

Aimee Mann

"Fifty Years After The Fair"

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Fifty years after the fair
The picture I have is so clear
Underneath the clouds in the air
Rose the tyrlon and the perisphere
And that for me was the finest of scenes
That perfect world across the river in queens
Fifty years after the fair
I drink from a different cup
But it does no good to compare
'cause nothing ever measures up
I guess just for a second we thought
That all good things would rise to the top
But how beautiful it was - 'tomorrow'
We'll never have a day of sorrow
We got through the '30's, but our belts were tight
We conceived of a future with no hope in sight
We've got decades ahead of us to get it right
I swear - fifty years after the fair
Fifty years after the fair
I live in tomorrow town
Even on a wing and a prayer
The future never came around
It hurts to even think of those days
The damage we do
By the hopes that we raise
But how beautiful it was - 'tomorrow'
We'll never have a day of sorrow
We got through the '30's, but our belts were tight
We conceived of a future with no hope in sight
We've got decades ahead of us to get it right
I swear - fifty years after the fair

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