

Trace Adkins, Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world of woe
Yet there's no sickness, no toil or danger
In that bright world to which I go
I'm going there to see my father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm only going over to Jordan
I'm only going over home
Yes, Lord
I know dark clouds will gather around me
I know my way is rough and steep
Yet beautiful fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep
I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm only going over to Jordan
I'm only going over to home
Goin' home now
Oh, somebody show me the way home