

## **Loretta Lynn**

# **"Where I Learned To Pray"**

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In our little one room country school  
Is where I learned to pray  
A church without a steeple  
That's where I learned to pray

Every Sunday mornin'  
About the hour of ten  
The door would open to our school  
The preacher, he'd walk in

He'd smile and say, 'Good mornin'  
How's everything today??  
We'd bow our heads and close our eyes  
And then he'd say, 'Let's pray'

In our little one room country school  
Is where I learned to pray  
Our church that had no steeple  
Is no longer there today

From Monday until Friday  
At school we'd learn and play  
Then back at school on Sunday  
That's where I learned to pray

Our clothes were clean but faded  
Sometimes our feet were bare  
But no one noticed anything  
Except the Lord was there

We'd come from all directions  
Searching for the way  
Harmonies at school on Sunday  
That's where I learned to pray

In our little one room country school  
Is where I learned to pray  
Our church that had no steeple  
Is no longer there today

From Monday until Friday  
At school we'd learn and play

Then back at school on Sunday  
That's where I learned to pray

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