

# Fifty Years After the Fair

[Aimee Mann](#)

Fifty years after the fair  
The picture I have is so clear  
Underneath the clouds in the air  
Rose the tyrlon and the perisphere  
And that for me was the finest of scenes  
That perfect world across the river in queens  
Fifty years after the fair  
I drink from a different cup  
But it does no good to compare  
'cause nothing ever measures up  
I guess just for a second we thought  
That all good things would rise to the top But how beautiful it was - 'tomorrow'  
We'll never have a day of sorrow  
We got through the '30's, but our belts were tight  
We conceived of a future with no hope in sight  
We've got decades ahead of us to get it right  
I swear - fifty years after the fair Fifty years after the fair  
I live in tomorrow town  
Even on a wing and a prayer  
The future never came around  
It hurts to even think of those days  
The damage we do  
By the hopes that we raise But how beautiful it was - 'tomorrow'  
We'll never have a day of sorrow  
We got through the '30's, but our belts were tight  
We conceived of a future with no hope in sight  
We've got decades ahead of us to get it right  
I swear - fifty years after the fair

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