I know that seasons change, but still it always take me by surp rise

I pretend I'm in control, arranging all the pieces of my life

Then one day my son stopped holding my hand And I knew I had to let the boy become a man If it were up to me it came too soon But maybe he was right on time Right on time Right on time

I could see the smoke long before my life went up in flames But some things must be lost if they ever have a hope of being saved

Lying on the bathroom floor in tears
Praying for a miracle to come and meet me here
I was afraid it was too late
But maybe I was right on time
Right on time
Right on time

When you're falling apart
And it's breaking your heart
You can't see any reason
Or find any meaning
There's a valley you have to get through
You can't hurry 'cause it won't let you
But it's leading us somewhere
And when we finally get there
We're right on time

I'm sorry for the times I was afraid my life was slipping through your hands $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right$

When we look back at the end of our lives
Will we see the way you made straight every crooked line?
Maybe by then we won't be surprised
To find that you were right on time
Right on time
Right on time