

(A Child's View Of) The Eisenhower Years

Al Stewart

You're on your way back home in a brand new station wagon
A pile of rolling chrome, ten miles to the gallon
Your mother puts her makeup on, you watch her crunch the gears
It's a child's view of the Eisenhower years

Your father knows what's best, no one to upstage him
He thinks he's so well dressed, finds new things to outrage him
Elvis on the television, G.I.'s in Korea
It's a child's view of the Eisenhower years

I don't mind the innocence so much in fact it's charming
The comedians have got a certain touch that's so disarming
Even though the aliens from space haunt the weekend matinees
Super heroes keep the citizenry safe

There's a beep in the sky in 1957
A metal ball that flies through Soviet heaven
Papers shout the headlines, politicians fan the fears
It's a child's view of the Eisenhower years

I don't mind the innocence so much in fact it's charming
And the girls in their hoop skirts have got a style that's so disarming
Even though the neighborhood is new
Everybody looks like you at the soda fountain or the schoolyard too

See the baseball fly out across the diamond
Jimmy Jones and I we've both got good timing
To be born into a greased back world, all hips and teenage sneers
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