

1959

Patti Smith

Listen to my story
Got two tales to tell
One of fallen glory
One of vanity

The world's roof was raging
But we were looking fine
'Cause we built that thing and it grew wings
In 1959

Wisdom was a teapot
Pouring from above
Desolation angels
Served it up with love

Igniting like every form of light
Then moved by bold design
Slid in that thing and it grew wings
In 1959

It was blood shining in the sun
First, freedom
Speeding the American claim
Freedom, freedom, freedom, freedom

China was the tempest
Madness overflowed
Lama was a young man
And watched his world in flames

Taking glory down by the edge of clouds
It was a crying shame
Another lost horizon
Tibet the fallen star

Wisdom and compassion crushed
In the land of Shangri-La
But in the land of the Impala
Honey, well, we were lookin' fine

'Cause we built that thing and it grew wings
In 1959
'Cause we built that thing and it grew wings
In 1959

It was the best of times, it's the worst of times
In 1959, 1959, 1959, 1959, 1959, 1959
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times
1959