

Nostalgia Rag

Arlo Guthrie

The whole country is getting weirder
Ya know, the whole wide world's insane
Give me a hit of my memory and let me think back again
No more sharing in the can, lord

Everybody just brings his own
Nobody rolls joints with their hands anymore, no
So I just sit at home, alone
Everybody is really stranger

Where were you guys yesterday?
Women attack me out on the street, lord
Men attack me anyway

Pa swaps Ma for Aunt Matilda
She swaps him for young Maybelline
The whole block is moving in together
What a scene, lord, what a scene

No more riots at the old school
Everybody just comes in stoned
Everybody looks oh so cool, lord
It's so cool, lord, I must be a fool

This whole scene is out of hand now, later for today
Give me a hit of my memory and let me be on my way
Let me be on my way