

Ron Block

"Along The Way"

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Where will we walk in heaven fair?
The streets are made of gold
Oh, what's beneath that shining path?
A dirt and gravel road

The body is the earthly dust
The heart's the broken stone
The gold's the One whose love we trust
Rest in Him alone

Along the way, in times of trouble
Along the way, in darkest days
Seeing Him, we will not falter
We'll walk like kings along the way

The double mind goes to and fro
Trying to believe
The single eye of faith, it knows
And walks by what it sees

The Savior drank His golden fill
Faithful to the end
He called the cross His Father's will
Said Judas was His friend

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