

Oak Ridge Boys, The Old Country Church

There's a place near to me, where I'm longing to be
With my friends at the old country church
There with mother we went, and our Sundays were spent
With our friends at the old country church.

As a small country boy, how my heart beat with joy
When I knelt in the old country church
And the Savior above, by His wonderful love
Saved my soul at the old country church.

How I wish that today all the people would pray
As we prayed in the old country church
If they'd only confess, Jesus surely would bless
As he did in the old country church.

Of't my thoughts make me weep, for so many now sleep
In their graves near the old country church
And sometime I may rest, with the friends I love best
In a grave near the old country church.

Precious years of memories,
Oh what joy they bring to me (they bring to me)
How I long once more to be,
With my friends at the old country church...