Fake Nostalgia

Thursday

You want to live the old days repeat the past
Want to follow in the footsteps of classic men
They look so romantic in old pictures
You think you're the first? find out.
You don't want to be fire that's burning bright for everyone to see
But I want to be the spark that gets in you eye
A burning fire, but it's alive
Want to read the old words inside the books
Want to follow in the footsteps of greater thought
There's so much more feeling in those old songs
You think you're the first? find out.
You don't want to be the star set in the sky for everyone to see
But I want to be the light that gets in your mind

Gets you through the night
Gets you through the night
Those days we used to dream
Growing up and getting out
The band set up downstairs is sitting on the porch
Up and down the street you hear the music play
Cause it's never as it seems on the drive in movie screens
Down here our lives are incomplete
And the jukebox plays your dreams
But they're always on repeat
The drunk behind the bar keeps saying it over and over
It's always the same
As soon as you feel it, the beat starts to fade
You think they're calling out your name but it's just some songs refrain
that your mother used to sing back in the day

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