

Wanda Jackson, I May Never Get To Heaven

I walked with you and talked with you and held your loving hand
We loved awhile I lived awhile and thought that fate had it planned
Then someone stole my angel and I lost what I loved most
I may never get to heaven but I once came mighty close
I may never play a golden harp or spread celestial wings
Or walk a golden staircase while the distant chorus sings
Oh but I once held your sweet love and felt your tender touch
I may never get to heaven but I didn't miss it much
I may never get to heaven but I didn't miss it much