

## Charlie Walker

### "This World Is Not My Home"

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This World Is Not My Home  
(Albert E. Brumley - Mary Reeves)

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 and 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  
I fixed up with Jesus a long long time ago  
I know he'll take me through although I'm 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 and 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.

--- Instrumental ---

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 I have no friend like you  
If heaven's not my home and 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.

Just up in Gloryland we'll live eternaly  
The saints on every hand are shouting victory  
Then 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 I have no friend like you  
If heaven's not my home and 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...

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