

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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