

Connie Smith, Golden Streets Of Glory

Glory to His name oh holy holy
There's a city where the streets are paved in gold
A land where the milk and honey flow
And a mansion which for me sause my bible tells the story
I just hope my feet are clean enough to walk upon the golden streets of glory
Green meadows where the little children play no sorrow there just one long happy day
And none will litter there except the pure and the holy
I just hope my feet are clean enough to walk upon the golden streets of glory
And when I've reached my journey's end and if I'm worthy to go in
The golden streets of glory I walk on
And the golden streets of my new home will lead me up to the Master's throne
With the angel band I'll sing glory to His name oh holy holy
I just hope my feet are clean enough to walk upon the golden streets of glory
Hallelujah I just hope my feet are clean enough
To walk upon the golden streets of glory
[guitar]
And when I've reached my journey's end...