

G

There's a **wide** wide road  
There's a **wide** wide road

C

G

I once traveled on  
Most **chur**—ches travel on

G

D

A—**long** with al—most **every** one I knew  
Of **hist**—ory and tra—**di**—tions made by men

G

An **ea**—sy road  
It's an **ea**—sy road

C

G

Just **fol**—low—ing the crowd  
Where **scho**—lar—ship abounds

G

D

G

Not **car**—ing where the **road** was leading to  
But it's **built** upon foun—**di**—tions made of sand

C

By **grace** the Word got through to me  
It ap—**pears** they've lost their vi—sion

G

To **point** an—other way  
And are **gro**—ping in the night

C

D

G

A **nar**—row path I'd **never** seen be—fore  
Be—**cause** they lost the **light** where they should stand

C

I **left** the well-worn highway  
And now **in** their great con—fusion

G

Now I **pray** I ne—ver stray  
And a—**pos**—tate loss of sight

C

D

G

From the **nar**—row way of **lor**—low—ing the Lord  
They're right **back** upon the **high**—way of the damned

# The Narrow Way

Kevin McCarthy

D

The **world** is full of lemmings

C

G

**Head**—ing for the cliff

D

Sin's **jour**—ney of destruction

C

G

And the **pen**—al—ty is stiff

D

If you'd **gain** a little wisdom

C

G

If your **eyes** can stand the light

C

Stop **fol**—low—ing the crowds

D

G

And seek the **nar**—row way of life