

# 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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