

One can at a time – Wildfire Gypsies

Well here is the story of Carson McGhee
Who lives in a house just a few miles from me
In a tiny old shack with an old wooden floor
His sons and his daughter don't visit no more

When Carson was young he had money to burn
Once gone there was rarely a lesson he'd learn
He used to mine in the hills till the copper ran dry
Now it's bottles and cans that he finds to get by

Chorus

He says the Sally Ann folks come 'round each day at nine
They've been out saving souls but I'm still using mine
And lucky for me being poor's not a crime
I'm finding Salvation one can at a time, finding Salvation one can at a time

He could talk of his past but did not like to boast
But Carson once had a life that was envied by most
And for all the wrong reasons that he'll never tell
Though it's long gone away he remembers it well

Chorus

For this world takes a hell of a toll on a man
With a love for it all but the lack of a plan
Then the sins of the past are an old memory
And that's how it is for old Carson McGhee

Chorus

Well here is the story of Carson McGhee
Who lives in a house just a few miles from me