

## Oh Yeah

Los Lobos

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