Decades

The Kindred

Minutes turn to hours, counting seconds tick away.
Another day tomorrow, tomorrow's just another day.
Days turn into years, and time goes by, over and over,
Again and again, and then, years turn into decades.
Decades. Start another decade, times ten.
Ten decades, one hundred years.
Ten decades. And the first ten started going so much faster,
Than the whole one hundred years before.
And the second ten we started fighting.
We fought the war to end all wars.
So somebody named the twenties roaring,
And in the thirties we fought some more.
And the fighting went on and on (and on);
Nobody could stop it (stop it, stop it)
So somebody built a bomb (bomb);
All you had to do was drop it (drop it), right or wrong.
They dropped it; they dropped it.
And toward the end of the forties, after the storm, I was born.
I am calling, across a field, from far away, far away.

This is my calling song; I am worried, I am concerned.
There are reasons, can't be explained.
And there are questions, that have no answers.
That's the reason I want to know: how long, how long, can this go on?
I want to know how long, how long,
When so many things happen, nothing gets done.
So many wars, no one ever won one, and no one ever will,
No one ever will.
I am calling, this is my calling song.
And the fifties were the best I guess, except for the fighting
And the sixties were unrest, oh yes, we went to the moon.
We had hopes, we had dreams,
And sometimes late at night it still seems like, Camelot.
And the seventies lasted 'til May.
And on the hill, that day, I gave up and started writing Decades.
And the eighties were a waste of time, and here we are, in the nineties!
Nine in a row, one more to go, oh! Over and over, again and again.
One hundred years; ten years times ten.
So many things happened, nothing got done.

So many wars, no one ever won one.
Decades, decades

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