

# This World Is Not My Home

Mickey Gilley

This world is not my home, I'm just passing 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 saviors pardoned me and now I on the go  
I know He'll take me through I am weak and poor  
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.

Or right.

Just up in gloryland we'll know eternity  
The saints on every hand are shouting victory  
The song of praise is back from heavens 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, oh Lord what will I do  
The angels beckon me to heaven's open door  
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

And I can't feel at home in this world anymore...