This World Is Not My Home

Carl Smith

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 This world is not my home I'm just 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... They're all expecting me and that's one thing I know My Saviour pardoned me and now I onward go I know he date me through so I am weak and poor And I can't feel at home in this world anymore Oh Lord you know...