

(Spoken:) Lord have mercy, got to tell it, tell it just like it is, every word.

Yeah! I was living in St. Louis
In the year of nineteen fifty five
Mama didn't have no great mansion,
Just a little old country dive.
Papa worked all week long,
Try to keep us six kids alive.

So I hitch hiked to Chicago
Just to hear Muddy Waters play
I sat and listened to him sing
Until the early hours of day
I asked him what I could do to make it
And it was he who showed me the way

I went back home and wrote a song
And made a record I could claim
The little tune jumped on the charts
And rode me right on up to fame
It netted over ten thousand dollars
And added glory to my name

I was standing at the airport
With my guitar in my hand
And a first class ticket
Destination movie land
I will be in Hollywood, Mama
Before the roosters crow again

When I first started playing music
Over sixteen years ago
Every big town in the country
From St. Francisco to Baltimore
Trying to bring some happy hours
Doing the only thing I know

Can't help it, but I love it
Stand here, sing to you
Brings back so many memories
Many things we used to do
...will I see you here again
Take care, good luck to you