

Long ago, and, oh, so far away
I fell in love with you before the second show.
Your guitar, it sounds so sweet and clear, but you're not really here.
It's just the radio.

Don't you remember you told me you loved me baby?
You said you'd be coming back this way again baby.
Baby, baby, baby, baby, oh, baby.
I love you, I really do.

Loneliness is such a sad affair, and I can hardly wait to be with you again.
What to say, to make you come again?
Make you come back again, and play your sad guitar.

Don't you remember you told me you loved me baby?
You said you'd be coming back this way again baby.
Baby, baby, baby, baby, oh, baby.
I love you, I really do.

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