

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