

Jars Of Clay, All My Tears

When I go don't cry for me, in my Father's arms I'll be
The wounds this world left on my soul will all be healed and I'll be whole.
Sun and moon will be replaced with the light of Jesus' face
And I will not be ashamed, for my Savior knows my name

It don't matter where you bury me, I'll be home and I'll be free
It don't matter where I lay, All my tears be washed away.

Gold and silver blind the eye, temporary riches lie
Come and eat from heaven's store, come and drink and thirst no more

It don't matter where you bury me, I'll be home and I'll be free
It don't matter where I lay, All my tears be washed away

So weep not for me my friends, when my time below does end
For my life belongs to Him, who will raise the dead again.

It don't matter where you bury me, 'cause I'll be home and I'll be free.
It don't matter where I lay, all my tears be washed away

OOoh, it don't matter.....OOooh, it don't matter