

I Don't Want To Get Adjusted To This World

Iris DeMent

In this world we have our trials
Sometimes lonesome, sometimes blue
But the hope of life eternal
Makes all old hopes brand new

And I don't want to get adjusted to this world, to this world
I've got a home so much better
And I'm gonna go there sooner or later
And I don't want to get adjusted to this world, to this world

Lord, I'm growing old and weary

And there's no place that feels like home
Saviour come, [?]
To where I [?]

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I've got a home so much better
And I'm gonna go there sooner or later
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