

Homecoming Glory

Mary Mary

Tell us of angels on high, tell us of clouds I can feel under my feet
Tell us of vast golden fields and heavenly wonders that go beyond what I can see

Tell us of triumphant music, the brass sounding trumpets, tell of the welcoming choir

Tell us of majestic men, mighty in valor riding on chariots of fire

Oh tell us we're going home, tell us that heavenly story and oh
Tell of that homecoming glory it's my favorite story by far

'Cause it tells us who we are and it says where we're going

Oh tell us we're going home, tell us that heavenly story and oh
Tell of that homecoming glory it's my favorite story by far

Tell of the last liberation, the end of the suffer beginning of good things to come

Tell of the sweet celebration, the debut, excitement of knowing that your work is done

Tell of that moment in time when time is no longer and life will be forever lived

Tell of the fresh falling rain soaking the hearts of which to you we freely give

Oh tell us we're going home, tell us that heavenly story and oh
Tell of that homecoming glory it's my favorite story by far

Because it tells us who we are I wanna be in that number

Oh tell us we're going home, tell us that heavenly story and oh
Tell of that homecoming glory it's my favorite story by far

How wonderful you are to me

How wonderful that day will be

How wonderful you are to me

How wonderful that day will be

Tell of the last declaration, the ringing of freedom, the promise of sorrow no more

Tell of the first close encounter with you our Father - the lone one whom we all adore

Oh tell us we're going home, tell us that heavenly story and oh
Tell of that homecoming glory it's my favorite story by far

Because it tells us who we are I and it says where we're going and

Oh tell us we're going home, tell us that heavenly story and oh
Tell of that homecoming glory it's my favorite story by far

Oh tell us that story

Oh tell us that story

Oh tell us that story

Oh tell us...

It's my favorite story

My favorite story

My favorite story

My favorite story by far

Tell us of angels on high, tell us of clouds I can feel under my feet
Tell us of vast golden fields and heavenly wonders that go beyond what I can see

Tell us of triumphant music, the brass sounding trumpets, tell of the
welcoming choir