

In My Time of Dying

Martin L. Gore

In my time of dying
I don't want nobody to mourn
All I want for you to do is
Take my body home
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up, Jesus gonna make up
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed Meet me, Jesus, meet me
Won't you meet me in the middle of the air?
If these wings should fail me, Lord
Won't you meet me with another pair?
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up, Jesus gonna make up
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed In my time of dying
I don't want nobody to cry
All I want for you to do is
Take me when I die
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up, Jesus gonna make up
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

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