1982

Rubber Burning HotRods

Operator, please connect me with 1982
I need to make apologies for what I didn't do
I sure do need to tell her that I've thought the whole thing through
And now it's clear that she is what I should have held on toThey say hindsight's twenty-twenty but I'm nearly goin' blind
From starin' at her photograph and wishing she was mine
It's that same old lost love story, it's sad but it's true
There was a time when she was mine in 1982Postman can you sell me a special kind of stamp?
One to send a letter from this crazy lonely man
Back into the wasted years of my living past
I need to tell her now I know how long my love will lastThey say hindsight's twenty-twenty but I'm nearly goin' blind
From starin' at her photograph and wishing she was mine
It's that same old lost love story, it's sad but it's true
There was a time when she was mine in 1982
Losin' my mind, goin' back in time to 1982

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