

Years

Barbara Mandrell

Faded photographs, the feelings all come back
Even now sometimes you feel so near
And I still see your face like it was yesterday
It's strange how the days turned into years
Years of hanging on to dreams already gone
Years of wishing you were here
After all this time you think I wouldn't cry
It's just that I still love you after all these years
Night time gently falls, another day is gone
I turn around to find you're still not here
I leave the hall light on in case you come back home.
Funny, I've been saying that for years
Years of hanging on to dreams already gone
Years of wishing you were here
After all this time you think I wouldn't cry
It's just that I still love you after all these years
After all these years

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