

The Old Stuff

Garth Brooks

Oh I said a little prayer tonight
Before I came on stage
As I came walkin' past the drivers
And the locals on the union wage
I asked the good Lord up in heaven
Let me treat the music right
Then I prayed that Detroit
Goes wild tonight

Seven pickers and all our gear in a rental van
Playin' music never sleepin' and workin' on a neon tan
We played The Barn down in Sanford Florida
For Bev Roberts out in Camden Park
We plugged it in up east at Bull Run
And the place went dark

Back when the old stuff was new
Back before the buses and the
Hard workin' boys in the crew
asIt was one big party
But the business called it payin' our dues
Back when the old stuff was new

Oh the stories we could tell
If it weren't for the code of the road
About The Buckboard, Bear Creek, Cowboys, and the Grizzly Rose
You know the weather turned bad in Scottsdale
A tornado nearly stole the show
We just danced in the rain and listened to the thunder roll

Back when the old stuff was new
Hats off to the K.C. Opry and ella GURU'S
It was one big party
Uncle Joe you know we owe it to you
Back when the old stuff was new

No rules young fools comin' from the old school
Takin' on the world alone
Next date can't wait tearin' up the interstate
Every place we played was home
Balls out no doubt this is what it's all about
Beggin' for a place to play
Swingin' with our low friends
Prayin' that it never ends
Wouldn't trade a single day

Back when the old stuff was new
Back before the buses and the
Hard workin' boys in the crew
It was one big party
But the paper's called it payin' our dues
Back when the old stuff was new

Hey it's still one big party
You can call it whatever you choose
You make me feel like the old stuff is new
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