

By Nathan Furtoda

Back in those days of perfect synchronicity,
Before synthesisers there were perfect melodies,
But then time came along and washed it all away,
Flooding past us in a giant tidal wave,

We drive down in our rusty purple Camaro,
Where we wrote legends at the old recording studio,
Hits that made an impact over the decades,
In peoples minds those songs were here to stay,

After disco came and went, to stadiums the rockers were sent,
When bands played until their fingers bled and their guitars bent,
Till their voices broke and their audience slept,
When people watched through their eyes instead of screens,
And being a rockstar was the stuff of dreams,

But it seems like lately, that kind of Magic has just faded away,
Since then it's never been the same in my head,
I want to go to the concerts but I stay at home instead,

I remember before sound was watched on the video,
When people came to just enjoy the show,
Desolate fans who tried to find a new favourite band to play,
Grew old as their search was lost and their bodies decayed,

That old recording studio from many years ago,
Lies empty as the wheat fields around it grow,
And tech souls of those icons from the glory days,
Gaze down upon us like glistening golden rays

So now we hold firmly to the relics of the past,
In a new generation where we listen on aghast,
We shouldn't try to turn heel and simply run away,
Otherwise we'll miss the present like we missed the good old days.