



# BACK TO 74

WORDS & MUSIC BY JOE GRILLO

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND FREE  
WE'D HIT THE ROAD AND HEAD OUT EAST  
DRIVE ON DOWN THE JERSEY SHORE  
DRESSED TO KILL FOR THE LADIES WAR  
THROW TEN BUCKS INTO MY CAR  
AND CRUISE ALL NIGHT DOWN THE BOULEVARD  
OH WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE  
TO GO BACK TO 74

YA SEE I WAS 17 BACK THEN  
I SCORED IN BARS TIME AND TIME AGAIN  
HAD SOME PEACH FUZZ ON MY CHIN  
I FOOLED THE BOUNCERS TALKING TRASH WITH A GRIN  
HANG OUT TILL 3 AT JIMMY BURNS  
HOPING THIS NIGHT LOVE WOULD GIVE ME A TURN  
OH WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE...  
TO GO BACK TO 74

THOSE WERE DAYS  
WHEN LOVE WAS WILD  
AND THE DRINKING AGE WAS EIGHTEEN  
AND THE BANDS PLAYED EVERY NIGHT  
ON ROUTE THIRTY FIVE

WE'D PARTY ALL NIGHT  
WATCH THE NEW SUNRISE  
MAKING LOVE ON A COOL SAND DUNE  
SOME HOW WE'D MAKE IT TO WORK  
THEN DO IT ALL... OVER AGAIN

## SAX SOLO

NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE GLORY DAYS  
ARE THE GOLDEN MEMORIES THAT FADE AWAY  
THERE'S NO LIVE MUSIC AT THE SHORE  
THEY GOT A RAP DJ'S  
NO BANDS NO MORE  
IT AIN'T THE SAME AT THE STONE PONY  
ASBURY'S NOW A GAY COMMUNITY (NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT)  
OH WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE...  
TO GO BACK TO 74