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.
Miss me but let me go.

Remember the love that we once shared,
and each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master plan,
A step on the road to home.
Go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
When you are lonely and sick of heart,
Miss me, but let me go.