

Jets At Dawn

Be Bop Deluxe

Woke this morning, the war was over
The radio was singing love songs
Saw the smiles upon the soldiers
Coming home across the fields

The calendar said first of August
Romance and promises of summer days
I strolled unclothed into the garden
To feel the warm sun on my face
The saving of the human race

Jets at dawn trail across the sky
Silver birds writing words for airman's wives
Who down below hang the washing out to dry
Frilly briefs and flying helmets in a line

Jets at dawn, writing in the sky
Silver planes
(Vapor trails)
Drawing Coca-Cola signs
To advertise above the cities and the towns
Flying high across the sea beyond the clouds

Said goodbye to the others
The old musicians of the past
Said hello to the young things
Oh, your songs are here to sing at last

Drank the wine of the new vine
Growing wild inside my heart
I saw the future age had risen
Time to make a brand new start
Time to see beyond the dark

Jets at dawn, trails across the sky