

Life's Railway to Heaven

Porter Wagoner

Traditional

Life is like a mountain railroad with an engineer that's brave
We must make the run successful from the cradle to the grave
Watch the curves that fills the tunnels never falter never quail
Keep your hand upon the throttle and your eye upon the rail
Blessed Savior Thou wilt guide us till we reach that blissful shore
Where the angels wait to join us in God's praise forevermore
As you roll across the trestle spanning Jordan's swelling tide
You behold the Union Depot into which your train will glide
There'll you meet the superintendent God the father God the son
With the hearty joyous plaudit weary pilgrim welcome home
Blessed Savior Thou wilt guide us...

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