

This World Is Not My Home

Merle Haggard

This world is not my home I'm just a-passin' 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 Savior pardoned me and now I onward go
I know He'll take me through though I am weak and poor
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

Just over in glory land 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 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
No, I can't feel at home in this world anymore