

# Relient K, Deathbed

I can smell the death on the sheets  
Covering me  
I can't believe this is the end

But this is my deathbed  
I lie here alone  
If I close my eyes tonight  
I know I'll be home

The year was nineteen forty one  
I was eight years old and  
Far far too young  
To know that the stories  
Of battles and glory  
Was a tale a kind mother  
Made up for her son  
You see  
Dad was a traveling preacher  
Teaching the words of the Teacher  
But mother had sworn  
Went off to the war  
And died there with honor  
Somewhere on a beach there  
But he left once to never return  
Which taught me that I should unlearn  
Whatever I thought a father should be  
I abandoned that thought  
Like he abandoned me

By forty seven I was fourteen  
I'd acquired a taste for liquor and nicotine  
I smoked until I threw up  
Yet I still lit 'em up for thirty more years  
Like a machine

So right there you have it  
That one filthy habit  
Is what got me where I am today

I can smell the death on the sheets  
Covering me  
I can't believe this is the end  
I can hear those sad memories  
Still haunting me  
So many things  
I'd do again

But this is my deathbed  
I lie here alone  
If I close my eyes tonight  
I know I'll be home

I got married on my twenty first  
Eight months before my wife would give birth  
It's easier to be sure you love someone  
When her father inquires with the barrel of a gun  
The union was far from harmonious  
No two people could have been more alone than us  
The years would go by and she'd love someone else  
And I realized I hadn't been loved yet myself

And there's your typical spiel  
Yeah if life was a highway  
I was drunk at the wheel

I was seeing the loose ends  
All fall apart  
Yeah I swear I was destined to fail  
And fail from the start

I bowled about six times a week

The bottle of Beam kept the memories from me  
The marriage had taken a seven-ten split  
Along with my pride the ex-wife took the kids

I can smell the death on the sheets  
Covering me  
I can't believe this is the end  
I can hear those sad memories  
Still haunting me  
So many things  
I'd do again

But this is my deathbed  
I lie here alone  
If I close my eyes tonight  
I know I'll be home

I was so scared of Jesus  
But He sought me out  
Like the cancer in my lungs  
That's killing me now  
And I've given up hope  
On the days I have left  
But I cling to the hope  
Of my life in the next  
Then Jesus showed up  
Said "Before we go"  
"I thought that we might reminisce"  
"See one night in your life"  
"When you turned out the light"  
"You asked for and prayed for my forgiveness"

You cried wolf  
The tears they soaked your fur  
The blood dripped from your fangs  
You said, "What have I done?"  
You loved that lamb  
With every sinful bone  
And there you wept alone  
Your heart was so contrite

You said, "Jesus, please forgive me of my crimes  
Sanctify this withered heart of mine  
Stay with me until my life is through  
And on that day please take me home with you"

I can smell the death on the sheets  
Covering me  
I can't believe this is the end  
I can hear You whisper to me,  
"It's time to leave  
You'll never be lonely again"

But this was my deathbed  
I died there alone  
When I closed my eyes tonight  
You carried me home

[Jon Foreman of Switchfoot sings, as the voice of Jesus:]

I am the Way

Follow Me

And take My hand

And I am the Truth

Embrace Me and you'll understand

And I am the Light

And for Me you'll live again

For I am Love

I am Love

I, I am Love