

Black Clint

"Nothing's News"

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Spent my lifetime wishing waitress would come 'round
Telling jokes shootin' pool on the other side of town
When the whistle blows at five o'clock
There's only one place I'll be found
Down at Ernie's Ice House lifting long necks
To that good 'ol country sound

And talking 'bout the good 'ol times
Now I'm talking 'bout the good 'ol times
Talking 'bout the good 'ol times

Bragging on how I used to be
But I've worn out the same old lines
And now it seems nothing's news to me

There's nothing like a steel guitar crying in the night
Nothing like a sawdust floor and a good 'ol friendly
fight
I'd finally find my way back home and you'd patch up
my face
But that was another time and another place
And talking 'bout the good 'ol times
Now I'm talking 'bout the good 'ol times
Talking 'bout the good 'ol times

I wonder how I came to be the know it all I am
And how the world ever got used to me

And talking 'bout the good 'ol times
Now I'm talking 'bout the good 'ol times
Talking 'bout the good 'ol times

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