

Chuck Prophet

"Hold My Bed"

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Well the rich are getting mighty
And the poor folks stay the same
As the middle class just seems to fade away
And on every death bed, no matter what the case
I can't help to wonder what they'd say

"I could've been a better man.
I could've been a saint. Or maybe
Helped more neighbors along the way."
Or just as well, "I did alright in most moves that I made.
Now show me the light as they say."

Well I don't seem to worry much.
No I don't seem to mind,
Believing everything will work out fine.
I'm with the one that I dream to help me down the line.
So hold my bed, I'll get there on time.

Well a hammer never knew a hand less experienced
than mine
My voice is the only tool I know
And as I stare into the darkness of that great eternal
sleep
My soul knows not which way it's headed for

No I don't seem to worry much no I don't seem to mind
Believing that I'll never run short on time
The sheets are getting tighter in this lonely bed I made
So spare me Lord I feel that I'm not ready.

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