

Carl Smith, This World Is Not My Home

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

This world is not my home I'm just passing 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...

[guitar]

They're all expecting me and that's one thing I know
My Saviour pardoned me and now I onward go
I know he date me through so I am weak and poor
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore
Oh Lord you know...