

I awake at three, my gut nagging me to say good-bye, one last time  
Instead pacing the bedroom floor until I hear the front door quietly close  
It seems like only minutes since my head re-hit the pillow sublime  
A pounding on the door...He may have forgotten the keys I suppose

I groggily go down the stairs and search for the light and the door  
There stands a sheriff with the heavy-hearted news  
One lone victim in a car drove off the road and rolled-over and over until no more  
Left shattered behind on the road with broken bones and collapsed organs, no need for rescue

I wonder if the sheriff thought it odd when I said I knew his life had reached its end  
So much a blur, our son had been sleeping on the couch I did not know  
He heard the details and already knew, no need to pretend  
His dad had died, too young, at fifty-nine years ol'

I frequently ask myself, "What would have happened if I had just said good-bye?"  
Would God have postponed his untimely demise?