

Barbara Mandrell, Years

faded photographs
the feelings all come back
even now sometimes
you feel so near
and I still see your face
like it was yeasterday
it's strange how the days turned into years

years of hanging on
to dreams are already gone
years of wishing you were here
after all this time you'd think I wouldnt cry
it's just that I still love you after all these years

nighttime gently falls
another day is gone
I turn around to find you're still not here
I leave the hall light on
in case you come back home
but I've been saying that for years

years of hanging on
to dreams are already gone
it's of wishing you were here
after all this time you'd think I wouldnt cry
it's just that I still love you after all these years

after all these years