

If God Is Dead (who's This Living In My Soul)

[Loretta Lynn](#)

He put flowers on the hills
Your cup he gladly fills
How can you turn around and say, "God is dead"
But when your stories have all been told
There's one thing I'd like to know
If God is dead
Who's this living in my soul
He gives us shelter from life's stormy weather
Gives us love to keep us together
When life gets like a ship on a raging sea
And when the stage of life grows cold
Somebody helps us to play our role
If God is dead
Who's this living in my soul
If my soul had windows
I'd leave them open so the world could see
The ugly scars upon those hands that cleft for you and me
There's the bridge you can cross if you will
The toll was paid on Golgotha's hill
If God is dead
Who's this living in my soul
If God is dead
Who's this living in my soul

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