

## **Bill Anderson**

# **"Not Really Living At All"**

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What is my reason for going on living when I'm not  
really living at all  
I come home in the evening there's no laughter there to  
fill the air  
A cool lonely room to meet me nobody here to greet  
me where has our love gone  
And then my thoughts begin to stray back to a happy  
yesterday  
When love was here beside me your love was here to  
guide me where did I go wrong  
What is my reason for going on living when I'm not  
really living at all  
I reach down for the paper and I see a toy our little boy  
Left layin' there it haunts me I wonder if he ever wants  
me to play his little games  
I guess I never took the time to fix a hurt or make a  
rhyme  
Or carry him on my shoulder will he forgive me when  
he's older  
Or will he remember my name  
What is my reason for going on living when I'm not  
really living at all  
I found a puppy down the street with big sad eyes and  
muddy feet  
There's nobody here to claim him no wonder round  
here to name him  
Or take him for a walk  
I keep him here for company and he looks up so sad at  
me  
Each time he sees me crying he knows inside I'm dying  
if only he could talk  
What is my reason for going on living when I'm not  
really living at all  
What is my reason for going on living when I'm not  
really living at all

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