

# This World Is Not My Home

Hank Thompson

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...  
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...