

Dear Diary

Tom Paxton

Dear diary, dear diary
I'm writing these lines
The first of September nineteen thirty-nine
Had lunch with Eva
Went to the zoo
And oh, by the way, started World War Two
A good day, la la la
Und so to bed

Dear diary, dear diary
Another day gone
Went bowling with Goering and watered the lawn
Went to the opera, went to a dance
Bombed London, bombed Coventry
Rolled across France
A good day, la la la
Und so to bed

Dear diary, dear diary
To Moscow we go
The children all tell me that we shall have snow
The hills will be covered, the children will play
We're sure to take Stalingrad most any day
A good day, la la la
Und so to bed

Dear diary, dear diary
The hour is late
The Russians are bombing the Chancellery Gate
The rate things are going they're sure to break in
Hello Buenos Aires, auf wiedersehen Berlin
A good day, ta ta ta
Und so to bed
Guten nacht