

The Hold Steady "Joke About Jamaica"

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They used to think it was so cute
When she said, "Dyer Maker"
All the boys knew it was a joke about Jamaica
She'd always find a ride back home from the bar

She used to feel so stupid when they'd talk about the
music
Born into every single tune
They used to hum against her lips with their hands on
her hips
They used to kiss in the car

Dancing days, houses of the holy
Hotshot in the city in the middle of the prairie
Flirting with the boys with all her charms

But first they laugh, then they eyes then the touch 'em
on the arm's
And the drinks, they never seem to cost money
And Saturday night was a runway
That extended into Sunday and sometimes Monday

Back then it was beautiful, the boys were sweet and
musical
The laser lights looked mystical, messed up stuff felt
magical
Girls didn't seem so difficult, boys didn't seem so
typical
It was warm and white and wonderful, we were all
invincible

Tired eyes, trampled under foot
Dazed and confused, c-c-cocaine blues
She hasn't got any eye contact tonight

The boys are getting younger and the bands are
getting louder
And the new girls are coming up like some white
unopened flowers
She's pretty sure that that's where their power is

Back then it was unified, the punks, the skins, the

greaser guys
Then one summer, two kids died and one of them was
crucified
Now it's so competitive, the sleeplessness and
sedatives
I know it sounds repetitive, every show can't be a
benefit

We were kids in the crowd now we're dogs in this war
We were wasps with new wings, now we're bugs in the
jar
We were hot, soft and pure, now we're scratched up in
scars
We were counting cards, now we eat in our cars
The boys in the band they know they'll never be stars

Back then they were quite convinced, firing and
sickering
The front row girls were posturing, we were all
imagining
And man, we had some massive nights
Some bashes and some bloody fights back before
those two kids died

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