

Post World War Two Blues

Al Stewart

I was a post-war baby in a small Scots town
I was three years old when we moved down south
Hard times written in my mother's looks
With her widow's pension and her ration books

Aneurin Bevan took the miners' cause
To the House of Commons in his coal dust voice
We were locked up safe and warm from the snow
With 'Life With The Lyons' on the radio

And Churchill said to Louis Mountbatten
"I just can't stand to see you today
How could you have gone and given India away?"
Mountbatten just frowned, said, "What can I say?"

"Some of these things slip through your hands
And there's no good talking or making plans"
But Churchill, he just flapped his wings
Said, "I don't really care to discuss these things"

But, oh, every time I look at you
I feel so low, I don't know what to do
Well, every day just seems to bring bad news
Leaves me here with the post World War Two blues

1959 was a very strange time
A bad year for labor and a good year for wine
Uncle Ike was our American pal
And nobody talked about the Suez Canal

I can still remember the last time I cried
The day that Buddy Holly died
I never met him, so it may seem strange
Don't some people just affect you that way

And all in all it was good
There even seemed to be in an optimistic mood
While TW3 sat and laughed at it all
Till some began to see the cracks in the walls

And one day Macmillan was coming downstairs
A voice in the dark caught him unawares
It was Christine Keeler blowing him a kiss
He said, "I never believed it could happen like this"

But oh, every time I look at you
I feel so low I don't know what to do
Well, every day just seems to bring bad news
Leaves me here with the post World War Two blues

I came up to London when I was nineteen
With a corduroy jacket and a head full of dreams
In coffee bars, I spent my nights
Reading Allen Ginsberg, talking civil rights

The day Robert Kennedy got shot down
The world was wearing a deeper frown

And though I knew that we'd lost a friend
I always believed we could win in the end

'Cause music was the scenery
Jimi Hendrix played loud and free
Sergeant Pepper was real to me
Songs and poems were all you needed

Which way did the sixties go?
Now Ramona's in 'Desolation Row'
And where I'm going, I hardly know
It surely wasn't like this before

But oh, every time I look around
I feel so low my head seems underground
Well, every day just seems to bring bad news
Leaves me here with the post World War Two blues

Oh, every time I look at you
I feel so low I don't know what to do
Well, every day just seems to bring bad news
Leaves me here with the post World War Two blues