

# Al Stewart, Modern Times

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 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 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 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  
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  
Ivy  
Ivy