

What Do I Know

Sara Groves

I have a friend who just turned eighty-eight
And she just shared with me that she's afraid of dying
I sit here years from her experience
And try to bring her comfort, I try to bring her comfort But what do I know?
What do I know? She grew up singing about the glory land
And she would testify how Jesus changed her life
It was easy to have faith when she was thirty-four
But now her friends are dying and death is at her door And what do I know?
What do I know? Well, I don't know that there are harps in heaven
Or the process for earning your wings
And I don't know of bright lights at the ends of tunnels
Or any of these things She lost her husband after sixty years
And as he slipped away she still had things to say
Death can be so inconvenient
You try to live and love, it comes and interrupts And what do I know?
What do I know? Well, I don't know that there are harps in heaven
Or the process for earning your wings
And I don't know of bright lights at the ends of tunnels
Or any of these things Oh, what do I know?
Really, what do I know? Well, I don't know that there are harps in heaven
Or the process for earning your wings
And I don't know of bright lights at the ends of tunnels
Or any of these things But I know to be absent from this body
Is to be present with the Lord
And from what I know of Him
That must be pretty good Oh, I know to be absent from this body
Is to be present with the Lord
And from what I know of Him
That must be very good

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