

## Muddy, Sam and Otis

Rod Stewart

Oh, yeah, I know, I know, I know

I remember  
When I was only seventeen  
The bohemian poet  
And disciple of the streets  
Or was I just a little kid  
Searching for identity in '63

Heard it on the radio  
On a cold December night  
It came burning down the air waves  
Like a savior's shinin' light  
All the way from the U.S.A.  
Across the Atlantic far away  
The magic came

The house began to rock  
With Cupid and his bow  
The hootchy kootchy man's  
Lonely harp began to blow  
Little did I know that  
nothing in my life  
Would ever be the same

Stayed up all night  
Playin' every 45  
Tryin' to sound like you  
Strummed my guitar in bed  
Till my fingers bled  
Tryin' to play like you

Thank you, Sam, thank you, Otis  
Thank you Muddy  
For the sounds you made  
Thank you, Sam, thank you, Otis  
Thank you, Muddy  
For the times we shared  
And they carry on

I saw Otis back in 1965  
Tears in my eyes  
As he sung "These Arms Of mine"  
But angels needed a soul man  
For the celestial blues band  
They took him home (took you home)

Oh, what I'd give to see  
That red mohair suit and hear  
"Dock Of The Bay"  
Or Sam in his two tone  
Singin' "Bring It On Back Home"  
What a show that would be

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And they carry on

If I sound sentimental  
It's because this blue-eyed soul boys  
Got so much respect  
My gratitude to you  
Runs deep, proud and true  
I will never forget

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For the times you gave

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Thank you, Sam, thank you, Sam  
Thank you, Otis, thank you, Muddy  
You'll never, never fade away ...