Oh Yeah

Los Lobos

Middle of July
Nineteen-eighty-two
Standing on a corner
With nothing much to doTalking with Cecilia
In nineteen-eighty-five
Glad to still be breathing
Glad to be aliveWhere's all the time
Nineteen-ninety-one?
Change on the dresser
Bed is still undoneWhat's a weary man to do
In nineteen-ninety-four?
Hear the front bell ringing
But no one's at the doorOh yeah
Oh yeah
Oh yeahWho's gonna know
When all is said and done
That a boy was born to Rita
In nineteen-sixty-oneAnd lived a hundred years
By nineteen-ninety-six
Who's ever gonna notice
That it all came down to thisOh yeah
Oh yeah
Oh yeahOh yeah
Oh yeah
Oh yeah

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