

It's My Time

Martina McBride

Red sun sittin' on the road behind her
A hundred miles out of her hometown
Drops a quarter in a beat up pay phone
Listens to it rattle on down
Voices cold as the phone she's holding
The connects way too clear
He's yellin' where's my dinner
She's too far gone to care She says listen here

There's a time to stand and the time is now or never
A time to fly, a time to let go forever
A time to grow, and a time to discover
Life is precious, every second
You've wasted mine and it's my time

She puts a few more miles between them
He pours a distance of his own
Starts talking to the bottle
It's all that left now she's gone
He rages on till the National Anthem
Comes on his TV
Then he looks straight at the bottle
And says you did this to me
And then he screams

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It's my time, it's my time, it's my time
And the time is what you make it
It's my time, it's my time, it's my time
And time is what you're taking

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