



Alphonso Watson King

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Miss Me

When I come to the end of the road
and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little, but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
I'd like to leave an echo whispering
Miss me but let me go.
For this is a journey we all must take,
and each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick of heart,
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me, but let me go.