

Some expressions take me back
Like hair of gold and sweet Mary
And running to me
The sweet sweet songs that cloud your eyes
Nostalgia supplies
Loreto Highstreet buried me
Beneath the oak tree

As this is to me
Then so to you is something else
That keeps you up long past your bedtime, tearing hair

The sweetest moment comes at last
The waitings over
In shock they stare and cue fanfare
When Bobby Fischer's plane touches the ground
He'll take those Russian boys and play them out of town

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