

I Hope They Get to Me in Time

Darius Rucker

I'm eight years old, daddy's cutting my hair
Aqua Velva on his hands
Mama's in the kitchen,
Got fried green tomatoes poppin' in the pan
I see a home run, a gold line
Holding my breath getting baptized
I see her beautiful face under that veil as she's walking down the aisle I can hear the sirens
coming
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 the bottle turned up
As he crossed that center line
I see tiny hands, brown eyes
falling asleep to that lullaby
And you slide over next to me as I turned out the lights I can hear the sirens coming
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 begging 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, no
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

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