Old Days

John Hiatt

I was sittin? in the dressing room with Brownie Mcgee
He was drinkin? that milk with that Dewar?s Whiskey
Said John, there?s nothin? written anywhere
Suggests the blues will set you free
Old days are comin? back to me
I was ridin? in the back seat with Sonny Terry
Little harmonica player used to drive him around
I think his name was Harry
Tried to get him to eat tofu, raw vegetables, nuts and berries
But Sonny wasn?t havin? any of it
He let me share a room with ?em for a couple of weeks
Sonny slept with his good eye open, staring out from under the sheets
I was young and uncomfortable
I don?t mind tellin? ya kinda gave me the creeps
Old days are comin? back to me
Old days are comin? back to me
Don?t know what was so good about ?em, I played practically free
I had nothin? to live up to, everywhere to be
Old days are comin? back to me
On some dates with Mose Allison somewhere out in the Midwest
Said some of my lyrics reminded him of the poet Kenneth Patchen
I took it as a compliment
He was referring to the line about wearin' neon signs on your wounds
Later on I knew what he meant
Old days are comin? back to me
On a date with John Lee Hooker at a packed joint up in Washington
He came in with a gorgeous woman on each arm
As I was singing my song
Walked ?em right up and sat ?em on the edge of the stage
As I went singing along and that?s called evenin? son
I?m the headliner
Old days are comin? back to me
I don?t know what was so great about ?em, I played practically free
But I had nothing to live up to and everywhere to be
Old days are comin? back to me
Played a gig with John Hammond Jr. up in Vancouver BC
Exotic dancer came in my dressing room, started dancing exotically
They were smoking something in the audience that night
Smelled exactly like cat pee

Old days are comin? back to me
Opened up a gig for Gatemouth Brown down in Baton Rouge
He was playing that hillbilly, jazz, cajun, country, zydeco and blues
Throwin? it out past the walls like some kind of musical centrifuge
Old days are comin? back to me
Old days are comin? back to me
I don?t know what was so good about ?em, I played practically free
But I had nothin? to live up to everywhere to be
Old days are comin? back to me
Yeah, old days are comin? back to me
I don?t know what was so great about ?em, I played practically free
But I had nothin? to live up to and everywhere to be
Old days are comin? back to me
Old days are comin? back to me

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