

Walking Back to Waterloo

Bee Gees

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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