

Where Could I Go But To the Lord

Emmylou Harris

Living below in this old sinful world
Hardly a comfort can afford
Striving alone to face temptations call
Where could I go but to the LordWhere could I go, where could I go
Seeking a refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to help me in the end
Where could I go but to the LordNeighbors are fun I love 'em everyone
We get along in sweet accord
But when I pass the chilling hand of death
Where could I go but to the LordWhere could I go, where could I go
Seeking a refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to help me in the end
Where could I go but to the LordLife here is grand with friends I love so well
Comfort I get from God's own word
But when my soul needs manna from above
Where could I go but to the LordWhere could I go, where could I go
Seeking a refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to help me in the end
Where could I go but to the LordWhere could I go, where could I go
Seeking a refuge for my soul
Needing a friend to help me in the end
Where could I but go to the Lord
Where could I but go to the Lord

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