

## A City Called Heaven

Mahalia Jackson

I am on a pilgrim journey of sorrow.  
I'm left in this whole wide world,  
I'm left in this wide world alone.  
I have no hope for tomorrow,  
But I've started to make Heaven my home.

Well, sometimes, I am tossed.  
Sometimes I am driven low,  
Sometimes, my dear lord, I don't know  
To which way I can roam.  
But I've heard of a city called Heaven,  
and I've started to make heaven my home.