

Ninety-Five Years

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The world was a very different place
Ninety-five years ago.
Humans had never been out to space.
Ninety-five years ago.
No atomic bomb, no machines that think
And books were all made out of paper and ink.
Ninety-five years ago.

The world was still a different place
Sixty-five years ago.
Science fiction writers dreamed of space.
Sixty-five years ago.
The atomic bomb was a thing to fear
But your second son was born that year
Sixty-five years ago.

Wikipedia, Google, and eBooks, too
(Librarians still have a lot to do.)
We have pocket phones, internet, bots on Mars;
Hey, whatever happened to flying cars?
Who would have thought that we'd come so far
In the last dozen years or so...

Things might get better, they might get worse
There's a lot to learn about the universe
But we'll muddle through somehow
Who knows what changes might come along
Before my great grand-kids try singing this song
Ninety five years from now.

Repeat first verse

Written for my Mom's 95th birthday party.

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