

All My Tears

Jars of Clay

When I go, don't cry for me
In my Father's arms, I'll be
And wounds this world left on my soul
Will all be healed and I'll be whole
Sun and moon will be replaced
With the light of Jesus' face
And I will be not be ashamed
For my Savior knows my name
It don't matter where you bury me
I'll be home and I'll be free
It don't matter where I lay
All my tears, be washed away
Gold and silver blind the eye
Temporary riches lie
Come and eat from Heaven's store
Come and drink and thirst no more
'Cos it don't matter where you bury me
I'll be home and I'll be free
It don't matter where I lay
All my tears, be washed away
So weep not from me, my friends
When my time below does end
For my life belongs to Him
Who will raise the dead again
It don't matter where you bury me
'Cos I'll be home and I'll be free
It don't matter where I lay
All my tears, be washed away
It don't matter
It don't matter
It don't matter

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