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 newAnd 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 worldLord, 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 roamAnd 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 worldAnd I don't want to get adjusted to this world, to this world

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