

The Moderately Talented Yet Attractive Young Woman vs. The Exceptionally Talented Old Man

Sun Kil Moon

Your simple songs, small creations
Always needing validation
Your pouty face, your great photos
Without them, baby, who would notice
We met once, we were alone
Backstage in Dallas
Got your phone number
What a good kisser
I left for Tempe and I missed her

But on stage you aren't strong
I don't recall any songs
But when you sang, you hit the notes
I'll give you that, you didn't choke
And you looked so good
Like an actress from Hollywood
And your eyes, they would glisten
But no one listened

And one day you'll be forty
And trust me, babe, it ain't sporty
You'll be pleased to be reviewed
Cause there's always new

Someone young, press-friendly
You'll be searching

Travel hard, 'round the globe
But does anyone know

The moderately talented old woman
Dreams that she once had

You're a dream, a burning star
The way you sing and play guitar
The way your words cut through
You cast a spell on the room
But your eyes are fog
And in your heart, many scars
Lost friends, ex-lovers
Hidden dads, buried mothers
I could only love you like a friend, dark soldier
Cause I got someone else, and you're older
I didn't mean to go along, but God I love your songs
What a night, what a moment, but don't read it wrong

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