

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 loose Yes, 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 ago Coachie 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, yes How'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 you I guess everyone thinks genius is in their blood
Or at least livin' down the street a door or two And 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 ago Bobby 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 song You'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 verse Well, 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 shoes You 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 ago Well, 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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