

Mickey Gilley

"This World Is Not My Home"

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This world is not my home, I'm just 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.

They're all expecting me, and that's one thing I know
My saviors pardoned me and now I on the go
I know He'll take me through I am weak and poor
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.

Or right.
--- Instrumental ---

Just up in gloryland we'll know eternity
The saints on every hand are shouting victory
The song of praise is back from heavens 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, oh Lord what will I do
The angels beckon me to heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

And I can't feel at home in this world anymore...

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