

# John Hiatt "Old Days"

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He was drinkin' that milk  
With that Dewar's Whiskey  
Said John,  
There's nothin'  
Written anywhere  
Suggests the blues  
Will set you free  
Old days  
Are comin' back to me

I was ridin'  
In the back seat,  
With Sonny Terry  
Little harmonica player  
Used to drive him around  
I think his name was Harry  
Tried to get him to eat tofu,  
Raw vegetables, nuts,  
And berries  
But Sonny  
Wasn't havin' any of it

He let me share a room with 'em  
For a couple of weeks  
Sonny slept with his good eye  
Open staring out  
From under the sheets  
I was young and uncomfortable  
I don't mind tellin' ya  
Kinda gave me the creeps  
Old days  
Are comin' back to me

Old days  
Are comin' back to me  
Don't know what was  
So good about 'em  
I played practically free  
I had nothin'  
To live up to  
Everywhere to be  
Old days

Are comin' back to me

On some dates  
With Mose Allison  
Somewhere out in the Midwest  
Said some of my lyrics  
Reminded him  
Of the poet Kenneth Patchen  
I took it as a compliment  
He was referring to the line  
About wearin' neon signs  
On your wounds  
Later on  
I knew what he meant  
Old days  
Are comin' back to me

On a date  
With John Lee Hooker  
At a packed  
Joint up in Washington  
He came in  
With a gorgeous woman  
On each arm  
As I was singing my song  
Walked 'em right up  
And sat 'em  
On the edge of the stage  
As I went singing along  
And that's called  
"evenin' son,  
I'm the headliner"

Old days  
Are comin' back to me  
I don't know what was  
So great about 'em  
I played practically free  
But I had nothing  
To live up to  
And everywhere to be  
Old days  
Are comin' back to me

Played a gig  
With John Hammond Jr.  
Up in Vancouver BC  
Exotic dancer came  
In my dressing room,  
Started dancing exotically  
They were smoking something

In the audience that night,  
Smelled exactly like cat pee  
Old days are comin' back to me

Opened up a gig  
For Gatemouth Brown  
Down in Baton Rouge  
He was playing  
That Hillbilly, Jazz,  
Cajun, Country  
Zydeco, and Blues  
Throwin' it  
Out past the walls  
Like some kind  
Of musical centrifuge  
Old days  
Are comin' back to me

Old days  
Are comin' back to me

I don't know what was  
So good about 'em  
I played practically free  
But I had nothin'  
To live up to  
Everywhere to be  
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