

Holy Ground

Sundy Best

I'm a child of Appalachia
Where my feet are in the ground
Buried on the hillside
Near a creek by my house
Trees dance like gypsies
In the shadows of local kings
And in the stories of my people
And all the songs I sing
We sing child, tell me what you're looking for
It's written in your Bible
Or in a local company store
There's something in the water
When my lost soul was found
Now it's buried in my bones and blood
Beneath this holy ground
There's wood smoke in my clothes
A fire up on the hill
There's something in the fruit jar
You'll always get your fill
You can say a sinner's prayer
But it won't come running to you
Yeah, I'll be in church on Sunday
White-knuckled on the pews
We sing child, tell me what you're looking for
It's written in your Bible
Or in a local company store
There's something in the water
When my lost soul was found
Now it's buried in my bones and blood
Underneath this holy ground
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty

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