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 1959

Wisdom was a teapot Pouring from above Desolation angels Served it up with love

Igniting like every form of light Then moved by bold design Slid in that thing and it grew wings In 1959

It was blood shining in the sun First, freedom Speeding the American claim Freedom, freedom, freedom

China was the tempest
Madness overflowed
Lama was a young man
And watched his world in flames

Taking glory down by the edge of clouds
It was a crying 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 1959
'Cause we built that thing and it grew wings In 1959

It was the best of times, it's the worst of times In 1959, 1959, 1959, 1959, 1959, 1959
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times 1959