

## Back in '72

Bob Seger

Went out in Norfolk, hung on a short short  
Livin' with a bottle of wine  
With music ladies and burned out babies  
I was tryin' to write a couple of lines

Sherriff Gribbs with his grim ad libs  
Spoutin' about the crime in the street  
And women were screamin' and some was dreamin'  
'Bout the crimes between the sheets

You know that music died, hurt my pride  
But somehow I pulled through, back in '72  
Somehow we made it to Baton Rouge  
We stayed inside for a week  
We weren't in town for no Mardi Gras  
So we decided to sleep  
Houston, yes, was a good old guest  
Lord knows how bad we wanted to play  
But we got homesick for Lincoln Park, imagine  
And man we just couldn't stay

Tricky Dick, he played it slick  
Something I was afraid he'd do, back in '72  
Then all the new born philosophers  
Are windows for the world  
Then some mystic psuedo-intellectual  
Avant-garde-ish world  
Takin' notes on that ?  
That got me down on the scene  
It was so hip to be negative  
So square to try and believe

When the waters cleared, it was what we feared  
We learned nothin' new,  
Back in '72