

My Child Is Coming Home

David Phelps

Just an ordinary day in Heaven, lookin' down the Streets of Gold.

You can hear the strings and the angel wings, see the saints of Old. Then suddenly God breaks a smile, and begins His song, "Look my Son is comin' home!"

Open up the Pearly Gates of Heaven.
Build another mansion next to mine.
Everybody dance and shout for joy around the throne.
Set another place at the table.
Sound the trumpet loud and clear this time.
Halleluiah, my child is comin' home.

Now they say the only time God sings is when a lost soul believes.

And they say that there's a celebration there beside the Crystal Sea. And God, Himself, directs the choir and the welcome band

And then He sings out once again.

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Everybody dance and shout for joy around the throne.
Set another place at the table.
Sound the trumpet loud and clear this time.
Halleluiah, my child is comin' home.

Come on, play the anthem strong.
Come on, join in, sing along, sing it strong.

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