

1997

This year was my first, with you as my wife
We took off for Charlotte, to start our new life
You worked on the south side, and me on the West
In our small apartment, we gave it our best
We looked on the weekends, for a house we could buy
We found some we liked, but the prices were high
and Jagen we brought, to the park for a run
Fought with the traffic, and that was no fun
Your dream of a class, with a group that was small
Replaced by a cart, and some thugs six foot tall
And that's when you realized this wasn't our place
We needed the country, to slow down our pace
And then on one day, you picked up the phone
I started to listen, cuz you changed your tone
your hands were now shaking, your smile so wide
Blue Ridge was calling, and taking my bride
A couple weeks later, the car was all packed
And that changed our life, as a matter of fact
I followed you home, at the end of that year
And that in itself, is good reason to cheer
So I need a plan, and soon we will see
If I get a job, or a master's degree
Living at home, is good for a while
But we need a place, that fits with our style