

Loretta Lynn, Where I Learned To Pray

(Loretta Lynn)

In our little one room country school it's where I learned to pray
A church without a steeple that's where I learned to pray
Every Sunday morning about the hour of ten
The door would open to our school the preacher did walk in
He'd smile and say good morning how everything today
We'd bow our heads and close our eyes and then he'd say let's pray
In our little one room country school it's where I learned to pray
Our church that had no steeple is no longer there today
From Monday until Friday at school we'd learn and play
Then back at school on Sunday that's where I learned to pray
[piano]
Our clothes were clean but faded sometimes our feet were bare
But no one noticed anything except the Lord was there
We'd come from all directions searching for the way
Harmonizes at school on Sunday that's where I learned to pray
In our little one room...