

# Hold My Bed

Chuck Ragan

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.