

## The Street Where the Lonely Walk

Connie Smith

The street where the lonely walk is calling to me  
The street where the glory is is pretty to see  
But there on the other side where sorrow can hide  
Jesus is calling me and there I'll abide  
In all of our wildest dreams we never did see  
The street where the lonely walk and it's misery  
It's strange but when the heart is free it never can see  
Just over there somewhere Gethsemane  
Oh holy spirit this is my prayer make me a blessing to someone  
out there  
The street where the glory is is pretty to see  
But the street where the lonely walk is calling me  
The street where the party is where lights blaze and glare  
The gay and the debonaire throne this sort affair  
Oh holy spirit this is my prayer make me a blessing to somebody  
out there  
Oh the street where the glory is is pretty to see  
But the street where the lonely walk is calling calling me