

Put a ribbon round my neck andme a libertine
I will sing you songs of dreams I used to dream
I will sail away on seas of and gold
Until I reach my
Give me a and I'll be your troubadour
Your strolling minstrel 12th century door to door
I don't anymore, if that feeling is past will it last
Oh, how can you be?

And how do I know if you're feeling the..... as me?
And how do I know if that's the only place you..... to be?

Give me a stage and I'll be your rock and roll queen
Your 20th century cover of a
Rolling Stone here I come, watch out everyone, I'm singing
I'm singing my song
Give me aand I'll be your Glastonbury star
The lights are shining everyone knows who you are
Singing songs about dreams about hopes about schemes
Ooooh, they just came

And if you want it too, then there's left to do:
Let's start a band