

# Aimee Mann, Fifty Years After The Fair

Fifty years after the fair  
The picture I have is so clear  
Underneath the clouds in the air  
Rose the Trylon and the Perisphere  
And that for me was the finest of scenes  
The perfect world across the river in Queens

Fifty years after the fair  
I drank 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

And 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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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

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