

Al Stewart, Class Of '58

Old jazz guys being interviewed
Thirty years beyond their prime
With memories of road shows
From the Golden Age of Swingtime
The piano player strikes a chord
Leans forward on his stool
And through they've all seen better days
They've got that air of faded cool
It's an entree of another world
One of tailcoats and victrolas
And one day they'll make TV shows
On aging rock-and-rollers
On aging rock-and-rollers

Then came the kid with the red Colorama
And the Watkins copycat echo chamber and the toothy grin
With one hand glued to the tremolo arm
While the singer moves around like an Elvis clone
They really packed them in
And every song was short and sweet, and every beat was fast
And every paper in the land said rock-and-roll won't last
You know it just won't last, it's such a rapid burn
And it's a hard, hard, hard lesson to learn
It's a hard, hard, hard lesson to learn

Well what are you going to do when it's all over?
What are you going to do right now?
What are you going to do when it's all over?
Will you get along somehow?
I just don't know
Feeling like I do right now
Ask me tomorrow

Red guitar, red guitar
You know I really miss that red guitar
Red guitar, red guitar
You know I really miss that red guitar

And you can write this on my tombstone
That'll be my fate
I'm a graduate of rock-and-roll
Class of '58

'58, '58, I'm a graduate of the class of '58
Red guitar, '58, I'm a graduate of the class of '58

And there's no use analyzing these anthems that were sung
Rock-and-roll's not good or bad
It's just the sound of being young
And it's a long long way from pompadours
And doo-wop and payola
And one day they'll make TV shows on aging rock-and-rollers
One day they'll make TV shows on aging rock-and-rollers.