

20th Century Blues

Robin Trower

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
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