

Be-Bop Deluxe, Jets At Dawn

Woke this morning, the war was over
The radio was singing love songs
Saw the smiles upon the soldiers
Coming home across the fields
The calendar said first of August
Romance and promises of summer days
I strolled unclothed into the garden
To feel the warm sun on my face
The saving of the human race
Jets at dawn trail across the sky
Silver birds writing words for airman's wives
Who down below hang the washing out to dry
Frisly briefs and flying helmets in a line
Jets at dawn, writing in the sky
Silver planes
(Vapor trails)
Drawing Coca-Cola signs
To advertise above the cities and the towns
Flying high across the sea beyond the clouds
Said goodbye to the others
The old musicians of the past
Said hello to the young things
Oh, your songs are here to sing at last
Drank the wine of the new vine
Growing wild inside my heart
I saw the future age had risen
Time to make a brand new start
Time to see beyond the dark
Jets at dawn, trails across the sky