

Al Stewart "Modern Times"

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Hello old friend, what a strange coincidence to find you
It's been fifteen years since we last met but I still
recognized 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 when 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 fairy lights 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 he 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, ivy

Do you remember the church across the sands?
Holy, holy, ho
You stood outside and planned to travel to 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, I don't wanna remember
In fact I've heard too much already
I don't wanna 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, 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 to 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, ivy, ivy

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