

## **Doria Roberts**

# **"Hollow Years"**

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Who was loving her then  
Way back when  
Those were the days of praise  
In so many ways  
Filled with many tears  
Those hollow years  
Loved by no one so she loved herself

Short of breath from time to time  
Change the chimes  
That is a day to claim your mind  
In the nick of time  
Filled with many fears  
Those Hollow Years  
Sung to by no one so she sang to herself

La, la, la, la, la...

Giving life no chance to live  
It's get or give  
Oh, well those were the days of guilt and shame  
In a constant game  
Filled with many ears  
Those Hollow Years  
Gave into everything but she took from herself

So what does she do now?  
How to "how"  
These are the days of waitress trays  
In a lovely haze  
Filled with fewer cheers  
These Hollow Years  
Is lead by no one so she follows herself

La, la, la, la, la, la...

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