

# Twenty Years And Change

Collin Raye

Jim played piano in a band called Angry Witness  
Out to fight the system in the fall of '81  
Like all his friends, he felt peace, could behead for the asking  
It was just a matter of convincing the old ones  
They broke up on John and Yoko's anniversary  
Went separate ways like most bands do  
Same old frustration when they saw the times were not a-changing  
Jim warmed up to the cold hard truth  
Jim plays piano, a simple weekend warrior  
At a cozy little mad spot just a few blocks from his home  
He wakes up every morning, has breakfast with his children  
Sweet wife smiling at him, thinks how good my life's become  
This past Thursday was the 14th anniversary  
Owned their own sweet home since '92  
Monday through Friday he sells those new lots off the highway  
Read from the door, red, white and blue  
Sometimes he wonders how did one man get so lucky  
And what happened to his anger and his vow to heal the world  
In just over two decades he has watched the earth revolving  
Now just simple problem solving, twenty years and change  
How long did I love you before my heart stopped breaking?  
Since the night I stood there shaking when you ran out of my life  
Now I think it's time I told you, even if you show no interest  
How I came to feel forgiveness and finally set things right  
It was twenty years, two months and five days this December  
You wiped your shoes off on my heart  
Far too realistic to betray a kid so idealistic  
Flames of faith put out in the dark  
Then one cold morning, a real live frosty Friday  
I turned to the pain beside me and I realized it was gone  
I tore up all your pictures, never thinking you might find me  
Time to put that junk behind me and wonder why it took so long  
Now here you stand on what would be our anniversary  
Telling me how tough life's been on you  
No satisfaction for I realized we've lost all attraction  
Moving on is all that's left to do  
God, I feel so foolish for what seemed so devastating  
And the love I had for hating was a tragic waste of time  
Somehow I feel like laughing with that free weight lifted from me

Oh, how wisdom does become me, twenty years and change

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