

In My Time of Dying

Jimmy Page

In my time of dying, want nobody to mourn
All I want for you to do is take my body home

Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Well, well, well, so I can die easy

Jesus, gonna make up, sure enough
Jesus, gonna make up
Jesus, gonna make up my dyin' bed.

Meet me, Jesus, meet me. Meet me in the middle of the
air
If my wings should fail me, Lord. Please meet me with
another pair

Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Well, well, well, so I can die easy

Jesus, gonna make up.. somebody, somebody... oh, oh
Jesus gonna make up... Jesus gonna make it my dyin' bed

Oh, Saint Peter, at the gates of heaven... Won't you
let me in
I never did no harm. I never did no wrong

Oh, Gabriel, let me blow your horn. Let me blow your
horn
Oh, I never did, did no harm.

I've only been this young once. I never thought I'd do
anybody no wrong. No, not once.

Oh, I did somebody some good. Somebody some good...
Oh, did somebody some good. I must have did somebody
some good...

I see their smiling faces

And I see them in the streets
And I see them in the field
And I hear them shouting under my feet
And I know it's got to be real

Oh, Lord, deliver me
All the wrong I've done
You can deliver me, Lord
I only wanted to have some fun.

Hear the angels marchin', hear the' marchin', hear them
marchin',
hear them marchin', the' marchin'

Oh my Jesus...
Oh my Jesus...
It's got to be my Jesus,
Oh take me home

Oh, don't you make it my dyin', dyin', dyin'...
It's got to be my Jesus
And I hear the angels singin'
Here they come! Here they come!

Bye-bye, bye-bye

Won't ya, Jesus?