring hand Give me that I'll take it home don't throw it on the street It's old and gray but in its way it'll help my shop complete