

Smith Patti**"1959"**

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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
And 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 strife every form of light
The moved by bold design
Slid in that thing
And it grew wings
In 1959

China was the tempest
And madness overflowed
The lama was a young man
And he 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 the Land of Shangrila
But in the land of the impala honey
We were looking 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 was the worst of times
In 1959

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