

# Nineteen Somethin'

Mark Wills

Saw Star Wars at least eight times  
Had the Pac-Man pattern memorized  
And I've seen the stuff they put inside  
Stretch Armstrong (yeah)  
I was Roger Staubach in my backyard  
Had a shoebox full of baseball cards  
And a couple of Evil Knievel scars  
On my right arm  
I was a kid when Elvis died  
And my momma cried It was nineteen seventy somethin'  
And the world that I grew up in  
Farrah Fawcett hairdo days  
Bell bottoms and eight track tapes  
Lookin' back now I can see me  
Oh man, did I look cheesy  
But I wouldn't trade those days for nothin'  
Oh it was nineteen seventy-somethin' It was the dawning of a new decade  
We got our first microwave  
Dad broke down and  
Finally shaved them old sideburns off  
I took the stickers off of my Rubik's Cube  
Watched M-TV all afternoon  
My first love was Daisy Duke  
And them cut-off jeans  
Space Shuttle fell out of the sky  
And the whole world cried It was nineteen eighty-somethin'  
And the world that I grew up in  
Skatin' rinks and black Trans-Ams  
Big hair and parachute pants  
And lookin' back now I can see me  
Oh man, did I look cheesy  
I wouldn't trade those days for nothin'  
Oh it was nineteen eighty-somethin' Now I've got a mortgage and an SUV  
But all this responsibility  
Makes me wish  
Sometimes That it was nineteen eighty-something  
And the world that I grew up in  
Skatin' rinks and black Trans-Ams  
Big hair and parachute pants

And lookin' back now I can see me  
Oh man, did I look cheesy  
I wouldn't trade those days for nothin'  
Oh it was nineteen eighty-something  
Nineteen seventy-something  
Oh, it was nineteen somethin'

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