

# Nostalgia Blues

## Simon Joyner

See you still haven't quit smoking  
Is that really all that you can think to say?  
I remember your bedsheets smudged with ashes and burns  
When you stayed up all night reading The Brothers KI know nostalgia's a Southall waitress  
Saving nickels for a rainy day far removed  
Still I can't ever remember seeing your tongue so tied  
Or your hands shake so looseYes, everyone wants to believe their time was special, Nick  
See the dish run away with the spoon  
Then they settle down  
They settle in  
And they curse the night for givin' them all those sweet dreams  
All those sweet dreams, they bartered and sold  
So long agoCoachie was wise to get out when he did  
And hitch his pony to an actual star  
You know, he's playing the Sydney Opera House tonight  
Aren't y'all still sleeping on strangers' wooden floors, yesHow'd you get that iceberg way up on your shoulder,  
Jim?  
Can't we force our old demons into a truce?  
No, I'm afraid what we did was secret then  
Don't act surprised it now applies to youI guess everyone thinks genius is in their blood  
Or at least livin' down the street a door or twoAnd then they settle down  
They settle in  
They curse the night for punishing them with those sweet dreams  
All those sweet dreams that exposed their soul  
So long agoBobby says the translator's nightmare is finding all the right words  
But somehow still gettin' the whole story wrong  
And all you guitar poets, well you're life's little butchers  
Go ahead and put that one in your songYou've got endless tales of love gone bad  
I guess our Romeo is really cursed  
You poke your nose in everyone's dirty clothes  
So you can turn 'em into your light, loose verseWell, my life isn't neat rhymes and punchlines  
Cheap laughs and your talking blues  
And I wish that for just one time  
You could stand inside my shoesYou could settle down  
You could settle in  
And you could curse the night for givin' you all those sweet dreams  
All those sweet dreams I watched corrode  
So long agoWell, it's easy to get hung up  
On all the things that you'll never have

A backyard pool, your mother's love, John Lennon's autograph  
Some people step into an ambulance  
While others slip into a trance  
I've heard the sky blooms Picassos, though  
If you stop and give the clouds half a chance  
But I won't go to your funeral, Sue  
But I've got a couch if you ever need a place to crash  
We could settle down  
We could settle in  
We could thank the night for givin' us all those sweet dreams  
All those sweet dreams, like swords pulled from stones  
While we filled our notebooks with grass, branch, and bone  
Aw, here's to the sweet dreams  
That wouldn't leave us alone  
So long ago

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