

Steve Hackett, The Golden Age Of Steam

12 years old in Amsterdam in 1939
A blue-eyed boy my clean complexion always got me by
A boy with real potential sold secrets by the score
Where refugees were hiding I'd just point out the doors
In the golden age of steam I learned those German songs
I had to stay alive there was no right or wrong
In the golden age of steam

The fatherland was rising the world would hear the roar
Both sides fed and trusted me in 1944
Trains ran on time those days oiling the machine
Smoke rose up like serpents I was barely seventeen
In the golden age of steam

It's over now but not somehow
I was a hero then to many men

Switzerland was a short ride for an eager blond haired boy
With a silver smile and loaded with jewellery to enjoy
Maybe one day they'll come for me they'll take me from my bed
A soldier of fortune that's what my passport read
In the golden age of steam