

It's GLORY To Know I'm S-A-V-E-D

C **G7**
Some folks jump up and down all night and d-a-n-c-e,
C
While others go to church to show their brand new h-a-t,
F
And on their face they put great gobs of p-a-i-n-t,
G7 **C**
And then they'll have the brass to say they're s-a-v-e-d.

Chorus:

It's g-l-o-r-y to know I'm s-a-v-e-d,
I'm h-a-p-p-y because I'm f-r-double-e,
I once was b-o-u-n-d in the chains of s-i-n,
But it's v-i-c-t-o-r-y to know I've Christ within.

I've seen some girls in our town who are so n-i-c-e,
They do their hair in the latest style that's b-o-b-e-d,
They go to parties every night, drink w-i-n-e,
And then they'll have the nerve to say they're s-a-v-e-d.

I've seen some boys lean back and puff their s-m-o-k-e,
While others chew and spit out all their j-u-i-c-e,
They play their cards and shoot their guns
and drink their p-o-p.
And then they'll have the brass to say they're s-a-v-e-d.

I know a man, I think his name is G-r-o-w-n,
He prays for prohibition, and then he votes for gin,
He helps to put the poison in his neighbor's c-u-p,
And then he'll have the brass to say he's s-a-v-e-d!