

## I Am a Pilgrim

Willie Nelson

I am a pilgrim, and a stranger, traveling through this wearisome land.

But I've got a home, in that yonder city, good Lord!  
And it's not, good Lordy, it's not made by hand.

I'll see my father, mother, sister and brother,  
Who have gone to that sweet home  
And I am determined to go and see them, good Lord  
Over all, good Lordy, over all that distant shore

And I go down to the river Jordan  
Just to bath my weary soul  
And if I could touch  
Just the hem of his garment, good Lord  
And I believe, good Lordy, I believe  
You've made me whole

Now when I'm dead and in my coffin  
And all my friends all gather round  
They can just say that he's laying there sleeping, good Lord  
Sweet peace, good Lordy, sweet peace his soul is found

I am a pilgrim, and a stranger,  
traveling through this wearisome land.  
I've got a home, in that yonder city, good Lord!  
And it's not, good Lordy, it's not made by hand.