

# Time

Jonatha Brooke

[I was at a songwriting retreat when it hit me. Hospice had entered the picture  
I thought I'd be so prepared for the end - there'd been so many other rescues. But I was not ready  
This song came out, fully finished. Kitchen table. Midnight. Malibu.]

I don't know your name  
And I can't see your face  
But I know, but I know you're coming

I can hear you whisper  
And I can hear you call  
And I know, and I know you're coming

I'm not ready anymore  
I thought I was but there's the door  
I'm not ready like before  
So give me just a little more time

Please don't come today  
Tomorrow's not good either  
'Cause I know, it'll mean forever

I'm not ready anymore  
I thought I was but there's the door  
I'm not ready like before  
So give me just a little more time

Please don't come today  
Tomorrow's not good either