

IT'S ALL 'BOUT THE SOUL

(THE KRISTOFFERSON SONG)

Gregger Botting

The grandkids and sunshine, the scrapbook of time
Memories of all that's been done
Lessons well learned 'bout the ways of the world
Though he'll say he's lost as much as he's won
That may be true but I have no doubt
He's lived more than others can say
To count up his loved ones and brothers in arms
The chances and beauty he's made

But it's been a rough one, the years and the road
Paid off with some good times and songs that he's wrote
Still criticized, that's the way that it goes
It's not 'bout the singer
It's not 'bout the singin'
It's all 'bout the soul

A born to be poet and Renaissance man
Let loose his true heart to begin
To follow his dreams from blue sky to mystery
The pilgrim and prophet within
With a voice full of gravel and songs about Sundays
With a swagger he plays his guitar
He thinks about Janis, and Bobby and John
And their pretty little place in the stars

And it's been a rough one, the years and the road
Songs full of freedom and truths that he told
Still criticized, that's just the way that it goes
It's not 'bout the singer
No, it's not 'bout the singin'
It's not 'bout the singer
It's all 'bout the soul