

Bonnie Owens, Where Could I Go But To The Lord

Living below in this old sinful world hardly a comfort can afford
Striving alone to face temptation sore where could I go but to the Lord
Where could I go oh where could I go seeking a refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to help me in the end where could I go but to the Lord
[ac.guitar - piano]
(Where could I go but to the Lord)
Neighbors are kind I love them everyone we get along sweet accord
But when I face the chilly hand of death where could I go but to the Lord
Where could I go...
Where could I go but to the Lord