

## **Patti Smith**

### **"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  
'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

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