

Where Could I Go But to the Lord

Merle Haggard

Living below in this old sinful world
Hardly a comfort can afford
Striving alone to face temptation sore
Where could I go but to the Lord

Where could I go, oh where could I go
Seeking a refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to help me in the end
Where could I go but to the Lord

Neighbors are kind, I love them everyone
We get along in sweet accord
But when I face the chilling hand of death
Where could I go but to the Lord

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