

# Rock Back Billy

John Hiatt

Get a load of that guy  
With the dew rag on  
And the cowboy tie  
Man that cat is gone  
Form Memphis to Nashville  
Then way out west  
Put that Hollywood party  
To the acid test  
Got a little bungalow  
In the valley somewhere  
Took a gig playin' bass  
With Sonny and Cher  
He took it on his chin  
And never got it off his chest  
He wouldn't be caught  
Dead wearin' that vest  
Not rock back Billy  
Oh, rock back Billy  
He came to make a stew  
With that swamp guitar  
He kept it lonesome and blue  
Yeah, in the trunk of his car  
But 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 mugs  
Till he couldn't get arrested  
And he couldn't see straight  
He couldn't even shine shoes

In that Golden State  
Not rock back Billy  
Come on rock back Billy  
When 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 it  
Yeah, they counted him down  
When they dropped that beat  
But that red hot sound  
They could not defeat  
It started comin' back from Boston  
From East L.A.  
Down in Austin, Texas  
And up New York way  
And as long as there's a kid  
In a room somewhere  
With a beat up guitar  
And some funny lookin' hair  
Well, it might be Billy's kid  
You don't know  
And all I've got to say is  
Go, cat, go  
Come on rock back Billy  
Come on rock back Billy  
Rock back Billy  
Come on rock back Billy  
Come on rock back Billy  
Come on rock back Billy

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