

# Go There

**Kelly Joe Phelps**

I could hear them singing like they are gonna fall out  
Raising hands and hoping,  
singing, bringing in the sheets soldiers marching by  
I want to go there when I die Eyes open wide like a little boy I wonder  
I could hear them shout, I could hear them rumble  
Pass the plate and raise the spirits high  
I want to go there when I die Will I read the bible I wear out my knees my keens  
And sing 'till my heart goes weary  
Surely will he hear me, poor sinner  
I want to go there when I die Well don't you follow me, no, I'll be followed by  
Every step I take leads me two behind  
Harder suffering be my only way to fly  
I want to go there when I die

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