

Reba McEntire, Take Me Back

(John Hobbs/Jerry Fuller)

Now and then I open up a trunk full of old souvenirs
Thumb through a scrapbook holding back the tears
I keep wishing we could do it once more
Just the way we did before

Take me back to Sycamore Park
Put the radio dial on the golden oldies
Hey lay a blanket down and hold me
We can stay all night
By the light of the moon above
So take me back, back to love

Ever since you took me to the big city
Looking for the start
Living in the fast lane
Is tearing us apart
Sometimes don't you want to trade it all in
For a little way back when

Take me back to Sycamore Park
Put the radio dial on the golden oldies
Hey lay a blanket down and hold me
We can stay all night
By the light of the moon above
So take me back, back to love

Well I remember sneaking out the back
Mama thought I was asleep
Watching for your headlights
Creeping down the street
Trying to steal a kiss
Just anyway we can
Back where it all began

Take me back to Sycamore Park
Put the radio dial on the golden oldies
Hey lay a blanket down and hold me
We can stay all night
By the light of the moon above
So take me back, back to love

Take me back to Sycamore Park
Put the radio dial on the golden oldies
Hey lay a blanket down and hold me
We can stay all night
By the light of the moon above
So take me back, back to love