

Six Feet of Sod

Loretta Lynn

Sometimes life can lead you in a lonely hopeless race
I know I'd have trouble keepin' up my neighbor's pace
But when we're dead no one's ahead the race belongs to God
And he'll evens up the difference beneath six feet of sod

In time six feet of sod will make us all the same
God will play no favorites to our wisdom wealth or fame
He cuts to sizee each man who dies we'll all belong to God
And he evens up the difference beneath six feet of sod

In time six feet of sod will make us all the same
God will play no favorites to our visdom wealth or fame
And ev'ry man must make his stand alone before his God
And he evens up the difference beneath six feet of sod