

Mack Willie

"Golden Years"

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(Verse 1)

Sunday afternoon in a corner booth
My son was squirming in his high chair
My daughter had mashed potatoes in her hair
When a sweet old man with wrinkled hands
Said, "What beautiful babies you have,
Just had to come over and tell you that
These right here are the golden years

(Chorus)

The first steps when they stumble, first words that they
mumble
First ball that they fumble, and they try to hide the tears
Her Cinderella palace, the bike he learns to balance
Take a look around, yeah, right now are the golden
years

(Verse 2)

He said, "You're gonna blink, and he'll be seventeen
He'll have a hot date, wanna borrow your keys
He'll be growing one of those crazy goatees
And daddy's little girl, with pretty blonde curls
Will be wearing mascara and talkin' on the phone
And all the little boys won't leave her alone
And you'll look back here, these golden years

(Repeat Chorus)

(Bridge)

So take too many pictures and don't forget to laugh
Right now you don't know it but someday you'll look
back at the

(Repeat Chorus)

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