

Randy Travis, A Place To Hang My Hat

I can see it in your eyes
I can tell you think that I'm
Just some troubled soul who's lost
Out all alone

But I know each step I take
Brings me closer to the day
I'll be walking on them shining
Streets of gold

Cause I'm just passing through
Wearing worn out gloves and shoes
But it matters not just what a man has on
This old flesh and blood of mine
Is will on borrowed time
It's just a place to hang my hat
Til' I go home

Mister I don't know your name
But I thank you for your change
God bless you son
You must have jesus in your life

A little help along the way
Never hurts too much these days
Even though I know in his hand
I'll be all right

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But it matters not just what a man has on
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