

# Which Five Years

Pam Tillis

Another birthday, another candle  
Sometimes it's hard to handle  
The sight of twenty-five  
Is it me or do the years just fly

And all my friends say, you don't look it  
They smile and tell me I shouldn't let it get to me  
Ah, but it gets to me that it gets to me

And I know that the cold hard truth these days  
Is that everybody lies about their age  
Just four or five years, there's nothing to it  
But I'm the one who lived through it

So which five years would I lose  
Which lessons would I choose  
To have to learn again, I wonder  
Just to seem a little younger  
Which memories, which loves  
Which friends would I give up  
And not want back for  
All the laughter, all the tears  
Tell me which five years

Now there's been times when, there were some things  
If I had a time machine, I'd of done 'em differently  
Oh but now I see that I just can't see

What to blame and what to credit  
There's just no way you can edit the shadow from the shine  
You see it's all so perfectly intertwined

And I've come to the point where I've faced the fact  
That it all adds up and I won't subtract  
Not a single minute, not a single hour  
If I had the power

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Now tell me which five years