

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