

Betty Johnson

"1492"

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If you were Chris Columbus
Back in 1492
America might be discovered
But not by you

You'd never sail across the sea
To change the world's geography
You'd stay right there
Close to me in 1492

If you were Paul Revere
Way back in 1776
A love like ours might
Put the country in a fix

That horse of yours would still be tied
You'd never take that midnight ride
I'd be cuddling by your side in 1776

If I was Mrs. Bell
We'd need no telephone at all
'Cause I can't hug you, baby
On a long distance call

If I were Mrs. Franklin
You'd throw away your kite
'Cause my, oh, my
How the sparks would fly
When I kissed you every night

If you should build a rocketship
To fly up through the blue
Someone else can be the pilot
No, not you

No matter what the age or time
I'd be yours and you'd be mine
In nineteen hundred and ninety nine
Or 1492

If you should build a rocketship
To fly up through the blue

Well, someone else can be the pilot
No, not you

No matter what the age or time
I'd be yours and you'd be mine
In nineteen hundred and ninety nine
Or 1492

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