

Jackson Joe

"Forty Years"

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(words and music by 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
Motions 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
Think they're so loud and 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

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