

A City Called Heaven

Mahalia Jackson

I am on a pilgrim journey of sorrow.
I'm left in this whole wide world,
I'm left in this wide world alone.
I have no hope for tomorrow,
But I've started to make Heaven my home.

Well, sometimes, I am tossed.
Sometimes I am driven low,
Sometimes, my dear lord, I don't know
To which way I can roam.
But I've heard of a city called Heaven,
and I've started to make heaven my home.