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