

This World Is Not My Home

Robert Earl Keen

This world is not my home
I'm just a-passing through
My treasures are laid up
Somewhere beyond the blue. The angels beckon me
From heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home
In this world anymore. Oh Lord, you know
I have no friend like you
If heaven's not my home
Then Lord what will I do. The angels beckon me
From heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home
In this world anymore.
I have a loving mother
Just up in Gloryland
And I don't expect to stop
Until I shake her hand. She's waiting now for me
In heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home
In this world anymore. Oh Lord, you know
I have no friend like you
If heaven's not my home
Then Lord what will I do. The angels beckon me
From heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home
In this world anymore.
Just over in Gloryland
We'll live eternally
The saints on every hand
Are shouting victory. Their songs of sweetest praise
Drift back from heaven's shore
And I can't feel at home
In this world anymore. Oh Lord, you know
I have no friend like you
If heaven's not my home
Then Lord what will I do. The angels beckon me
From heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home
In this world anymore...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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