

# Trace Adkins, Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
Traveling through this world of woe  
Yet there's no sickness, no toil or danger  
In that bright world to which I go  
I'm going there to see my father  
I'm going there no more to roam  
I'm only going over to Jordan  
I'm only going over home  
Yes, Lord  
I know dark clouds will gather around me  
I know my way is rough and steep  
Yet beautiful fields lie just before me  
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep  
I'm going there to see my mother  
She said she'd meet me when I come  
I'm only going over to Jordan  
I'm only going over to home  
Goin' home now  
Oh, somebody show me the way home