

Darius Rucker

"I Hope They Get To Me In Time"

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I'm eight years old
Daddy's cuttin' my hair
Aqua Velva on his hands.
Momma's in the kitchen
Got fried green tomatoes
Poppin' in the pan.
I see a home run, a goal line,
Holding my friend gettin' baptized.
I see her beautiful face under that veil
As she's walking down the aisle.

I can hear the sirens comin'
Smell the gasoline and smoke.
I'm pinned against this steering wheel
Pretty sure my arm is broke.
I can see the flames and my life
Flashing right before my eyes.
I hope they get to me in time.

I could see the headlights swerve
So I cut the wheel to the right.
Last thing I saw was that bottle turned up
As he crossed that center line.
I see tiny hands, brown eyes
Fallin' to sleep to that lullaby.
And you slide over next to me
As I turn out the lights.

I can hear the sirens comin'
Smell the gasoline and smoke.
I'm pinned against this steering wheel
Pretty sure my arm is broke.
I can see the flames and my life
Flashing right before my eyes.
I hope they get to me in time.

Please Lord, I'm beggin' you
Don't let me go like this.
There's so much left that I want to do
So much I don't want to miss.

I can see the flames and my life

Flashing right before my eyes.
I hope they get to me in time.
Just get to me in time.
Please get to me in, in time.

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