

Bringin' It Home

Connie Smith

Well I'm tired of travelin' down this rocky old road
This old heart of mine is so hurtin' from a heavy load
Only Jesus knows the way my heart went wrong
But the Lord he knows I'm bout to bringin' on home

Oh I'm bringin' it yes I'm bringin' it
I'm bringin' it hear me talkin' I said I'm bringin' it
This old heart's been away too long and I'm bringin' it home

When the angels come and carry me away
And I have to face the Lord on that judgement day
I've got a half an hour to stand before His throne
That means to changin' my heart and I'm a bringin' it home

Oh I'm bringin' it

Someday children you're gonna hear that trumpet's sound
There'll be lightnin' and thunder and earthquakes in the ground
Don't let the devil tell you that your hope is gone
There'll be a whole lotta fights that will never go on

Oh I'm bringin' it
Oh I'm bringin' it