

Kelly Joe Phelps, Go There

I could hear them singing like they are gonna fall out
Raising hands and hoping,
singing, bringing in the sheets soldiers marching by
I want to go there when I die

Eyes open wide like a little boy I wonder
I could hear them shout, I could hear them rumble
Pass the plate and raise the spirits high
I want to go there when I die

Will I read the bible I wear out my knees my keens
And sing 'till my heart goes weary
Surely will he hear me, poor sinner
I want to go there when I die

Well don't you follow me, no, I'll be followed by
Every step I take leads me two behind
Harder suffering be my only way to fly
I want to go there when I die