

## Fifteen to Forty-Three

Conway Twitty

I just cut the string  
On a dusty old shoe box  
And opened a door to the past  
Now I'm sittin' here with my souvenirs  
And these faded old photographs.

Fightin' back tears  
Lookin' back through the years  
And wonderin' why dreams fade so fast  
Now the young boy I see  
Don't look like the me  
Reflected in this old looking glass.

The man in the mirror  
Sees things so much clearer  
Than the boy in the pictures  
With his eyes full of dreams  
Oh, the men that I've tried to be  
From fifteen to forty-three  
Never believed that they'd end up like me.

There's that touchdown I caught  
Back when I thought  
I'd play for the cowboys someday  
There's you holding me in my faded fatigues  
Comin' home to the U.S.A.

One after another  
All my sweet dreams and lovers  
Pass before my tear filled eyes  
Pictures of a fool  
Who was selfish and cruel  
Till the day he made you say goodbye.

The man in the mirror  
Sees things so much clearer  
Than the boy in the pictures  
With his eyes full of dreams  
Oh the men that I've tried to be  
From fifteen to forty-three  
Never believed that they'd end up like me.

Oh, I never believed I'd be lonely like me...