

# Bee Gees, In My Own Time

I received an invitation;  
'Come to the United Nations.'  
That was when I was somebody.  
In my own time.

Sitting selling hot cross buns,  
Thousand suckers ev'ryone.  
Sounds like a nurs'ry rhyme.  
In my own time.

Even when the lights go out.  
Still got things to think about.  
Memories I can't call mine.  
In my own time.  
My own time.  
My own time.