

I Am a Pilgrim

The Byrds

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, not made by hand I've got a mother, sister and a brother
Who have gone this way before
I am determined to go and see them, good Lord
For they're on that other shore I'm goin' down to the river of Jordan
Just to bathe my wearisome soul
If I can just touch the hem of his garment, good Lord
Then I know he'd take me home 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, not made by hand

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