Bonnie Owens, Where Could I Go But To The Lo

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