

Where I Learned To Pray

Loretta Lynn

In our little one room country school
Is where I learned to pray
A church without a steeple
That's where I learned to pray

Every Sunday mornin'
About the hour of ten
The door would open to our school
The preacher, he'd walk in

He'd smile and say, Good mornin'
How's everything today?
We'd bow our heads and close our eyes
And then he'd say, Let's pray

In our little one room country school
Is where I learned to pray
Our church that had no steeple
Is no longer there today

From Monday until Friday
At school we'd learn and play
Then back at school on Sunday
That's where I learned to pray

Our clothes were clean but faded
Sometimes our feet were bare
But no one noticed anything
Except the Lord was there

We'd come from all directions
Searching for the way
Harmonies at school on Sunday
That's where I learned to pray

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