

# Way Back When

Ira Stein

Well, I guess that this is now the end  
Who'd have thought  
My old friend  
We signed the papers and we capped the pen  
But I remember you from way back when  
'good evening, ladies and gentlemen  
Welcome david-what's-his-name-again'  
Things change -  
The old cliche  
If we knew now what we knew yesterday  
Oh, we couldn't give it away.  
I was working at a record store  
I knew you,  
You knew the score  
Some kind of deal is what we're looking for  
Time came, and disappeared  
No one steered and  
It got weirder  
Help was needed, no one volunteered.  
Things change,  
You got to wait a bit  
What made me think that I could weather it?  
  
You're down before you even notice  
You've been hit  
And through it all I wondered where the bus  
Was taking you  
Who knew?  
And even though my one and one was always  
Making two  
I never thought that I was breaking you.  
We were victims of the old taboo  
But people change  
We changed too  
Just make it count before they get to you.  
Things change -  
Baby, hold the phone! -  
They'll shoot you down like you was al capone  
Oh, you better go it alone.

Well, I guess that this is now the end  
The paper's signed -  
Forget the pen  
Wonder if we'll ever meet again?

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