

# Certain Songs

## The Hold Steady

I guess you're old enough to know  
Kids out on the east coast  
Roughly twenty years old  
They got coaxed out by a certain perfect ratio  
Of warm beer to the summer smoke  
And the Meat Loaf to the Billy Joel  
Certain songs they get so scratched into our souls  
She goes low on the seats when she gets high in her car  
She looks shallow but she's neck deep in the steamy dreams of the guys along the harbor bars  
She's pulling out her shirttails and she's jacking up her socks  
Stern and stoned and confident, coming up towards the jukebox  
Born into the only songs that everybody finally sings along  
B-1 is for the good girls and it's "Only The Good  
Die Young"  
C-9 is for the making eyes, it's "Paradise By The Dashboard Light"  
B12 is for the speeders and D4 is for the lovers  
And the hard drugs are for the bartenders and the kitchen workers and the bartender's friends  
And they're playing it again  
And Ellen Foley gives 'em hope  
And certain songs they get scratched into our souls  
I guess you're old enough to know  
Kids out on the west coast are taking off their clothes  
Screwing in the surf and going out to shows  
They get high and ride around in GTOs  
Certain songs they get so scratched into our souls  
Certain songs they get so scratched into our souls

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