

Thanks

Waylon Jennings

Sunday morning in the valley
We would gather for the service
Emmily Jane would run to meet me
She'd smile at papa kinda nervous.

All the people came from miles around
I can still hear the sound.

As they sang thanks to the Lord
For the sun up in the sky
For the corn that's growing high
And for the child that didn't die.

Thanks to the Lord
For the crops and for the farm
For the strenght in my right arm
And for keepin' us from harm.

Thanks, thanks, thanks, thanks
Thanks to the Lord for a girl like Emmily Jane.

Came the day that we were married
All our folks from the congregation
Emmily Jane was like an angel
The sweetest thing in all creation.

Papa hugged me and my mama cried
everybody smiled with pride.

As they sang thanks to the Lord
For the sun up in the sky
For the corn that's growing high
And for the child that didn't die.