

Conway Twitty "Fifteen To Forty-Three"

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I just cut the string
On a dusty old shoe box
And opened a door to the past
Now I'm sittin' here with my souvenirs
And these faded old photographs.

Fightin' back tears
Lookin' back through the years
And wonderin' why dreams fade so fast
Now the young boy I see
Don't look like the me
Reflected in this old looking glass.

The man in the mirror
Sees things so much clearer
Than the boy in the pictures
With his eyes full of dreams
Oh, the men that I've tried to be
From fifteen to forty-three
Never believed that they'd end up like me.

There's that touchdown I caught
Back when I thought
I'd play for the cowboys someday
There's you holding me in my faded fatigues
Comin' home to the U.S.A.

One after another
All my sweet dreams and lovers
Pass before my tear filled eyes
Pictures of a fool
Who was selfish and cruel
Till the day he made you say goodbye.

The man in the mirror
Sees things so much clearer
Than the boy in the pictures
With his eyes full of dreams
Oh the men that I've tried to be
From fifteen to forty-three
Never believed that they'd end up like me.

Oh, I never believed I'd be lonely like me...

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