

Tex Williams

"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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