

# 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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