

Early Years

Laura Cantrell

The three years that I loved you,
Were the best years, oh, the early days.
Yes, those early days, when I hung around,
Followed you around, tryin' to catch the sound,
Of your warm voice come through my radio.
I went to the nightclubs, and the studios.
And somehow I knew, I would make it so.
And you would love me in the sweetest way.

One night you let me pick you up, nice an' easy.
I knew the time had come that you would love me some.
Soon our days and nights were busy.
These were the crazy years, songs, cigarettes and tears.
And I never thought much about it.
How it all might change some day.
I just let myself feel good about you,
Way back in the early years.

Those early years, some heady days,
They rolled from one into another, then walked away.
I was so naive, but I felt so strong,
Way back in the early years.

We took a drive on a windy day.
We watched the seagulls glide, we saw the weather change.
But sometimes, I feel, the coldest chill I got,
Was the look upon your face across the parking lot.
And your sweet voice, I still remember.
But not the words I heard you say.
We never made it through December,
At the end of the early years.

Those early years, some heady days,
They rolled from one into another, then walked away.
I was so naive, but I felt so strong,
Way back in the early years.
Way back in the early years.