

# Porter Wagoner, Silver Sandals

In silver sandals she goes walkin' up those golden stairs  
And though we miss her so we know she's happy to be there  
She walks with us in memory we see her all the time  
In silver sandals walkin' through our minds

So many times we let our thoughts turn back to yesterday  
To a little girl that could only watch the children as they played  
She walks with us in memories we see her all the time  
In silver sandals walkin' through our minds  
The grave in which she sleeps is cold but our thoughts of her are warm  
And we cry as we both long to hold her in our arms  
Each night in dreams we see her running to us smiling sweet  
With silver sandals on her little feet  
In silver sandals she goes walkin'...

She had asked for sandals from the time that she could talk  
And it would break our hearts when she'd ask us why she couldn't walk  
She'd say when I go to heaven can I change my crutches then  
For a pair of silver sandals at the rainbow's end  
In silver sandals she goes walkin'...  
In silver sandals walkin' through our minds