

Gene Watson

"Three"

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The day that we were married
The people shook my hand
They said we two were now as one
And me a lucky man.

From that day on that's all I ever
Wanted us to be
Until the day you told me
We'd be three.

Then we began the waiting
And made our little jokes
You couldn't look at monkeys
And I gave up my smokes.

You prophesized he'd be a boy
And look a lot like me
Lord, but I was proud
That we'd be three.

One night the endless days of waiting
All came to an end
You woke me from my restless sleep
And said we must go in.

The sun won't rise on any day
Again like that for me
The day had come when
Two would soon be three.

I smoked an endless burning chain
Of bitter cigarettes
I must have walked a thousand miles
With fear in every step.

Two long days and two long nights
That I refused to sleep
And they were losing hope
That we'd be three.

The preacher's came, the doctor's came

And said I must be brave
I remember saying
It was more than I could take.

Now what's the world to do with
Any crazy man like me
A lonely one who wanted
To be three...

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