

# The Hold Steady, Joke About Jamaica

They used to think it was so cute when she said Dy'er Mak'er  
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  
Hot child in the city in the middle of the prairie  
Flirting with the boys with all her charms

First the laugh, then the eyes  
Then the touch him on the arms  
The drinks they never seemed to cost money  
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 still 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. Cocaine blues  
She hasn't gotten any eye contact tonight

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

Back then it was unified  
The punks, the skins, the greaser guys  
Then one summer two kids died  
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 carbs, now we eat in our cars  
The boys in the band, they know they'll never be stars

Back then we weren't quite convinced  
Flyering and stickering  
The front-row girls were posturing  
We were all imagining

Man, we had some massive nights  
Some bashes and some bloody fights  
Back before those two kids died