

In My Own Time

The Three O'Clock

I received an invitation;
'Come to the United Nations.'
That was when I was somebody.
In my own time. Sitting selling hot cross buns,
 Thousand suckers everyone.
 Sounds like a nursery rhyme.
In my own time. Even when the lights go out.
 Still got things to think about.
 Memories I can't call mine.
 In my own time.
 My own time.
 My own time.

Songwriters

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