

# Waiting for My Call to Glory

Roy Acuff

My days on earth are numbered I can see the journey,s end  
Gon-na ride that train to glory When it comes around the  
bend

I,m leaving all my worries and for-get a-bout my cares  
Gonna wear them golden slippers when i climb the golden  
stairs

Wait-ing for my call to glo-ry  
Where i,ll know the good and true  
There i,ll learn my neigh-bor  
Like he want-ed me to do

I,ve wandered ra-ther aim-less through the wil-der-ness  
of time  
But i see that glo-ry moun-tain that we mor-tals have to  
climb  
I,ll walk with Heav-en,s An-gels in a land that knows no  
sin  
When that glo-ry gateswings o-pen for his son to en-ter  
in

I,ll find my joy and laugh-ter that the good-book say,s  
i,ll find  
When i reach the great here-af-ter on the road to peace  
of mind  
I,ll hear the harps a- play-ing for the An-gels in the  
sky  
And i,ll say hel-lo to Heav-en when I bid this wold good-  
bye