

## No Time to Say Goodbye

Tom Paxton

It was a phone call in the night-  
The kind you hear before it rings.  
It was a phone call in the night,  
When you can hear an angel's wings.  
When you know before you answer  
That it's someone's time to die,  
And when I learned that it was you,  
And as I stood there I could feel you passing by-  
There was no time to say goodbye.

There was no time to say goodbye;  
No time to thank you for the years.  
There was no time to say goodbye-  
A lamp gone out, light disappears.  
And as I stood there in the darkness,  
There were more tears than I could cry,  
For you were here so totally,  
It seemed impossible that you could ever die-  
There was no time to say goodbye.

There are pictures in a box,  
In a room in a house long miles from here,  
There are old seashells and rocks;  
Faded labels from our days of German beer.  
There are postcards from Montana;  
Faded drawings and some drums,  
And I can't recall the rest-  
Oh, God, you're never really ready when it comes.

There was no time to say goodbye-  
I was delayed in getting home.  
There was a missed connecting flight,  
And when I got here you were gone.  
Someone handed me some coffee;  
A tiny sandwich made on rye,  
I put it down. I stood there looking  
At your picture on the mantel, wondering why  
There was no time to say goodbye.  
No time to thank you for the years.