

Al Stewart, Josephine Baker

I was watching TV late last night
And a scene transported me
Long gone figures came back to life
In a documentary
Though I saw them dance for joy
I was sad I missed that show
If I had a time machine
I know just where I'd go

I was born too late to see Josephine Baker
Dancing in a Paris cabaret
Born too late to see Josephine Baker
She must have been great in her heyday

Now some they stand out from a crowd
Even at an early age
I suppose that her call was loud
'Cause she just lit up the stage
You can put on all that gloss
And still not have to feel
What's inside will come across
And only real is real

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I'm sometimes trapped by the close confines
Of the age I'm born into
Though there were others worse than mine
Well, I miss what I can't do
Join the feast of Ancient Greece
See Alexander's Library
Maybe clink a champagne toast
With a jazz age dancing queen

I was born too late to see Josephine Baker
Dancing in a Paris cabaret
Born too late to see Josephine Baker
She must have been great in her heyday
In black and white film you can't mistake her
She must have been great in her heyday