When It's My Time

Rodney Atkins

I was late for work, had to pull to the side
While a funeral train of cars drove by with their lights on
It was just my luck, it went on and on for milesI kept checkin' my watch, grittin' my teeth
Then suddenly it dawned on me that whoever this is
Is gonna be missed for a long, long time
It got me thinkingWhen it's my time to go, the end of my road I hope it looks like this
200 cars stretched out as far as the hearts I touched while I lived
And I hope I leave half as much love behind when it's my timeSo I followed that last car down to the church
Took off my ball cap, tucked in my shirt
I just had to see what kind of life could cause such as traffic jamHeard story after story, people laugh, people cry
It didn't take long to understand why every pew was full
There's a lot of good souls made better for knowing him
And now I'm one of themWhen it's my time to go, the end of my road I hope it looks like this
200 cars stretched out as far as the hearts I touched while I lived
And I hope I leave half as much love behind when it's my timeFelt a hand on my back, turned around, someone asked
"Did you know him well?"
And I said, "Yeah, well enough to know"When it's my time to go, the end of my road I hope it looks like this
200 cars stretched out as far as the hearts I touched while I lived
And I hope I leave half as much love behind when it's my time
Ooh, when it's my time

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