

Del McCoury

"Three Years Late"

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I always planned that I'd come back to Mary
I'm in her yard but Mary didn't wait
Now I'm watching through the roses I can see them
I'm one husband two children three years late

One two three I'm late hope she don't see me
I beg these roses cover up my place
One two three I'm late hope now she don't need me
I'm one husband two children three years late
[steel]
I cut across the neighbor's yard to get here
I played too deep and tough for Mary's sake
I could not have been the one to plant these roses
I'm one husband two children three years late

One two three I'm late...
I'm one husband two children three years late

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