

Hank Williams, Peace Will Come

(e) I'm praying for the day, when the (a) whole wide world can say,
That this (e) cruel war it is (b7) o'er,
And the (e) boys who are gone, start their (a) long journey home,
Oh I'm (e) praying for the (b7) day when peace will (e) come.

When the black clouds roll away, and the skies are bright and gay,
And the guns are silent once more,
And the bombs no longer fly, from the planes up in the sky,
Oh I'm praying for the day when peace will come.

Oh there's mother and dad, don't you know they'll be so glad,
To see their son's coming home,
This old world will rock with joy, for that freedom loving boy,
Oh I'm praying for the day when peace will come.

Sweethearts and wives so dear, who have waited for that year,
For their loved ones to return,
This old world will be so gay, on that great and happy day,
Oh I'm praying for the day when peace will come.