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Bill Gaither "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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