

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 quite 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 of 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Boss I guess I'll throw this out it's old and out of date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