

## Tex Ritter

### "Grandfather's Talkin' With The Lord"

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He used to take me fishing when I was just a boy  
His stories and the good times they just filled my  
young life with joy  
But I couldn't understand it when he'd take time out to  
pray  
I'd ask him why and he would softly say  
Quiet son your grandfather's talking with the Lord  
He is way up in heaven and he hears every word  
God paints the clouds with silver while he's walking  
streets of gold  
Your grandfather's talking with the Lord

Every Sunday after church the family would all meet  
And everyone from miles around would come to our  
house to eat  
But we'd have to wait while he'd take time out to pray  
And when I'd become impatient he would softly say  
Quiet son your grandfather's talking with the Lord  
(He is way up in heaven and he hears every word)  
God paints the clouds with silver while he's walking  
streets of gold  
Your grandfather's talking with the Lord

Then came that day when everyone was gathered  
round his bed  
Well I was too young to understand why that great man  
was dead  
But I know now and I remember to this very day  
Those words I heard my daddy softly say  
Quiet son your grandfather's walking with the Lord  
(He is up in heaven now in God's own holy world)  
And he's paintin' those clouds with silver and he's  
walking streets of gold  
Your grandfather's walking with the Lord  
Your grandfather's walking with the Lord

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