## Joke About Jamaica

## **The Hold Steady**

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 barShe 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 carDancing days, houses of the holy

Hotshot in the city in the middle of the prairie

Flirting with the boys with all her charmsBut 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 MondayBack 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 tonightThe 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 benefitWe 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 starsBack 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

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