

Connie Smith, Street Where The Lonely Walk

The street where the lonely walk is calling to me
The street where the glory is is pretty to see
But there on the other side where sorrow can hide
Jesus is calling me and there I'll abide
In all of our wildest dreams we never did see
The street where the lonely walk and it's misery
It's strange but when the heart is free it never can see
Just over there somewhere Gethsemane
Oh holy spirit this is my prayer make me a blessing to someone out there
The street where the glory is is pretty to see
But the street where the lonely walk is calling me
The street where the party is where lights blaze and glare
The gay and the debonaire throne this sort affair
Oh holy spirit this is my prayer make me a blessing to somebody out there
Oh the street where the glory is is pretty to see
But the street where the lonely walk is calling calling me