

Gees Bee

"Walking Back to Waterloo"

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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.

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

Walking back to Waterloo again.
Where do I begin?
In the brand new street, you can get a good seat at the
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(repeat last verse and fade out

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