

Forty Years

Joe Jackson

(On the 40th anniversary of the end of World War II)

Here in Berlin - people line up to get in
To wait for the end - living in glorious sin
They've looked around - and now there is no looking back
To when rivers ran red - now it's the sky that grows black
Shadows are cast as two giants roam over the earth
We light a match - but what is that little flame worth

Once allies danced and sang
But it was forty years ago

Here in D.C. - they talk about 'Euro-disease'
And how the French are always so damn hard to please
otions are passed in Brussels but no one agrees
And no one walks tall - but no-one gets down on their knees

Once allies laughed and drank
But it was forty years ago

Where I come from
They don't like Americans much
They think they're so loud, so tasteless, and so out of touch
Stiff upper lips are curled into permanent sneers
self-satisfied
Awaiting the next forty years

Once allies cried and cheered
But it was forty years ago