# Rock Back Billy

## John Hiatt

Get a load of that guy
With the dew rag on
And the cowboy tie
Man that cat is goneForm Memphis to Nashville
Then way out west
Put that Hollywood party
To the acid testGot a little bungalow
In the valley somewhere
Took a gig playin' bass
With Sonny and CherHe took it on his chin
And never got it off his chest
He wouldn't be caught
Dead wearin' that vestNot rock back Billy
Oh, rock back BillyHe came to make a stew
With that swamp guitar
He kept it lonesome and blue
Yeah, in the trunk of his carBut no one gave him a long shot
Though he never did doubt
What it was not
Or what it was all about?He got all tangled up
With liquor and drugs
Tryin' to make a racket
Like those English mugsTill he couldn't get arrested
And he couldn't see straight
He couldn't even shine shoes
In that Golden StateNot rock back Billy
Come on rock back BillyWhen you see him on the street
Well, he's no spring chicken
But ask him how he makes ends meet
He'll tell you, "I'm still pickin'"Aw, rock it, Billy, rock itYeah, they counted him down
When they dropped that beat
But that red hot sound
They could not defeatIt started comin' back from Boston
From East L.A.
Down in Austin, Texas
And up New York wayAnd as long as there's a kid
In a room somewhere
With a beat up guitar
And some funny lookin' hairWell, it might be Billy's kid

You don't know
And all I've got to say is
Go, cat, goCome on rock back Billy
Come on rock back Billy
Rock back BillyCome on rock back Billy
Come on rock back Billy
Come on rock back Billy

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