

Patti Smith, 1959

Listen to my story. Got two tales to tell.
One of fallen glory. One of vanity.
The world's roof was raging, but we were looking fine;
'Cause we built that thing and it grew wings,
in Nineteen-Fifty-Nine.

Wisdom was a teapot; Pouring from above.
Desolation angels
Served it up with Love.
Ignitin'[g strife] like every form of light,
then moved by bold design,
slid in that thing and it grew wings,
in Nineteen-Fifty-Nine.

It was Blood, shining in the Sun;
First: Freedom!
Speeding the american claim:
Freedom; Freedom; Freedom; Freedom!

China was the tempest; [And] Madness overflowed.
[The] Lama was a young man,
and [he] watched his world in flames.
Taking Glory down by the edge of clouds;
It was a cryin'[g] shame.
Another lost horizon. Tibet the fallen star.
Wisdom and compassion Crushed, in the land of Shangri-La.
But in the land of the Impala, honey, well,
we were lookin' Fine,
'cause we built that thing and it grew wings;
In Nineteen-Fifty-Nine.
'Cause we built that thing and it grew wings;
In Nineteen-Fifty-Nine.

It was the best of times, it's [was] the worst of times;
In 1959; 1959; 1959; 1959; 1959; 1959; 1959.
It was the best of times; It was the worst of times.
[In] Nineteen-Fifty-Nine.