

Where Could I Go But to the Lord

Emmylou Harris

Living below in this old sinful world
Hardly a comfort can afford
Striving alone to face temptations call
Where could I go to the lord

Where could I go where could I go
Seeking a refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to help me in the end
Where could I go to the lord

Neighbors are fun I love them everyone
We get along in sweet accord
But when I pass the chilling hand of death
Where could I go to the lord

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Life here is grand with friends I love so well
Comfort I get from god's own word
But when my soul needs manna from above
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