

The Old Smokehouse
By Sam Weaver

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The old smokehouse
No time for tears
It's been torn down
After many years

It's no big deal
It's easy to see
For no one cares
Except for me

Jesus knows it set
There for so long
Was part of my life
And now it's gone

It's an example
In my earthly life
Of what's keeping me here
Is the love of my wife

For everything else
Is fading away
And Judy's love alone
Is my mainstay

And the old smokehouse
God knows it's a fact
The old smokehouse
Reminds me of that

Psalm 31-15.
Our times are in Thy hands.