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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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