

# Talking to God

## Ricky Van Shelton

School let out at three o'clock and I picked Jackson up.  
I had the tent and the sleeping bags in the back end of the truck.  
Built a fire up by the lake, watched the sun go down, fell asleep side by side on Nature's hollowed ground.

You may not find me every Sunday sitting on the front row pew.  
There are other ways of praying, I believe we still get through.  
The quiet of the backwoods with a boy and a fishing rod,  
That's just my way of talking to God.

Waking to a whippoorwill at the crack of dawn,  
Sunbeams shining through the pines before the mist is gone,  
I hear a different drummer when I'm closer to the land.  
Sometimes I have to get away to find out who I am.

You may not find me every Sunday sitting on the front row pew.  
There are other ways of praying, I believe we still get through.  
Down a road less traveled, I let go of a lot.  
That's just my way of talking to God.

I don't need a cathedral or tabernacle choir.  
A mountain stream, cold and clean, gets me inspired.  
Standing in rainstorm, now some might think it odd.  
But it's just my way of talking to God.  
It's just my way of talking to God.

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Lyrics submitted by Hiraida Garcia.

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