

1982

Randy Travis

Operator, please connect me  
With 1982  
I need to make apologies  
For what I didn't do  
I sure do need to tell her  
That I've thought the whole thing through  
And now it's clear that she is what  
I should have held on to

They say hindsight's 20/20  
But I'm nearly going blind  
From staring at her photograph  
And wishing she was mine  
It's that same old lost love story  
It's sad but it's true  
There was a time when she was mine  
In 1982

Postman, can you sell me  
A special kind of stamp  
One to send a letter from  
This crazy, lonely man  
Back into the wasted years  
Of my living past  
I need to tell her now I know  
How long my love will last

They say hindsight's 20/20  
But I'm nearly going blind  
From staring at her photograph  
And wishing she was mine  
It's that same old lost love story  
It's sad but it's true  
There was a time when she was mine  
In 1982  
Losing my mind going back in time  
To 1982