

Fifty Years After the Fair

Aimee Mann

Fifty years after the fair
The picture I have is so clear
Underneath the clouds in the air
Rose the Trylon and the Perisphere

And that for me was the finest of scenes
The perfect world across the river in Queens

Fifty years after the fair
I drink from a different cup
But it does no good to compare
Cause nothing ever measures up

I guess just for a second we thought
That all good things would rise to the top

And how beautiful it was, tomorrow
We'll never have a day of sorrow
We got through the '30s but our belts were tight
We conceived of a future with no hope in sight
We've got decades ahead of us to get it right, I swear
Fifty years after the fair

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I live in tomorrow town
Even on a wing and a prayer
The future never came around
It hurts to even think of those days
The damage we do by the hopes that we raise

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