Gospel, God Was Walking With Me

My life was filled with problems,
That I faced as they came.
I asked others where God was,
And I used to curse his name.
I thought he had left me,
And that I stood alone.
But I found out the truth,
When the Lord took me home.

Chorus
Every hill was a mountain.
Every road, a dead-end street.
I use to put God down,
To everyone I'd meet.
I didn't know then,
What I'd come to see.
When I thought I was alone,
God was walking with me.

He let me see my tragedies,
I weighed each of my loads.
He let me see my travels,
Down my chosen roads.
After I had seen the facts,
I hung my head in shame.
For all that ever happened,
I was the one to blame.

Chorus
Every hill was a mountain.
Every road, a dead-end street.
I use to put God down,
To everyone I'd meet.
I didn't know then,
What I'd come to see.
When I thought I was alone,
God was walking with me.