

# Bee Gees, Walking Back To Waterloo

I wish there was another year another time.  
When people sang and poems rhymed.  
My name could be Napoleon.  
A thousand ships.  
A windy sail, so huge and high it's tall enough to touch the sky.  
It's beautiful but hard to find.  
But I just wasn't born in time.

Walking back to Waterloo again.  
Where do I begin ?  
In the brand new street, you can get a good seat at the end.

I can dream of growing trees and things that live and grass that's green  
In meadows that have never been.  
But I still place my trust in the Queen.  
What is life when a man is pressured based on wrong or right.  
And I don't know what it means.  
There must be more we haven't seen.

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(repeat last verse and fade out)