

Where Grandpa Went To Pray

By: Randy Swift

Today in peaceful sleep I drifted back to days of old,
Where as a child I'd follow Grandpa almost everywhere he'd go.
A simple man with callused hands great wealth he did not know,
But he taught me the kind of values that cannot be bought or sold.

In the evenings after suppertime he'd quietly slip away,
And take an old path worn out from the trips he took each day.
He'd leave me on the back porch and as I'd watch him walk from sight,
I couldn't help but get the feeling someone else walked by his side.

I still recall the old path that my Grandpa used to trod.
Down to the apple orchard on his knees he met with God.
It was a secret place for him; he never missed a day.
Down in the apple orchard where my Grandpa went to pray.

Now that I'm grown and living such a modern fast lane life
Sometimes it's hard to deal with this old world and all its strife.
So when I'm disillusioned and I cannot find my way,
I think about the old path that my Grandpa walked each day.

Now it's a secret place for me, I never miss a day
Down in the apple orchard where my Grandpa went to pray.