



Jeffrey Harold Otto

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Miss Me But Let Me Go
When I come to the end of the day
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloomy 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 we once shared
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 maker's plan
A step on the road to home
When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds
Miss me, but let me go