

Rock Back Billy

John Hiatt

Get a load of that guy
With the dew rag on
And the cowboy tie
Man that cat is gone

Form Memphis to Nashville
Then way out west
Put that Hollywood party
To the acid test

Got a little bungalow
In the valley somewhere
Took a gig playing bass
With Sonny and Cher
He took it on his chin
And never got it off his chest
He wouldn't be caught dead wearing that vest

Not rock back Billy
Rock back Billy

He came to make a stew
With that swamp guitar
He kept it lonesome and blue
Yeah, in the trunk of his car

But no one gave him a long shot
Though he never did doubt
What it was not
Or what it was all about

He got all tangled up with liquor and drugs
Trying to make a racket
Like those English mugs

Till he couldn't get arrested
And he couldn't see straight
He couldn't even shine shoes
In that Golden State

Not rock back Billy
Come on rock back Billy

When you see him on the street
Well, he's no spring chicken
But ask him how he makes ends meet
He'll tell you,