

# Little Old Church

*Words & Music by Joe LaMay*

Oh, the times were hard down here in the valley  
We worked in the fields and carried our load  
How often we'd pray 'round the old family bible  
In the little old church at the end of the road

*Take the road that winds from the top of the mountain  
Follow the river through the valley below  
Cut through the pines - out through the low land  
To the little old church at the end of the road*

Many a stranger would come through the valley  
The weary old traveller alone and unknown  
There was always a place for the wayfaring pilgrim  
In the little old church at the end of the road

*Chorus*

My days are all gone down here in the valley  
Friends have all gathered to carry me home  
There's a long black wagon a'comin' to take me  
To the little old church at the end of the road

*Chorus*

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