

Nothing's News

Clint Black

I spent my lifetime wishin'
The waitress would come around
Tellin' jokes, shootin' pool
On the other side of townThe whistle blows at five o'clock
There's only one place I'll be found
Down at Ernie's ice-house liftin' long-necks
To that good old country soundAnd talkin' 'bout the good old times
Braggin' on how it used to be
But I've worn out the same old lines
And now it seems nothing's news to meThere's nothin' like a steel guitar cryin' in the night
There's nothin' like a sawdust floor and a good old friendly fight
Finally find my way back home and you'd patch up my face
That was another time and another placeNow I'm talkin' 'bout the good old times
Braggin' on how it used to be
But I've worn out the same old lines
And now it seems nothing's news to meI wonder how I came to be the know-it-all I am
And how the world ever got used to me?Talking 'bout the good old times
Braggin' 'bout how it used to be
But I've worn out the same old lines
Now it seems nothing's news to me

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