

Porter Wagoner "I Thought Of God"

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I walked to the whispering forrest
Not a man made sound could I hear
A pretty sound was playing there
Without a sign of fear.

I walked alone up to mountain
And looked out over the sea
I saw an eagle spread his wings
In flight so gracefully.

I knew that I was walking
Where mortal should not trod
There on the lonely mountain
I stopped and thought of God.

I walked through a busy city
It was filled by men and steel
A young one cries and old one dies
Where love and hate are real.

I knew that I was walking where
Many men had trod
There in the busy city
I stopped and thought of God...

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