

## Lord help me be the kind of person

I try to get up every morning  
With a smile and apply the Golden Rule  
But sometimes that old devil takes me  
And I go acting like a fool

Dear Jesus, I keep trying to be perfect  
But I'm just a mortal man,  
Lord help me be the kind of person my dog thinks I am

Sometimes I go to church on Sunday,  
With Saturday's whiskey on my breath,  
But I keep praying and promising to quit  
Before I drink myself to death,

Help me walk the straight and narrow,  
Change this light into a lamp,  
Oh Lord help me be the kind of person my dog thinks I am

I know he's just a mutt,  
But he don't judge me when times get pretty hard,  
He fetches my Bible,  
And buries my liquor in the yard

I can feel your love inside me, Lord,  
And I know that I'll be coming home someday.  
When I do, I pray you'll find a pair of wings for old Jake

Now the preacher's been real good to me,  
But I know who's really been there in a jam  
Lord help me be the kind of person my dog thinks I am

Dear Lord help me be the kind of person my dog thinks I am