

Suzanne Prentice

"If God Is Dead"

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(If God is dead
Who's this living in my sou-ou-oul...)

He puts flowers on the hi-ills
Your cup he gla-adly fi-ills
How can you turn around and say-ay
God is dead
But when your story has a-all been to-old
There's one thing I'd like to know-ow
If God is dead
Who's this living in my sou-oul

He gives us shelter from life's stormy weather
He gives us love to keep us together
Oh, and when life gets like a ship on ra-aging seas
And when the sta-age of li-ife grows co-old
Somebody helps us play our ro-ole
If God is dead
Who's this living in my sou-oul

If my sou-oul had windows
I'd leave them open so the wor-orld could see-ee
Those ugly scars upon the ha-and
That bled for you and me
There's a bridge you can cross if you will
The toll was paid on Golgota's Hill

If God is dead
Who's this living in my sou-oul
If God is dead
Who's this living in my sou-oul...

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