

Wanda Jackson, The King Is Coming

The market place is empty no more traffic in the streets
All the builders tools are silent no more time to harvest wheat
Busy housewives cease their labors in the courtroom no debate
Work on earth is all suspended as the King comes through the gate
Oh the King is coming the King is coming
I just heard the trumpets sounding and now his face I see
Oh the King is coming the King is coming praise God he's coming for me
Happy faces line the hallways those whose lives have been redeemed
Broken homes e has mended those from prison he has freed
Little children and the aged hand in hand stand all aglow
Who were crippled broken ruined dressed in garments white as snow
I can hear the chariots rumble I can see the marching throng
The flurry of God's trumpets spells the end of sin and wrong
Regal robes are now unfolding heaven's grandstand's all in place
Heaven's choir is now assembled start to sing Amazing Grace
Oh the King is coming the King is coming...
Oh the King is coming the King is coming...
(He's coming for me)