

# Bill Anderson, Born

(Bill Anderson)

(Born, born) on the day I was born everyone laughed but I cried  
They say I was born with a silver tear in my eye  
Must have been I felt the wind that cold November morn  
And I knew it would blow me no good from the day I was born.

I was born at an early age and that's when I'll die  
You've seen to that by loving then saying goodbye  
You held me near then left me here forsaken and forlorn  
And I'm sittin' here now wishin' I'd never been born.

For I was born to love one woman, born to be with you  
You were born to hurt me, born to be untrue  
Some loves come up roses but my love came up thorns  
And I'm sittin' here now wishin' I'd never been born.

--- Instrumental ---

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Yes, I'm sittin' here now wishin' I'd never been born...