

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 temptation so
Now won't you tell me
Where could I go but to the Lord
Where could I go, oh, where could I go
Seeking the refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to save me in the end
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 the refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to save me in the end
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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