

Fifty

Tom Robinson

What if we live to be fifty
And the optimists win by a mile
Supposing we stop the starvation and slaughter
And the century ends with a smile
Maybe recycling paper
Will bring back the forests again
And maybe the five year old psychos with knives
Will grow up to be happy and sane

So give up your cigarettes
Work out and study
And carry a packet of three
We'll live to be rich and a hundred and seven
Unless you know better than me

What if we live to be fifty
And help all the weak and oppressed
We'll cancel their debts & no-one will expect us
To work any harder for less
We'll spend our way out of recession
The West will invest in the East
So hordes of the poor never swarm at our door
Demanding a share of the feast

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Science will beat every fatal disease
And plutonium's perfectly safe
They'll find a solution to all the pollution
It's only a matter of faith

What if we live to be fifty
And the bomb doesn't drop after all
And we never lie destitute, freezing and sick
As the mortar shells batter our walls
We'll cheer as our glorious leaders
Develop new weapons for peace
They'll base a new military laser in space
And the ozone will heal in a week

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