

## Bill Frisell

### "Going Home"

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Many times in my in child hood when weve traveled so  
far  
By nightfall how weary I'd grown  
Fathers arms would slip around me and gently he'd say  
My child were going home

Going home, I'm going home  
There is nothing to hold me here  
I've caught a glimpse of that Heavenly land  
Praise God, I'm going home

Now the twilight is fading, the day soon shall end  
Lord, I get homesick, the farther I roam  
But the Father has led me each step of the way  
And now I'm going home

Going home, I'm going home  
There is nothing to hold me here  
I've caught a glimpse of that Heavenly land  
Praise God, I'm going home

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