

GOING HOME

(written by Kenneth Cope)

Going home
Kindly fires burning there that warm my soul
Yearning for the ones I call my own
I'm going home

Right at home
Steady shoulders gather there to share the load
I'm learning how to give what's needed most
Right at home

This longing to be there
Is calling me there
It's stronger than words can tell
And once in home's sweetness
I taste the love of heaven

Heavenly home
Holy faces wait for me and cheer me on
I will do all that it takes to reach their arms
Where I belong
Going home

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