

David Houston, Cabin In The Corner Of Gloryland

(Lord build me a cabin in the corner of Gloryland)
Many years I've been looking for a place to call home
But I've failed here to find it so I must travel on
I don't care for fine mansions on earth sinking sand
Lord build me a cabin in the corner of Gloryland
Yes build me just a cabin in the corner of Gloryland
In the shade of a tree of life that it may ever stand
Where I can just hear the angels sing and shake Jesus hand
Lord build me a cabin in the corner of Gloryland
[piano]
I have many dear loved ones to help on this way
On the great final morning I can hear them all say
Come and join in our singing and play in our band
Lord build me a cabin in the corner of Gloryland
Yes build me just a cabin...
Lord build me a cabin in the corner of Gloryland