

## Go There

Kelly Joe Phelps

I could hear them singing like they are gonna fall out  
Raising hands and hoping,  
singing, bringing in the sheets soldiers marching by  
I want to go there when I die

Eyes open wide like a little boy I wonder  
I could hear them shout, I could hear them rumble  
Pass the plate and raise the spirits high  
I want to go there when I die

Will I read the bible I wear out my knees my knees  
And sing 'till my heart goes weary  
Surely will he hear me, poor sinner  
I want to go there when I die

Well don't you follow me, no, I'll be followed by  
Every step I take leads me two behind  
Harder suffering be my only way to fly  
I want to go there when I die