

The Be Good Tanyas

"In my time of dying"

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Well in my time of dying
I don't want nobody to moan
All i want my friends to do
Come and fold my dying arms

Well, well, well so i can die easy
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

Won't you meet me jesus, meet me
Won't you meet me in the middle of the air
And if these wings should fail me lord
Won't you meet me with another pair

Well, well, won't you meet me jesus
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

I'm going on down to the river
Stick my sword up in the sand
Gonna shout my troubles over lord
I done made it to the promised land

Well, well, well i done crossed over
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

Ever since i've been acquainted with jesus
We haven't been a minute apart
He placed the receiver in my ear
Threw religion in my heart

Well, well, well i can ring up my jesus
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed

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