

Robert Earl Keen, Jr., These Years

Down the hill
Through the light
Past the city jail
I watch and walk
Every night
I wondered who to tell

How can I tell my father?
He's been gone all these years
I couldn't tell my father
I couldn't bear the tears

I was lost
In a rage
Didn't ever mean to be
Now the cost
Has set the stage
And it will bury me