

Beth Nielsen Chapman

"Years"

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I went home for Christmas to the house that I grew up
in

Going back was something after all these years
I drove down Monterey street and felt a little sadness
When I turned left on Laurel and the house appeared

And I snuck up to that rocking chair
Where the winter sunlight slanted on the screened-in
porch
And I stared out past the shade tree
That my laughing daddy planted on the day that I was
born

And I let time go by so slow
And I made every moment last
And I thought about years
How they take so long
And they go so fast

Across the street the Randol's oldest daughter must
have come home
Her two boys built a snowman by the backyard swings
I thought of old man Randol and his Christmas
decorations
And how he used to leave them up 'til early spring

And I thought of all the summers
That I paced that porch and swore I'd die of boredom
there
And I thought of what I'd give to feel another summer
linger
Where a day feels like a year

And I let time go by so slow
And I made every moment last
And I thought about years
How they take so long
And they go so fast

Then the door flew open, and my mother's voice was
laughing
As she called back to my daddy, "Come and look who's

here"
And I thought about years

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