

# All These Years

Andy Sim

Sat up here for all these years  
Now I can't remember  
The last time I said I love you  
Sat up here for some odd years  
Watched you come, watched you go  
Can't remember why I touched you  
Well, I shoulda went home  
When my mama said I could come home  
The doors were open  
I guess I played myself  
Now I'm looking back  
You will leave me someday, someday  
I guess I'm playing myself  
All these problems  
All these kids  
All these bills  
All this drama  
Your two baby mamas  
After all these years  
All those cars  
All those cribs  
All those songs  
We ain't, we ain't  
All those problems  
Your bad ass kids  
Two baby mamas  
After all these years  
Still ain't came up like the [Incomprehensible]  
We keep struggling in on your way  
And I still don't feel like I'm number one  
All these years  
Sat up here for all these years  
Watched you drink, smelled your smoke  
How I end my misery  
Sat up here for some odd years  
Got your piss, you treated me like  
But I still was your queen, queen  
I washed your dirty drawers  
I made sure the house stayed clean

But you didn't say thanks, not to me  
No no, no, no  
Well, I shoulda went home  
When my mama said I could come home  
The doors were open  
I guess I played myself  
All these problems  
All these kids  
All these bills  
All this dramas  
Your two baby mamas  
After all these years  
All those cars  
All those cribs  
All those songs  
We ain't, we ain't  
All those problems  
Your bad ass kids  
Two baby mamas  
After all these years  
All these years  
All these years  
All these years  
Got me wishing that I  
After all we been through  
Got me wishing that I  
After all we been through

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