

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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