

Nylon Beat, Boy In The Back Row

We used to share the same classroom for years
Beginning from the second grade
All the others have their careers, I'm still alone
But I got all your photos at my home

Hey you the boy in the back row
Do you remember me?
When for the first time I took your hand in mine

You used to call me a black crow
I found it flattery
I still recall our final kiss goodbye

I heard you married someone from my school
But now I can't think of her name
I must have been a fool when I let you go
Now there's only those photos at my home

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