

# Abbott Hayes, Year after Year

I try and find a key so I can sing or say  
A little of my peace in a subtle way  
This guitar I can barely play  
Yet I still strum along  
And I yearn to hear your thoughts  
Maybe a little praise  
At first that's what I got  
But it never seems to stay  
And for a time I kept it caged just to let it go  
I thought I'd come such a long way  
I thought I'd broken some brand new ground  
But still I live with the same fate  
Again and again, year after year  
And I'd be pleased with just your company  
Stuck to the walls in here just hanging around  
Until we feel there's nothing more to see  
We'll get the hell out of here  
I knew that all the while you tried to stay the same  
Same hair, same scent, same smile  
And when it came time, you loved the change  
And you embraced it so  
For now we'll drive this lathe and with an honest try  
We'll go against the grain  
And I think we'll find it's best that you and I have changed  
And we'll just let it show  
Oh god we'll let 'em know