

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
Got me wishing that I
After all we been through
Got me wishing that I
After all we been through

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