

# The King Is Coming

Wanda Jackson

The market place is empty no more traffic in the streets  
All the builders tools are silent no more time to harvest wheat  
Busy housewives cease their labors in the courtroom no debate  
Work on earth is all suspended as the King comes through the gate  
Oh the King is coming the King is coming  
I just heard the trumpets sounding and now his face I see  
Oh the King is coming the King is coming praise God he's coming  
for me  
Happy faces line the hallways those whose lives have been redeemed  
Broken homes he has mended those from prison he has freed  
Little children and the aged hand in hand stand all aglow  
Who were crippled broken ruined dressed in garments white as snow  
I can hear the chariots rumble I can see the marching throng  
The flurry of God's trumpets spells the end of sin and wrong  
Regal robes are now unfolding heaven's grandstand's all in place  
Heaven's choir is now assembled start to sing Amazing Grace  
Oh the King is coming the King is coming...  
Oh the King is coming the King is coming...  
(He's coming for me)