

# That Old Time Feeling

[David Allan Coe](#)

And that old time feelin' goes sneakin' down the hall  
Like an old gray cat in winter, keepin' close to the wall  
And that old time feelin' comes stumblin' up the street  
Like an old salesman kickin' the papers from his feet  
Oh, and that old time feelin' draws circles around the block  
Like old women with no children, holdin' hands with the clock  
And that old time feelin' falls on it's face in the park  
Like an old wino prayin' and he can make it 'til it's dark  
Oh, and that old time feelin' comes and goes in the  
rain  
Like an old man with his checkers, dyin' to find a game  
That old time feelin' plays for beer in bars  
Like an old blues time picker who don't recall who you are  
Oh, and that old time feelin' limps through the  
night on a crutch  
Like an old soldier wonderin' if he's paid too much  
And that old time feelin' rocks and spits, and cries  
Like an old lover rememberin' the girl with the clear blue eyes  
And that old time feelin' goes sneakin' down  
the hall  
Like an old gray cat in winter, keepin' close to the wall

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