

Joke About Jamaica

The Hold Steady

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

They used to think it was so cute
When she said, "Dyer Maker"
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
Hotshot in the city in the middle of the prairie
Flirting with the boys with all her charms
But first they laugh, then they eyes then the touch 'em on the arm's
And the drinks, they never seem to cost money
And 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 stuff 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, c-c-cocaine blues
She hasn't got any eye contact tonight
The boys are getting younger and the bands are getting louder
And the new girls are coming up like some white unopened flowers
She's pretty sure that that's where their power is
Back then it was unified, the punks, the skins, the greaser guys
Then one summer, two kids died and 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 cards, now we eat in our cars
The boys in the band they know they'll never be stars
Back then they were quite convinced, firing and sickering
The front row girls were posturing, we were all imagining
And man, we had some massive nights
Some bashes and some bloody fights back before those two kids died

Lyrics provided by

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