

# Sweethearts

Jane Powell

'Cause he's always living back in Dixon  
Circa 1949  
And we're all sitting at the fountain, at the five and dime  
'Cause he's living in some B-movie  
The lines they are so clearly drawn  
In black and white life is so easy  
And we're all coming along on this one  
'Cause he's on a secret mission  
Headquarters just radioed in  
He left his baby at the dancehall  
While the band plays on some sweet song  
And on a mission over China  
The lady opens up her arms  
The flowers bloom where you haved placed them  
And the lady smiles, just like mom  
Angels wings are icing over  
McDonnell-Douglas olive drab  
They bear the names of our sweethearts  
And the captain smiles, as we crash  
'Cause in the mind of Ronald Reagan  
Wheels they turn and gears they grind  
Buildings collapse in slow motion  
And trains collide, everything is fine  
Everything is fine  
Everything is fine

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