

Connie Smith, If God Is Dead (Who's This Living

(If God is dead who's this living for my soul)
He put flowers on the hills your cup he gladly fills
How can you turn around and say God is dead
But when your stories have all been told there's one thing I'd like to know
If God is dead who's this living for my soul
He gives us shelter from life's stormy weather gives us love to keep us together
Oh hen life gets like a ship on a raging sea
And when the stage of life grows cold somebody helps us to play our role
If God is dead who's this living for my soul
If my soul had windows I'd leave them open so the world could see
Those ugly scars upon the hands that cleft for you and me
There's the bridge you can cross if you will the toll was paid on Golgota's hill
If God is dead who's this living for my soul
If God is dead who's this living for my soul