

# Class Of '58

## Al Stewart

Old jazz guys being interviewed  
Thirty years beyond their prime  
With memories of road shows  
From the Golden Age of Swingtime  
The piano player strikes a chord  
Leans forward on his stool  
And through they've all seen better days  
They've got that air of faded cool  
It's an entree of another world  
One of tailcoats and victrolas  
And one day they'll make TV shows  
On aging rock-and-rollers  
On aging rock-and-rollers Then came the kid with the red Colorama  
And the Watkins copycat echo chamber and the toothy grin  
With one hand glued to the tremolo arm  
While the singer moves around like an Elvis clone  
They really packed them in  
And every song was short and sweet, and every beat was fast  
And every paper in the land said rock-and-roll won't last  
You know it just won't last, it's such a rapid burn  
And it's a hard, hard, hard lesson to learn  
It's a hard, hard, hard lesson to learn Well what are you going to do when it's all over?  
What are you going to do right now?  
What are you going to do when it's all over?  
Will you get along somehow?  
I just don't know  
Feeling like I do right now  
Ask me tomorrow Red guitar, red guitar  
You know I really miss that red guitar  
Red guitar, red guitar  
You know I really miss that red guitar And you can write this on my tombstone  
That'll be my fate  
I'm a graduate of rock-and-roll  
Class of '58 '58, '58, I'm a graduate of the class of '58  
Red guitar, '58, I'm a graduate of the class of '58 And there's no use analyzing these anthems that were sung  
Rock-and-roll's not good or bad  
It's just the sound of being young  
And it's a long long way from pompadours  
And doo-wop and payola

And one day they'll make TV shows on aging rock-and-rollers  
One day they'll make TV shows on aging rock-and-rollers.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>