

We were rolling down King Street a quarter to twelve
When we found a little corner to play
So we plugged in our guitars and tightened our drums
And hollered out, "Hey, hey, hey"
When this old hillbilly with a cheek full of chaw
Rambled on over to our tip jar
He said I like what I see but it's not like I saw
Way back in old Doc's day

He said if you wanna rock, listen to Doc
If you want the girls better pick like Merle
Cause them High Country blues
Still blow all the women away
So beat on the corner with your flat top box
Pick on the banjo, boys don't stop
Give me old-time music, Lord make it hot
Just like it was in Doc's day

Well that old hillbilly he tugged on his whiskers
And spat a little juice from his jaw
He said back in Deep Gap I'm telling you mister
We'd be rocking from dusk to dawn
Singing Mama Don't 'Low and Bottle Of Wine
Dark As A Dungeon Way Down In The Mine
If you can do like that, boys, I'll throw you a dime
Just like in old Doc's day

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So we sold our amps and pawned our drums
Now we're picking like a couple of native sons
And that old hillbilly he's sure buck dancing away
Lord the crowd's all packed in at Cherry and King
Leaning in close to hear the banjo ring
And everybody raises their voice to sing
Just like in old Doc's day

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