

I'd Rather Have What We Had

Conway Twitty

It used to be blue night, there in room 329
Over the river where we weren't well known
Now, it's two coffees then off to the office
And back to the driveway and sittin' at home

Sneaking around with me
Being tied down with me
Oh, which one would you rather have
Be honest

Dying to be with me
Watching TV with me
Is this what we wanted so bad?
I'd rather have what we had

We carefully planned it, what our hearts demanded
No more motel rooms, no more cheatin' lies
Now we're lookin' at it, a neatly wrapped package
But open it up and there's no surprise

Sneaking around with me
Being tied down with me
Oh, which one would you rather have
Be honest

Dying to be with me
Watching TV with me
Is this what we wanted so bad?
I'd rather have what we had