

# This World Is Not My Home

Merle Haggard

This world is not my home I'm just a-passin' 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 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

They're all expecting me and that's one thing I know  
My Savior pardoned me and now I onward go  
I know He'll take me through though I am weak and poor  
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

Just over in glory land we'll live eternally  
The saints on every hand are shouting victory  
Their songs of sweetest praise drift back from heaven's shore  
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

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  
No, I can't feel at home in this world anymore