

David Phelps, My Child Is Coming Home

Words & music by Suzanne Jennings,
David Phelps & Guy Penrod.

Just an ordinary day in Heaven, lookin down the Streets of Gold.
You can hear the strings and the angel wings, see the saints of Old. Then suddenly God breaks a s
"Look my Son is comin home!"

Open up the Pearly Gates of Heaven.
Build another mansion next to mine.
Everybody dance and shout for joy around the throne.
Set another place at the table.
Sound the trumpet loud and clear this time.
Halleluiah, my child is comin home.

Now they say the only time God sings is when a lost soul believes.
And they say that theres a celebration there beside the Crystal Sea. And God, Himself, directs the
And then He sings out once again.

Open up the Pearly Gates of Heaven.
Build another mansion next to mine.
Everybody dance and shout for joy around the throne.
Set another place at the table.
Sound the trumpet loud and clear this time.
Halleluiah, my child is comin home.

Come on, play the anthem strong.
Come on, join in, sing along, sing it strong.

Open up the Pearly Gates of Heaven.
Build another mansion next to mine.
Everybody dance and shout for joy around the throne.
Set another place at the table.
Sound the trumpet loud and clear this time.
Halleluiah, my child is comin home.

Open up the Pearly Gates of Heaven.
Build another mansion next to mine.
Everybody dance and shout for joy around the throne.
Set another place at the table.
Sound the trumpet loud and clear this time.
Halleluiah, my child is comin home.