

# These Years

**Robert Earl Keen**

Down the hill  
Through the light  
Past the city jail  
I watch and walk  
Every night  
I wondered who to tellHow can I tell my father?  
He's been gone all these years  
I couldn't tell my father  
I couldn't bear the tearsI was lost  
In a rage  
Didn't ever mean to be  
Now the cost  
Has set the stage  
And it will bury me

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