

# Class Of '65

Joe Walsh

Well I got a letter from a high school friend  
Who I never really know that well, he wrote me  
And the mothball letter on a blue and white sweater  
From the Class of '65 got me planning, planning

Standing in a room full of faces (in a room), I knew them all  
But I could not place the names with the faces  
Now conversation makes me nervous  
I just smile and nod along  
When it comes to telling stories, I could go on and on

I went downstairs to straighten my tie  
Laid on a table I chance to pass by were some stories

On some notebook paper from some high school friends  
And they all had tales to tell  
And they all sent pictures of their families  
And the stories read so well

I just stood there and pretended I had something in my eye  
And the tears fell on the letters  
I had to, sorry we missed ya, maybe next time  
Tell everyone I said hi, hi

From the Class of '65, hi  
From the Class of '65, hi

---

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>