George Jones, Where Could I Go But To The Lor

(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 save me in the end where could I go but to the Lord
Life here is grand with friends I love so dear comfort I get from God's own word
Yet when I face the chilling hand of death where could I go but to the Lord
Where could I go where could I go...