

Arlo Guthrie

"Nostalgia Rag"

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The whole country is getting weirder
Ya know, the whole wide world's insane
Give me a hit of my memory and let me think back
again

No more sharing in the can, lord
Everybody just brings his own
Nobody rolls joints with their hands anymore, no

So I just sit at home, alone
Everybody is really stranger
Where were you guys yesterday?
Women attack me out on the street, lord
Men attack me anyway
Pa swaps ma for aunt matilda,
She swaps him for young maybelline
The whole block is moving in together

What a scene, lord, what a scene
No more riots at the old school
Everybody just comes in stoned
Everybody looks oh so cool, lord
It's so cool, lord, I must be a fool
This whole scene is out of hand, now, later for today
Give me a hit of my memory, and let me be on my way
Let me be on my way

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