

# Thanks

## Waylon Jennings

Sunday morning in the valley we would gather for the service  
Emmily Jane would run to meet me she'd smile at papa kinda nervous  
All the people came from miles around I can still hear the sound  
As they sang thanks to the Lord for the sun up in the sky  
For the corn that's growing high and for the child that didn't die  
Thanks to the Lord for the crops and for the farm  
For the satrenght in my right arm and for keepin' us from harm  
Thanks thanks thanks thanks thanks to the Lord for a girl like Emmily Jane  
[ac.guitar ]  
Came the day that we were married all our folks from the congregation  
Emmily Jane was like an angel the sweetest thing in all creation  
Papa hugged me and my mama cried everybody smiled with pride  
As they sang thanks to the Lord...

Lyrics provided by

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