Way Back In The Fifties

The Rubettes

Way back in the fifties man when I was in my teens Watching all those movie stars upon the silver screens Playing at rock and roll that music moved my very soul I swear that's where I am way back in the fifties man

In my mind I walk into that coffe bar Playing with the keys of my new car I stare across at the girl in the tight blue jeans And we'd go for a ride in my machine

Way back in the fifties man when I was in my teens Watching all those movie stars upon the silver screens Playing at rock and roll that music moved my very soul I swear that's where I am way back in the fifties man

In the mirror strumming chards on my guitar Wondering why I never was a star Then I'd have to stop a while to comb my hair Just the time for practising my stare

Way back in the fifties man when I was in my teens Watching all those movie stars upon the silver screens Playing at rock and roll that music moved my very soul I swear that's where I am way back in the fifties man