

# The Be Good Tanyas, In My Time Of Dying

well in my time of dying  
i don't want nobody to moan  
all i want my friends to do  
come and fold my dying arms

well, well, well so i can die easy  
jesus gonna make up my dying bed

won't you meet me jesus, meet me  
won't you meet me in the middle of the air  
and if these wings should fail me lord  
won't you meet me with another pair

well, well, won't you meet me jesus  
jesus gonna make up my dying bed

i'm going on down to the river  
stick my sword up in the sand  
gonna shout my troubles over lord  
i done made it to the promised land

well, well, well i done crossed over  
jesus gonna make up my dying bed

ever since i've done acquainted with jesus  
we haven't been a minute apart  
he placed the receiver in my ear  
threw religion in my heart

well, well, well i can ring up my jesus  
jesus gonna make up my dying bed