

Marianne Faithfull, 20th Century Blues

Why is it that civilized humanity
Can make the world so wrong?
In this hurly-burly of insanity
Our dreams cannot last long.

We've reached a deadline,
A press headline,
Every sorrow.
Blues value
Is news value
Tomorrow.

Blues?
Twentieth century blues
Are getting me down.
Blues?
Escape those weary
Twentieth century blues.

Why,
If there's a god in the sky,
Why shouldn't he grin
High
Above this dreary
Twentieth century din?

In this strange illusion,
Chaos and confusion,

People seem to lose their way.
What is there to strive for,
Love or keep alive for,
Say, 'hey, hey!'
Call it a day?

Blues?
Nothing to win or to lose,
It's getting me down.
Blues?
Escape those weary
Twentieth century blues.

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