

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