

# It's My Time

Martina McBride

Red sun sittin' on the road behind her  
A hundred miles out of her hometown  
Drops a quarter in a beat up pay phone  
Listens to it rattle on down  
Voices cold as the phone she's holding  
The connects way too clear  
He's yellin' where's my dinner  
She's too far gone to care She says listen here

There's a time to stand and the time is now or never  
A time to fly, a time to let go forever  
A time to grow, and a time to discover  
Life is precious, every second  
You've wasted mine and it's my time

She puts a few more miles between them  
He pours a distance of his own  
Starts talking to the bottle  
It's all that left now she's gone  
He rages on till the National Anthem  
Comes on his TV  
Then he looks straight at the bottle  
And says you did this to me  
And then he screams

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It's my time, it's my time, it's my time  
And the time is what you make it  
It's my time, it's my time, it's my time  
And time is what you're taking

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