

# Ben Harper & The Blind Boys Of Alabama "Where Could I Go"

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There's no deals to be made with the dawn  
Now I fear that our time has come and gone

They say "Freedom is just a place to hide"  
Now I'm, I'm coming to You with my arms, my arms, my  
arms open wide  
Oh, won't you tell me where could I go to the Lord?

Now take a prayer with you to heaven for me  
Oh, and give it to the Lord  
Give it to the Lord

'Cause nothing else could save a sinner, sinner like me  
Oh, but an Angel's, Angel's, Angel's, Angel's word  
And just an Angel's word

Now, oh now, what is, what is too true, what is hard is  
much too true  
Oh and what's true oh, is much too too hard  
And now where, where could I go but to the Lord?

Mama was hard on us but we could take it  
And papa didn't give a damn and couldn't fake it

And they say, "Freedom, oh, freedom is just an other  
place to hide"  
Now I'm coming to You with my arms open wide  
And tell me where could I go, oh, to the Lord

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