

## Al Stewart "Post World War Two Blues"

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I was a post-war baby in a small Scots town  
I was three years old when we moved down south  
Hard times written in my mother's looks  
With her widow's pension and her ration books

Aneurin Bevan took the miners' cause  
To the House of Commons in his coal dust voice  
We were locked up safe and warm from the snow  
With 'Life With The Lyons' on the radio

And Churchill said to Louis Mountbatten  
"I just can't stand to see you today  
How could you have gone and given India away?"  
Mountbatten just frowned, said, "What can I  
say?"

Some of these things slip through your hands  
And there's no good talking or making plans"  
But Churchill, he just flapped his wings  
Said, "I don't really care to discuss these things"

But, oh, every time I look at you  
I feel so low, I don't know what to do  
Well, every day just seems to bring bad news  
Leaves me here with the post World War Two blues

1959 was a very strange time  
A bad year for labor and a good year for wine  
Uncle Ike was our American pal  
And nobody talked about the Suez Canal

I can still remember the last time I cried  
The day that Buddy Holly died  
I never met him, so it may seem strange  
Don't some people just affect you that way

And all in all it was good  
There even seemed to be in an optimistic mood  
While TW3 sat and laughed at it all  
Till some began to see the cracks in the walls

And one day Macmillan was coming downstairs

A voice in the dark caught him unawares  
It was Christine Keeler blowing him a kiss  
He said, "I never believed it could happen like  
this"

But oh, every time I look at you  
I feel so low I don't know what to do  
Well, every day just seems to bring bad news  
Leaves me here with the post World War Two blues

I came up to London when I was nineteen  
With a corduroy jacket and a head full of dreams  
In coffee bars, I spent my nights  
Reading Allen Ginsberg, talking civil rights

The day Robert Kennedy got shot down  
The world was wearing a deeper frown  
And though I knew that we'd lost a friend  
I always believed we could win in the end

'Cause music was the scenery  
Jimi Hendrix played loud and free  
Sergeant Pepper was real to me  
Songs and poems were all you needed

Which way did the sixties go?  
Now Ramona's in 'Desolation Row'  
And where I'm going, I hardly know  
It surely wasn't like this before

But oh, every time I look around  
I feel so low my head seems underground  
Well, every day just seems to bring bad news  
Leaves me here with the post World War Two blues

Oh, every time I look at you  
I feel so low I don't know what to do  
Well, every day just seems to bring bad news  
Leaves me here with the post World War Two blues

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