

Conway Twitty "Life's Too Short"

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Big brother had a treehouse club when he was only ten
I didn't know the secret code, so they wouldn't let me in
They told me I was much too young for the kind of
games they played
I remember, I would sit and cry, wishin' I was twice my
age.

My grandpa was the only one with a sympathetic ear
Patiently, he'd comfort me when I was close to tears
And I'd say gramps, why does it take so long for time
to pass
And he'd say, sport, life's too short no matter how long
it lasts.

Too soon you'll see how suddenly tomorrow becomes
the past
Life's too short no matter how long it lasts.

At twenty-one, they called me home, cause Grandpa's
time was near
We gathered 'round his bedside, fighting back the
tears
I said, Grandpa, we can't let you go, even though
you're ninety-three
He said, I'd love to stay, but it ain't up to me.

And then, we heard him whisper in a voice that was
fading fast
Life's too short no matter how long it lasts.

Today my little grandson came and climbed up on my
knee
He said, why can't I be all grown up, instead of only
three
And then, those old familiar words came tumbling from
the past
And, I said, sport, life's too short no matter how long it
lasts.

Too soon you'll see how suddenly tomorrow becomes
the past
Life's too short no matter how long it lasts.

Life's much too short, no matter how long it lasts...

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