

Church In The Pines
@Rick Lang/Daryl Mosley

An old man returned to the church of his childhood
It had been many years since he wandered that way
The building was closed door locked for entry
But he wanted so much to worship and pray

The man walked away his spirit was heavy
In the distance he saw a big grove of pines
He gathered some branches erected an alter
He lifted a cross from the limbs he could find

Chorus

There's a church in the pines with no stained- glass windows
No so soft padded seats, no church bells that chime
When he lifted his voice praisin' and singin'
God could hear him just fine, from his church in the pines

Walked back to his car when the service was over
He'd been lifted up his soul satisfied
The God that he serves ain't locked in a building
He was right by his side, at the church in the pines