

Bill Anderson, Born

(Bill Anderson)

(Born, born) on the day I was born everyone laughed but I cried
They say I was born with a silver tear in my eye
Must have been I felt the wind that cold November morn
And I knew it would blow me no good from the day I was born.

I was born at an early age and that's when I'll die
You've seen to that by loving then saying goodbye
You held me near then left me here forsaken and forlorn
And I'm sittin' here now wishin' I'd never been born.

For I was born to love one woman, born to be with you
You were born to hurt me, born to be untrue
Some loves come up roses but my love came up thorns
And I'm sittin' here now wishin' I'd never been born.

--- Instrumental ---

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You were born to hurt me, born to be untrue
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Yes, I'm sittin' here now wishin' I'd never been born...