

Porter Wagoner, I Thought Of God

I walked thru the whispering forrest not a man made sound could I hear
A timie fawn was playing there without a sign of fear
I walked alone up to mountain and looked out over the sea
I saw an eagle spread his wings in flight so gracefully

I knew that I was walking where mortals should not trod and
There on the lonely mountain I stopped and I thought of God
Then I walked through a busy city it was built by men and steel
A young one cries and old one dies where love and hate are real
Then I knew that I was walking where many men had trod and
There in the busy city I stopped and thought,I thought of God