

You say goodbye, I say hello to 2008

Tomorrow marks the 27th anniversary of the senseless murder of John Lennon. For many of us that evening is as indelibly etched into our souls as the assassination of John F. Kennedy. As Howard Cosell from his Monday Night Football booth reported the news to the nation, Coyote McCloud on WMAK-AM announced the travesty to Nashville.

While most of Lennon's life has been chronicled in books, on audio and video, and his songs and poetry dissected and interpreted, it is only recently that it was that discovered much of his work foretold the recent events that have become the residential real estate market.

The real hidden real estate secrets rival the "Paul is dead" myth with its symbolism, use of metaphors and the allusions similar to the terrible car accident, which is presumed to have taken the life of Paul McCartney. Of course that theory has been proven false, although he has barely survived a real near-fatal accident — that being his marriage to Heather Mills. But, that's for Beverly Keel's space.

As the writings of John Lennon and their relevance to Nashville real estate in 2007, one need search no further than the titles of the Beatles' movies to realize what has happened. Here goes.

Real estate

Richard Courtney



It seems like yesterday that the market was riding helter skelter on a magical mystery tour breaking sales record after sales record, eight days a week, year after year, and the industry should have known better than to tamper with the growth of the area and simply let it be.

Instead, they allowed mean Mr. Mustard and the sub-prime lenders into the band, and now we have had a hard day's night and need anybody's help in any way. Over the past three years, the national media have spread the news across the universe that there has been a slowdown in the market and that it might not get back to where it once belonged. Some read the news today, oh boy, there were 4,000 foreclosures in Blackburn Lancashire.

While things were getting better all the time in Nashville, the long and winding roads that led to everyone else's door were covered with "for sale" signs. In other areas across

town, people were buying their tickets to ride by plane, train or yellow submarine. Some relocated permanently while others were merely day-trippers taking the easy way out.

Do you want to know a secret? The taxman thinks it won't be long, not any time at all; the chains of this misery are broken. Then the market can take its broken wings and learn to fly.

There is a housing revolution on the way and everything is gonna be all right. Don't you know it's gonna be all right. Whether you live in Strawberry Fields, on Abbey Road, Penny Lane or Old Hickory Boulevard, it's going to be a good 2008.

Imagine all the houses selling the first day. You who ooh ooh, you may say I'm a dreamer. But I'm not the only one.

Richard Courtney is the principal broker of Fridrich and Clark Realty's Music row office and can be reached at www.RichardCourtney.com. He still misses John.