

# I Am A Pilgrim

Aaron Neville

I am a pilgrim and a stranger  
Traveling through this wearisome land  
I've got a home built  
In that yonder city, good Lord  
And it's not, not made by hand

I got a mother  
A sister and a father  
Them gone on now, to the other shore  
And I'm determined  
To go and see them good Lord  
And to live with them forever more

When I go down to the river of Jordan  
Just to bathe my, my weary soul  
If I can but touch  
The hem of his garment good lord  
Then I, I know you'll make me whole

And when he lay me down for the last time  
With his hard hand restin' on my breast  
I don't want none  
Of that weeping and crying over me  
Because you know that I've gone to rest

Yes, I'm a pilgrim and a stranger  
Traveling through this, this wearisome land  
I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord  
And it's not, not made by hand