

COME HOME

THERE'S A FOUR YEAR OLD BOY IN A HOSPITAL BED
DYING FROM TUMOR GROWING INSIDE HIS HEAD
SOMETIMES THE PAIN IS MORE THAN HE CAN STAND
THE TEARS FLOW FROM HIS EYES AS HE TAKES HIS FATHER'S HAND
SEEMS THAT IN THE DISTANCE HE HEARS HIS MOMMA CRY
BUT THE SWEET VOICE OF JESUS IS CALLING AS HE DIES

COME HOME CHILD, COME HOME
NO MORE PAIN AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE
I'VE BUILT FOR YOU A MANSION THAT SITS UP ON A HILL
SO COME HOME DEAR CHILD, COME HOME

THERE'S AN OLD MAN SITTING ON HIS FRONT PORCH,
REMINISCING ABOUT HIS LIFE
IT'S BEEN THIRTY YEARS OR MORE, SINCE HE LOST HIS WIFE
HE KNOWS HIS TIME IS DRAWING NEAR, HIS SAVIOR HE'S SOON TO SEE
REUNITED WITH HIS DARLING WIFE FOR ETERNITY
DEATH BRINGS NO FEAR TO HIM, HE'S READY TO MEET THE KING
A VOICE FLOATS DOWN FROM HEAVEN, HE HEARS HIS SWEET WIFE SING

COME HOME DEAR HUSBAND, COME HOME
NO MORE PAIN AND WE'LL NEVER BE ALONE
HE'S BUILT FOR US A MANSION THAT SITS UP ON A HILL
SO COME HOME, DEAR HUSBAND, COME HOME

IN THE AGE THAT WE'RE LIVING, WHERE SIN IS ALL AROUND
WE KNOW IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL GOD SENDS HIS JUDGEMENTS DOWN
WE STAND UPON HIS ROCK WITH FAITH AND BELIEVE HE'LL SEE THROUGH
COME SOON SWEET JESUS, TAKE YOUR CHURCH WITH YOU
FROM THE EAST A VOICE IS SHOUTING AND THE DEAD IN CHRIST ARISE
WE'RE GOING TO SEE OUR FATHER, IN THE SWEET BY AND BY

COME HOME, DEAR CHRISTIAN COME HOME
NO MORE PAIN AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE
I'VE BUILT FOR YOU A MANSION THAT SITS UP ON A HILL
SO COME HOME, DEAR CHRISTIAN COME HOME