

Backslider's Prayer

Ty England

He said, "I know this ain't the time or place
But Lord I need to talk"
In a business suit in a corner booth
In a crowded little restaurant

We all tried not to listen
We all tried not to look
But a whole room full of customers
And the waitress and the cook

All stopped what we were doin'
When he bowed his head
In that silence we heard
Every word he said

"I been tryin' to do things my way
Down here on life's highway
Slippin', slidin', sideways
'Tween no way and nowhere
If I could only gain a foothold"

"Up there on your high road
Lord, if you hear me, help me
I'll do anything you tell me to
All I've got to offer you is this
Backslider's prayer"

Well the waitress made the first move
When she filled his coffee cup
She said, "You ain't alone here mister
You're speakin' for the rest of us"

I heard some scattered "Amens"
And a couple of "I've been there's"
Then things got back to normal
The dishes and the silverware

Were clangin' in the kitchen
Like an angel's band
As I took my place in line
To shake his hand
('Cause)

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If I could only gain a foothold

Up there on your high road
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