

Years

Wayne Newton

Faded photographs
The feelings all come back
Even now
Sometimes
You feel something

I still see your face
Like it was yesterday
It's strange how the days
Turn into years.

Years of hangin on, to dreams already gone
Years of wishin you were here
After all this time, you think I wouldn't cry
It's just that I still love you
After all these years

Nighttime gently falls
Another day is gone
I turn around to find
You're still not here
I leave the hall light on
In case you come back home
It's funny, I've been saying that for years.

Years of hangin on, to dreams already gone
Years of wishin you were here
After all this time, you think I wouldn't cry
It's just that I still love you
After all these years.

After all this time, you think I wouldn't cry
It's just that I still love you
After all these years.