

Certain Songs

The Hold Steady

I guess you're old enough to know.
Kids out on the east coast.
Roughly twenty years old.
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 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. It's only the good die young.
C-9 is for the making eyes. It's paradise by the dashboard light.
D4 is for the lovers. B12 is for the speeders.
And the hard drugs are for the bartenders and the kitchen workers
and the bartender's friends.
And they're playing it again.
Ellen Foley gives us hope.
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.
I guess you're old enough to know.
Certain songs they get scratched into our souls.