

Back in Sixty-Eight.

Wasn't it great in sixty-eight to have been around back then.
A night on the down cost half a crown and you still had money to spend
Girls wore miniskirts and corduroy skirts and boots up to their knees
Back home there, they looked so fair, they were such a sight to see.

Well, Betsey and me around half past three, we'd hit for God knows where.
With the load of a pound and the roof rolled down on a 1600E.
We'd hit Clonmel to hear Mick Dell, or Dolan in Tramore
The barrow lands or the silver-sands or a marquee in Tullamore.

Chrous

**I wanna go back, take me back – to where I wanna be
Take me back again in time, you're forever on my mind
Take me back, to where it all began for me.**

Lovely girls we me where you might get from every corner of the globe
From the hitching post to the last outpost some of no fixed adobe.
From the Golden Vale to Emyvale where a blonde had her eye on me
Down in Cappawise where a farmer's wife wanted Betsey home for tea.

Well those days are gone, and it wasn't long to they're just a memory.
The halls up there and they're full of wares like video and TV's.
I settled down and made a few pounds but each Sunday as the clock strikes eight.
I think of the time when the world was mine back in 1968.

Chrous X2

Take me back, to where it all began for me...