

Barry Manilow

"Joey"

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Somewhere a band in a bistro is soothing a lazy old
song,
And, Joey, you're probably calling the waiter to say that
they're playing it wrong.
Roaming the streets after classes, we talked about
honor and fame,
You wearing the cares of the world on your back like
the badge from the varsity games.

Was it so long ago? If I knew the number I'd call,
Joey, has life had a few good surprises for you
Since the days when we wanted it all?

How did we ever get older, so crazy with nerve and
despair?
Thrown with the rest to the worst and the best, and I'm
glad that we had it to share.
Maybe you're marching forever, still wild with your
heart on your sleeve,
Denouncing the world to a cluster of girls, all eager to
swear they believe.

Was it so long ago? Was it really the battle, it seemed?
Joey, the quest for the truth went along with my youth
And it's too late to live without dreams.

Was it so long ago? If I knew the number I'd call,
Joey, has life had a few good surprises for you
Since the days when we wanted it all?

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