

Los Inquietos Del Vallenato

"Oh Yeah"

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Middle of July, nineteen-eighty-two
Standing on a corner with nothing much to do
Talking with Cecilia in nineteen-eighty-five
Glad to still be breathing, glad to be alive

Where's all the time, nineteen-ninety-one
Change on the dresser, bed is still undone
What's a weary man to do in nineteen-ninety-four
Hear the front bell ringing but no one's at the door

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah
Oh, yeah

Who's gonna know when all is said and done
That a boy was born to Rita in nineteen-sixty-one
And lived a hundred years by nineteen-ninety-six
Who's ever gonna notice that it all came down to this

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah
Oh, yeah

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah
Oh, yeah

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