

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, I Live In The Past

The day's are so lonely the night are so long
Our home is a prison since you are gone
And I'll always wonder why our love didn't last
With no hope for tomorrow I'll live in the past

A door that won't knock a phone that don't ring
The postman goes by and he don't leave a thing
A pain in my heart and tears in my eyes
My sweetheart has gone I'm left here to cry

I'm the biggest pretender you ever could see
I pretend you still love me false love couldn't be
And then I remember and I know that it's true
For your with another and I know I've lost you

I'll just go on dreaming sweet dreams of the past
Of when you still love me and I thought it would last
But life is so short and time moves so fast
I'll never forget you as I live in the past