

Dusty Dirt Road

Words and Music by
ROBERT W. MUNCIE

C7 F B \flat /F F7 B \flat C7

1. Some - times, I get wear - y of the toil and the pain Of
2. Sin's way looks so eas - y when it's viewed from a - far And
3. The sun's beat - ing down as this trav - e - ler trods The

F B \flat /F F C7

bear - ing my cross through this dry, bar - ren land. But, what some -
faith - ful dis - ci - ples to will all have their scars; But, God's dear -
straight, nar - row way to the Cit - y of God. The sweat and

F B \flat /F F7 B \flat C7

times seems like loss day, is real - ly my gain; For, a
chil - dren, some - loss day, face, will the lay down seems their so load long; When this
dirt stain my face, the road seems so long; But, my

F B \flat /F F C7 F

life lived for Je - sus is nev - er in vain.
dust - y are dirt on road turns to streets of go - pure gold.
eyes are on Je - sus and I'm go - ing home.

F⁷ B^b F C⁷

When this dust - y dirt road turns to streets of gold, When I

F B^b/F F C⁷

lay down my cross at the feet of my Lord, I'll be

F F⁷ B^b C⁷

a - ble to smile that I walked ev - 'ry mile When this

F B^b/F F B^b C⁷ F

dust - y dirt road turns to streets of gold.