

Hold Steady, The "Certain Songs"

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I guess you're old enough to know
Kids out on the east coast
Roughly twenty years old
They got coaxed out by a certain perfect ratio

Of warm beer to the summer smoke
And the Meat Loaf to the Billy Joel
Certain songs they get so scratched into our souls

She goes low on the seats when she gets high in her
car
She looks shallow but she's neck deep in the steamy
dreams of the guys along the harbor bars
She's pulling out her shirttails and she's jacking up her
socks
Stern and stoned and confident, coming up towards
the jukebox
Born into the only songs that everybody finally sings
along

B-1 is for the good girls and it's "Only The Good Die
Young"
C-9 is for the making eyes, it's "Paradise By The
Dashboard Light"
B12 is for the speeders and D4 is for the lovers
And the hard drugs are for the bartenders and the
kitchen
workers and the bartender's friends
And they're playing it again
And Ellen Foley gives 'em hope
And certain songs they get scratched into our souls

I guess you're old enough to know
Kids out on the west coast are taking off their clothes
Screwing in the surf and going out to shows
They get high and ride around in GTOs

Certain songs they get so scratched into our souls
Certain songs they get so scratched into our souls

