

# I Hope They Get to Me in Time

Darius Rucker

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.