

Home Where I Belong

B.J. Thomas

They say that heavens pretty
And living here is too
But if they said that I would
Have to choose between the two

I'd go home, going home
Where I belong
And sometimes when I'm dreaming
It comes as no surprise
That if you look and see
The homesick feeling in my eyes

I'm going home, going home
Where I belong
While I'm here I'll serve him gladly
And sing him all my songs

I'm here, but not for long
And when I'm feeling lonely
And when I'm feeling blue
It's such a joy to know that
I am only passing through

I'm headed home, going home
Where I belong
And one day I'll be sleeping
When death knocks on my door
And I'll awake and find
That I'm not homesick anymore

I'll be home, going home
Where I belong, hmm