

# Modern Times

Al Stewart

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hello old friend, what a strange coincidence to find you  
It's been fifteen years since we last met but I still recognized 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 when 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 to 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 wanna  
remember  
In fact I've heard too much already  
I don't wanna 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 to 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>