

When I Was Most Beautiful

Pete Seeger

When I was most beautiful
Cities were falling
And from unexpected places
Blue sky was seen
When I was most beautiful
People around me were killed
And for paint and powder I lost the chance
When I was most beautiful
Nobody gave me kind gifts
Men knew only to salute
And went away
When I was most beautiful
My country lost the war
I paraded the main street
With my blouse sleeves rolled high

When I was most beautiful
Jazz overflowed the radio;
I broke the prohibition against smoking;
Sweet music of another land!
When I was most beautiful
I was most unhappy
I was quite absurd
I was quite lonely
That's why I decided to live long
Like Monsieur Rouault
Who was a
Very old man
When he painted such terribly beautiful pictures
You see...?