

# All My Tears

Jars of Clay

When I go, don't cry for me  
In my Father's arms I'll be  
The wounds this world left on my soul  
Will all be healed and I'll be whole.  
Sun and moon will be replaced  
With the light of Jesus' face  
And I will not be ashamed  
For my Savior knows my name.

It don't matter where you bury me,  
I'll be home and I'll be free.  
It don't matter where I lay,  
All my tears be washed away.

Gold and silver blind the eye  
Temporary riches lie  
Come and eat from heaven's store,  
Come and drink, and thirst no more

It don't matter where you bury me  
I'll be home and I'll be free  
It don't matter where I lay  
All my tears be washed away

So, weep not for me my friends,  
When my time below does end  
For my life belongs to Him  
Who will raise the dead again.

It don't matter where you bury me,  
I'll be home and I'll be free.  
It don't matter where I lay,  
All my tears be washed away.