

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

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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.