

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...