

# Nothing's New's

Clint Black

I spent my lifetime wishin'  
The waitress would come around  
Tellin' jokes, shootin' pool  
On the other side of town  
The 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 sound  
And 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 me  
There'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 place  
Now 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 me  
I 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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