

# I Don't Want To Get Adjusted (To This World)

Iris DeMent

In this world we have our trials  
sometimes lonesome, sometimes blue  
but the hope of life eternal  
Makes all old hopes brand new And I don't want to get adjusted to this world, to this world  
I've got a home so much better  
and I'm gonna go there sooner or later  
And I don't want to get adjusted to this world, to this world Lord, I'm growing old and weary  
and there's no place that feels like home  
Saviour come, my soul to ferry  
to where I never more will roam And I don't want to get adjusted to this world, to this world  
I've got a home so much better  
and I'm gonna go there sooner or later  
And I don't want to get adjusted to this world, to this world And I don't want to get adjusted to this world, to this  
world

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