

The Mission, Coming Home

Sweet Jesus come & save me,
I've been weak & gone astray
Take me down to the water &
Wash my sins away
Sweet Jesus I believe,
I have no faith in the word you say
Make me clean, make me pure again,
Make me ready for the judgement day

I'm coming home, coming home
I'm coming home, home to you

Lay my hands on the Bible & swear to
The good Lord above
I'll make amends for my sinful ways
& give myself up to your love

No more whiskey or whoring,
Or fighting like an alley cat
Cos' in the eyes of the Lord it don't
Matter where you're from,
It just matters where you're at.

I ain't always been an honest man &
I've never been as white as snow
Travel a dark & dirty road
Then you reap just what you sow
Sweet Jesus be my saviour,
Come & lay your hands on me
Count me in for the resurrection,
Heaven for eternity.