Bill Anderson, And Then Came the Bad Years

I remember how once upon a time

Before I could even phone you I had to borrow a dime

I had nothing to give you and still you said you'd be mine

Lord these were the good years

A big night on the town for us used to be

Just two glasses of wine on our first anniversary

Oh I know you could have more but you stuck by me those were the sweet years

But I wasn't happy though you were complained

I wanted to give you more than just my name

I wanted to buy you not wine but champagne and then came the hard years

Cause I started working harder and longer than ever before

Just to buy you all the things that you never even asked me for

And I never noticed but you changed more and more those were the sad years

But the price of success just kept goin' up

And even when I had it all I didn't want to stop

For some reason it became importanted to me to stay on the top

Those were the selfish years

And then I stopped one minute of my busy day

I felt like something was missing and what I couldn't say

And when I realized that it was love that had died away and then came the bad years

(Then came the bad years)