

Hank Thompson

"This World Is Not My Home"

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THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME

(Albert E. Brumley)

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This world is not my home I'm just a passing through
My treasures are laid up somewhere beyond the blue
The angels beckon me from heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore
Oh Lord you know I have no friend like you
If heaven's not my home then Lord what will I do
The angels beckon me from heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore
I have a loving mother just up in Gloryland
And I don't expect to stop until I shake her hand

She's waiting now for me in heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore
Oh Lord you know...
Just over in Gloryland we'll live eternally the saints on
every hand are shouting victory
Their songs of sweetest praise drift back from
heaven's shore
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore
Oh Lord you know...

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