

## Years

Beth Nielsen Chapman

I went home for Christmas  
To the house that I grew up in  
Going back was something after all these years  
I drove down Monterey Street  
And felt a little sadness  
When I turned left on Laurel and the house appeared  
And I snuck up to that rocking chair  
Where the winter sunlight slanted on the screened-in porch  
And I stared out past the shade tree  
That my laughing daddy planted on the day that I was born

And I let time go by so slow  
And I made every moment last  
And I thought about years  
How they take so long  
And they go so fast

Across the street the Randol's oldest daughter must have come home  
Her two boys built a snowman by the backyard swings  
I thought of old man Randol and his Christmas decorations  
And how he used to leave them up till early spring

And I thought of all the summers  
That I paced that porch and swore I'd die of boredom there  
And I thought of what I'd give to feel another summer linger  
Where a day feels like a year

And I let time go by so slow  
And I made every moment last  
And I thought about years  
How they take so long  
And they go so fast

Then the door flew open, and my mother's voice was laughing  
As she called back to my daddy, "Come look who's here"  
And I thought about years

And I let time go by so slow  
And I made every moment last  
And I thought about years  
How they take so long  
And they go so fast