

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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