

Joe Walsh, Class Of '65

Well I got a letter from a high school friend
Who I never really know that well, he wrote me
And the mothball letter on a blue and white sweater
From the Class of '65 got me planning, planning

Standing in a room full of faces (in a room), I knew them all
But I could not place the names with the faces
Now conversation makes me nervous
I just smile and nod along
When it comes to telling stories, I could go on and on

I went downstairs to straighten my tie
Laid on a table I chance to pass by were some stories

On some notebook paper from some high school friends
And they all had tales to tell
And they all sent pictures of their families
And the stories read so well

I just stood there and pretended I had something in my eye
And the tears fell on the letters
I had to, sorry we missed ya, maybe next time
Tell everyone I said hi, hi

From the Class of '65, hi
From the Class of '65, hi