

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 miles I 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 thinking 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 So 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 a traffic jam Heard 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 them 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 Felt 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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