

## A Walk Down Memory Lane

Sparks

We all expected champagne  
But it never did come  
But it never did come  
We said, "Hey, where's our champagne ?"  
And they gave us a gun  
Said to go and have fun  
So many riches just out of reach  
Coming attractions washed up on the beach, oh yeah

Let's take a walk  
A walk down memory lane  
Past the signs of the times  
That lit our little way  
And decide what it is  
That made it all this way  
And decide who it is  
That might make it O.K.

The sun bears down on the man  
With a girl on his arm  
She's a victim of charm  
She thinks, Sinatra the man  
Think of him as you walk  
Think of him as you talk  
So many riches just out of reach  
Coming attractions washed up on the beach, oh yeah

They say in 10 million years  
That the sun'll burn out  
And that'll be that  
She drinks a couple of beers  
Takes a look at the sun  
She would love to see that  
So many riches just out of reach  
Coming attractions washed up on the beach, oh yeah