

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.