

I Don't Want to Get Adjusted

In this world we have our troubles
Sometimes lonesome sometimes blue
But I have a home eternal
Brightens all my hopes anew

I am growing tried and weary
There's no place that seems like home
Jesus come my soul to ferry
Where I never more shall roam

I am longing for the coming
Of my Savior, Lord & King
Seems I hear my loved ones singing
A brand new song I'd like to sing

I don't want to get adjusted
To this world lord to this world
I've got a home that so much better
I'm gonna go there sooner or later
I don't want to get adjusted to this world