

# Joe Jackson, Forty Years

(On the 10th anniversary of the end of World War II)  
Here in Berlin - people line up to get in  
To wait for the end - living in glorious sin  
They've looked around - and now there is no looking back  
To when rivers ran red - now it's the sky that grows black  
Shadows are cast as two giants roam over the earth  
We light a match - but what is that little flame worth  
Once allies danced and sang  
But it was forty years ago  
Here in D.C. - they talk about 'Euro-disease'  
And how the French are always so damn hard to please  
otions are passed in Brussels but no one agrees  
And no one walks tall - but no-one gets down on their knees  
Once allies laughed and drank  
But it was forty years ago  
Where I come from  
They don't like Americans much  
They think they're so loud, so tasteless, and so out of touch  
Stiff upper lips are curled into permanent sneers  
self-satisfied  
Awaiting the next forty years  
Once allies cried and cheered  
But it was forty years ago