

I Am a Pilgrim

The Byrds

I am a pilgrim and a stranger
Travelling through this wearsome land
I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord
And it's not not made by hand

I've got a mother, sister and a brother
Who have been this way before
I am determined to go and see them, good Lord
Over on that other shore

I going down to the river of Jordan
Just to bathe my wearsome soul
If I can just touch the hem of his garmet, good Lord
Then I know he'd take me home