

This World Is Not My Home

Key: G

This world is not my home, I'm just a passing thru,
 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, oh Lord, You know I have no friend like you;
 If heaven's not my home, then Lord, what will I do?
 The angels beck on 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 Saviour pardoned me, and now I am on ward go.
 I know he'll take me thru, tho' I am weak and poor,
 and I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

I have a loving mother, up in the Glory land;
 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.

Just up in Glory land we'll live eternally,
 The saints on ev'ry hand are shouting victory,
 their song of sweetest praise
 drift back from heaven's shore,
 and I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

