

Stewart AI

"Modern Times"

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(Dave Mudge/AI Stewart)

Hello old friend, what a strange coincidence to find you
It's been fifteen years since we last met, but I still
recognised you

So call the barman over here, and let us fill our glasses
and drink a toast to olden times where all our
memories lie,
Where all our memories lie

Do you remember the time we were young?
Lowly, lowly, low
Outside the window the frosty moonlight hung
On the midnight snow
So we pulled our scarves around our faces in the night
Huddled on the doorsteps where the fairylights shone
bright
Singing Christmas carols while our breath hung in the
light
It all comes back like yesterday
It almost seems like yesterday

Do you remember the changes as we grew?
Slowly, slowly, slow
Sneaking in the back way into movies after school
For the evening show
Chasing skinny blue jean girls across the building-site
Checking out the dance floor while the band played
"Hold Me Tight"
See the blonde one over there-I bet she'd be alright
It all comes back like yesterday
It almost seems like yesterday

While I talked he sat and never made a sound
Staring at the glass beside me
Hey old friend, tell me what's on your mind?
Silence grows on you like ivy

Do you remember the church across the sands?
Holy, holy, ho
You stood outside and planned to travel the lands

Where the pilgrims go
So you packed your world up inside a canvas sack
Set off down the highway with your rings and Kerouac
Someone said they saw you in Nepal a long time back-
Tell me why you look away
Don't you have a word to say?

He said, "I don't remember...Don't want to remember
In fact I've heard too much already
I don't want to think, just leave me here to drink
Wrapped up in the warmth of New York City
Oh, oh, it seems you just don't know
And you just don't understand me
I've got no use for the tricks of modern times
They tangle all my thoughts like ivy."

So I left him, and I went out to the street
Lowly, lowly, low
Where the red light girls were coming after me-
Forty dollar show
All across the city's heart the lights were coming on
The hotel lift softly hummed a Cole Porter song
If I went to look for him I knew he would be gone
A picture-card of yesterday
A photograph of yesterday

and far off in a deserted part of town
The shadows like a silent army
Flooded out the rooms in pools of blue and brown
And stuck to all the walls like ivy

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