

# Roy Acuff, I Wonder If God Likes Country Music

One night we were out on tour,  
Getting ready to do a show.  
It wasn't anything special,  
Just another one night stand.  
When I looked over my guitar,  
And there stood an old man.  
His cowboy clothes were frayed and worn,  
An' his boots were far from new.  
He said: "I'd like to sit in with your band."  
"You see I'm a country singer too."

Well, we just all had a big laugh.  
And when I looked back at the old man,  
There was a tear in his eye.  
I told the band to cool it 'cause I didn't want to see him cry.

He reached down an' he took my guitar,  
With a determined look on his face.  
But then as he started to play an' sing,  
A look of sadness took it's place.

He said: "I've sang my songs from Maine to California."  
"Seen the world through the window of a car."  
"I never saved a dime back when I made one."  
"'Cause I always thought some day I'd be a star."

"But now my voice is cracked and no one wants me."  
"My wife gave up on me years ago."  
"It's been so long my kids don't even know me."  
"And pickin' and singin' is the only life I've known."

And then he sang: "I wonder if God likes country music."  
"Will there be a place up there to sing my songs?"  
"Will he make my fingers nimble like they used to be,"  
"So I can play the chords and sing along?""

("I wonder if God likes country music.")  
I just stood there.  
("Will there be a place up there,)  
None of us really knew what to say.  
(To sing my songs?"")  
He took my old guitar,  
("Will he make my fingers nimble,)  
And he put it down ever so gently.  
("Like they used to be?"")  
And then as he turned to leave,  
("So I can play the chords,)  
The band stood up and applauded  
("And sing along?"")  
And I can still hear his words today.

"I wonder if God likes country music."  
"Will there be a place up there to sing my songs?"  
"Will he make my fingers nimble like they used to be,"  
"So I can play the chords and sing along?""