

# Jim Reeves, This World Is Not My Home

This world is not my home  
I'm just a-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  
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.

I have a loving mother  
Just up in Gloryland  
And I don't expect to stop  
Until I shake her hand.

She's waiting now for me  
In heaven's open door  
And I can't feel at home  
In this world anymore.

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.

--- Instrumental ---

Just over in Gloryland  
We'll live eternally  
The saints on every hand  
Are shouting victory.

Their songs of sweetest praise  
Drift back from heaven's shore  
And I can't feel at home  
In this world anymore.

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...