

## That Old King James

Scotty McCreery

Preacher gave it to him when he was eight,  
That Sunday morning he got saved in that little church  
Gran-daddy totted it to Bible school  
I bet back then it looked brand new,  
not a faded word, now the cover's torn  
and the leather's worn on that Old King James

He took it with him overseas  
England, France and Germany  
Right there in the middle of hell  
Said he read it every night  
He swore that it saved his life  
His only hope when there was no hope left  
Was in that Old King James

Passed it down to Momma on the day he died  
Sat there for the longest time just gathering the dust  
But when life would take a sharp turn every now and then  
And she would just start missing him, I'd see her pick it up  
Now the cover's torn  
and the leather's worn on that Old King James

You'll find on every other page  
Yellow lines or tear drop stains  
Every chapter of that good book  
Been through cancer, war and crazy kids  
All the stupid's things I did  
I may never know the toll I took on her  
And that Old King James

Yeah I'm the one who's got it now  
She said read it when you're feeling down  
And I said, "Yes Ma'am"  
Now the cover's torn  
And the leather's worn on that Old King James