I was a young man in a hurry
I didn't stop to think
The next thing I knew
I was in trouble, deep trouble

Then I remember what aunt Linda Used to tell me back in the day The words that she said Are still in my head, she said

"The choices you make might be mistakes
But it's never too late to turn around, turn around
The road that you take might lead you astray
But don't be afraid to turn around, turn around"

I knew a young man named [?]
He went and lost his way
Now he's in prison, cold prison
No chance for escape

They gave him new clothes

And a Bible and the word he did read

Out loud of four walls can't keep him because

Trial is free, singing

The choices you make might be mistakes
Oh it's never too late to turn around, turn around
Oh the road that you take might lead you astray
Don't be afraid to turn around, turn around, turn around

You might be in trouble
You might be running but
But it's never too late to turn around, yeah

'Cause as long as you're still breathing There'll always be another time to make the right decision Before you die because

The choices you make might be mistakes
But it's never too late to turn around, turn around
Oh the road that you take might lead you astray
But don't be afraid to turn around, turn around

Oh the choices, oh the choices you make might be mistakes But it's never too late to turn around, turn around Oh the road, oh the road that you take might lead you astray My friend don't be afraid to turn around, turn around To turn around yeah