

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 important 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)