

Nineteen Seventy Nine

Lucero

You were mine, nineteen seventy nine, just skin and bones
Your favorite dress, motorcycle boots, raised on Rock & Roll
Now don't, don't give up on me, not quite yet
Leaving me, with only letters that, I said I never kept

Nights, nights so long, they can kill a man
Years, years so fast, it's all the same
Now why, don't you leave, another day

Tell me why, just why, you have to go
Cause I'm, I'm no good, out here on my own