

Porter Wagoner, Soul Of A Convict

(Will he take the soul of a convict could I be one of those he choosed)
I was taught the Bible from childhood at my mother's knee I learned to pray
I was taught of God and all his goodness and the devil and his evil ways
There's good in the bad and bad in the good and there's none that's free from sin
But there's some questions I've wondered about
What happens to the men who die in the pen
Just imagine yourself the judge God Almighty as you gaze over all these men
When death takes its toll what becomes of the soul of the men who die in the pen
Do you think of God that's true and just could look from his heavenly throne
And be pleased to see men placed in chains and stripes
And tucked from their loved ones at home
Worked until they're completely axhuasted and your soul cries out in vain
Fed like a hog and treated like a dog and at night to the bed you're chained
Worked from sunup to sundown through all kinds of weather
And if you don't do the things just right you get introduced to the leather
Now you see it's not the pain I mind so much as I'm stretched out on the floor
It's just the thought that I can't do my part that's what breaks my heart
You see I'm just not man enough anymore
Oh there are a lotta other things I could tell you that you'd marvel at and say
Why I didn't know in those modern times they treated men that way but they do
That's why I ask you do you think that God could turn with a sneer and frown
At the men who die in the pen do you think he'll turn us down
I believe there's a heaven and a hell and in God I put my trust
That's why I'm askin' these questions I believe he's true and just
And I just imagine he'll tell me as we meet at the golden stairs
Hell's not just meant for some of the men who die in the pen
But for some who have mistreated them there
You see we're payin' for the mistakes we made in our sins
As we've had our troubles in life
Because we're the underdogs of humanity and surely God won't make us pay twice
I believe on that Day of Judgement he'll have this convict called in
And he'll say it's true hell's not for you you had your hell in the pen