

Greystone Chapel

Luke Combs

Inside the walls of prison, my body may be
But the Lord has set my soul free

There's a greystone chapel here at Folsom
A house of worship in this den of sin
You wouldn't think that God had a place here at Folsom
But he saved the souls of many lost men
Now, there's a greystone chapel here at Folsom
Stands a hundred years tall, made of granite rock
It takes a ring of keys to move here at Folsom
But the door to the house of God is never locked

Inside the walls of prison, my body may be
But the Lord has set my soul free
But my Lord has set my soul free

There are men here that don't ever worship
There are men here who scoff at the ones who pray
But I've got down on my knees in that greystone chapel
And I thanked the Lord for helping me each day
Now, there's a greystone chapel here at Folsom
It has a touch of God's hand on every stone
It's a flower of light in a field of darkness
And it's given me the strength to carry on

Inside the walls of prison, my body may be
But the Lord has set my soul free
But my Lord has set my soul free