

Great Lakes Myth Society, Heydays

Heydays are passing.
Your house has been rented
Several times over
By prettier girls.

Weekends and summers,
Bands that you loved
Were just haircuts and jackets.
Back then that was enough.

Your days are invested,
The band has been signed.
You've been there before,
Perhaps this is the time.

Girlfriends are leaving,
New girls arrive.
You open the circle,
To be blinded by light.

Uncertain the future,
Nostalgic the past.
Unable to recognize,
Moments that pass.

Heydays are passing.
Friendless and thin,
From back doors of cafes,
Hid by the din.

But don't hold a candle,
Don't carry a torch.
Those are for castles,
And you are long from their court.

But lift up a bottle,
And put back a glass.
Some years from tomorrow,
With your gut you'll look back.