

Home

C. Michael Pilato

♩ = 138

1. On this road I walk a - long, sea-sons dim and sea-sons

dawn. And the years keep ramb-ling on. They ram - ble on. I know

well this world I see, shared with friends and fam - i - ly. But a voice keeps tel - ling

me I'm sick for home. Je-sus, on - ly You can sa - tisfy. You a - lone make all things

new. You're the Way, the Truth, the Life, and I'm, oh, I'm coming home to You.

2. The rug - ged cross that Je - sus bore draws my thoughts towards Hea - ven's

shore, where the One I'm liv-ing for pre-pares my home. Lord, the beau - ty of Your

grace and the prom - ise of Your face bit me make this world a bet-ter place un - til I'm

home. Je-sus, on - ly You can sa - tisfy. You a - lone make all things new. You're the

52 G A F#m7 Bm7 G A G A4 Bm A4/C# D G

Way, the Truth, the Life, and I'm, oh, I'm coming home to You.

58 A G A4 Bm A4/C# D G A G A D2 D D/F#

Jesus, on - ly You can sa - tisfy. You a -

65 G A Bm A G A F#m7 Bm7

lone make all things new. You're the Way, the Truth, the Life, and I'm, oh, I'm

69 G A Bm G A D G D G D

coming home to You. Lord, I'm coming home to You. 3. When my

76 G D G D Bm A G

fi - nal day is done and this earth - ly race is run, I will bow be-fore the One Who calls me

82 D G D Bm A G D G D G D G D

home. Yes, I'll bow be-fore the One Who calls me home.