

# 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...