In the classroom when the teacher left On the beach while I lay soaking wet At the station waiting for a lift In the movies while the lovers kissed

That's the way that we're supposed to meet My record collection keeps telling me When I doubt it all I have to do Is put on a record and dream of you

On the Concorde I will catch your eye At the store deciding what to buy Your motorcycle's big enough for two Through the traffic I will follow you

That's the way that we're supposed to meet My record collection keeps telling me When I doubt it all I have to do Is put on a record and dream of you

My top twenty, everyone a hit, a memory, woo oo, woo oo A yeah yeah yeah, a yeah yeah yeah
My top twenty, everyone a hit, a memory, woo oo, woo oo A yeah yeah yeah, a yeah yeah yeah

Your tennis ball will surely fly my way While jogging I could say I lost my way Ask directions from the men in blue At the circus maybe he'll tame you

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