

Craig Morgan, Ain't The Way I Wanna Go Out

O! Jimmy, a real hard worker, loadin' trucks at the Feed and Save.
Well-liked, a really nice fella: that's why it's hard to believe.
One day, two counties over, he got caught with another man's wife.
Shots fired, smoke cleared: her husband took Jimmy's life.
In an instant, all the good stuff he'd ever done was all gone.
Now everybody just remembers the one thing that he did wrong.

You can have it all an' in the twinklin' of an eye,
It can all turn around.
If I live to roam this earth another hundred years,
Without 20 seconds from right now,
That ain't the way that I wanna go out.

Rob Jenkins, sittin' on the back pew: head bowed an' his eyes closed.
Preacher talkin' 'bout gettin' to Heaven, said: "Brother would you like to go?"
White knuckles holdin' his Hymnal, while the choir sang Amazing Grace.
He stands up, full of conviction: turns 'round an' runs out of that place.
Off in his truck, says to himself: "Next Sunday, I'm a-gonna get saved."
Runs a red light, hit broadside an' next Sunday is way too late.

You can have it all an' in the twinklin' of an eye,
It can all turn around.
If I live to roam this earth another hundred years,
Without 20 seconds from right now,
That ain't the way that I wanna go out.

I'm gonna do right, an' make sure I ask forgiveness before I go:
I'm gonna take time, 'cause it's a fine line,
Between here an' "You never know."

You can have it all an' in the twinklin' of an eye,
It can all turn around.
If I live to roam this earth another hundred years,
Without 20 seconds from right now,
That ain't the way that I wanna go out.
That ain't the way that I wanna go out.
No I don't wanna go out.