**The Stories of My Life**

Down the hallway to the left is the room that I call home

No it isn’t like the one that I left for someone else

Where does the time go for it seems like it was just yesterday

That I built the sturdy walls where my family once stayed

And in the closet on the shelf lies a book of memories

That happened many years ago, back when I used to be free

My children visit me when they put aside the time

But why bother with a man who’s already lost his mind

Oh, where does the time go

We were young just yesterday, and tomorrow we’ll grow old

Oh, just walk with me and take me back in time

And tell me all the stories of my life

This picture is of me on the beach in ‘44

And no things never were the same, that’s the way it is with war

And right here’s my wedding day; what a lucky man I was

That girl waited until I came back from overseas

And this one over here, just a few short years ago

I barely recognize the man that I grew up to be

And these blank spaces at the end, well that’s where we are today

And someday they will be filled but as to when it’s hard to say

Oh, where does the time go

We were young just yesterday, and tomorrow we’ll grow old

Oh, just walk with me and take me back in time

And tell me all the stories of my life

As I sit here in my chair staring out the windowpane

With these people by my side, thought I do not know their names

Down the hallway to the left is the room that I call home

I hear the song of yesterday like a fading voice upon the phone

Oh, where does the time go

We were young just yesterday, and tomorrow we’ll grow old

Oh, just walk with me and take me back in time

And tell me all the stories of my life