

Where Could I Go but to the Lord

[Elvis Presley](#)

Living below in this old sinful world
Hardly a comfort can afford
Striving alone to face temptations sore
Now won't you tell me
Where could I go but to the Lord? Where could I go, oh, where could I go
Seeking a refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to save me in the end
Now, won't you tell me
Where could I go but to the Lord? Life here is grand with friends I love so dear
Comfort I get from God's own word
Yet when I face that chilling hand of death
Won't you tell me
Where could I go but to the Lord? Where could I go, oh, where could I go
Seeking a refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to save me in the end
Now, won't you tell me
Where could I go but to the Lord?
Where could i go but to the Lord?

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