Forty Years

Joe Jackson

On the tenth anniversary of the end of World War TwoHere in Berlin, people line up to get in
To wait for the end, living in glorious sin
They've looked around and now there is no looking back
To when rivers ran red, now it's the sky that grows black
Shadows are cast as two giants roam over the earth
We light a match, but what is that little flame worthOnce allies danced and sang
But it was forty years agoHere in D.C., they talk about 'Euro-disease'
And how the French are always so damn hard to please
Motions are passed in Brussels but no one agrees
And no one walks tall, but no one gets down on their kneesOnce allies laughed and drank
But it was forty years agoWhere I come from, they don't like Americans much
They think they're so loud, so tasteless and so out of touch
Stiff upper lips are curled into permanent sneers
Self-satisfied, awaiting the next forty yearsOnce allies cried and cheered
But it was forty years ago

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