

1982

Randy Travis

Operator, please connect me
With 1982
I need to make apologies
For what I didn't do
I sure do need to tell her
That I've thought the whole thing through
And now it's clear that she is what
I should have held on to

They say hindsight's 20/20
But I'm nearly going blind
From staring at her photograph
And wishing she was mine
It's that same old lost love story
It's sad but it's true
There was a time when she was mine
In 1982

Postman, can you sell me
A special kind of stamp
One to send a letter from
This crazy, lonely man
Back into the wasted years
Of my living past
I need to tell her now I know
How long my love will last

They say hindsight's 20/20
But I'm nearly going blind
From staring at her photograph
And wishing she was mine
It's that same old lost love story
It's sad but it's true
There was a time when she was mine
In 1982
Losing my mind going back in time
To 1982