

# Bill Anderson, Not Really Living at All

What is my reason for going on living when I'm not really living at all  
I come home in the evening there's no laughter there to fill the air  
A cool lonely room to meet me nobody here to greet me where has our love gone  
And then my thoughts begin to stray back to a happy yesterday  
When love was here beside me your love was here to guide me where did I go wrong  
What is my reason for going on living when I'm not really living at all  
I reach down for the paper and I see a toy our little boy  
Left layin' there it haunts me I wonder if he ever wants me to play his little games  
I guess I never took the time to fix a hurt or make a rhyme  
Or carry him on my shoulder will he forgive me when he's older  
Or will he remember my name  
What is my reason for going on living when I'm not really living at all  
I found a puppy down the street with big sad eyes and muddy feet  
There's nobody here to claim him no wonder round here to name him  
Or take him for a walk  
I keep him here for company and he looks up so sad at me  
Each time he sees me crying he knows inside I'm dying if only he could talk  
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