

## Marketa Irglova

### "When I Get Home"

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We were boyhood pals  
The best of friends  
And time was on our side  
We thought the world was in our hands  
We were young and full of life  
But in the twinkling of a moment  
Before a chance to say so long  
You were taken from our world  
And now you're gone

CHORUS

But I'll see you when I get home  
In the sweet bye and bye  
Well walk along the streets of Gold  
With angels by our side  
Time will have no meaning there  
In a land of no goodbyes  
Oh it's Good to know  
Ill see you when I get home  
Oh what a celebration I hope  
You all will come  
The Father now is waiting and  
Soon Hell call us home

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