

## **Cya "Old Stuff"**

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Oh I said a little prayer tonight  
Before I came on stage  
As I came walkin' past the drivers  
And the locals on the union wage  
I asked the good Lord up in heaven  
Let me treat the music right  
Then I prayed that Detroit  
Goes wild tonight

Seven pickers and all our gear in a rental van  
Playin' music never sleepin' and workin' on a neon tan  
We played The Barn down in Sanford Florida  
For Bev Roberts out in Camden Park  
We plugged it in up east at Bull Run  
And the place went dark

Back when the old stuff was new  
Back before the buses and the  
Hard workin' boys in the crew  
asIt was one big party  
But the business called it payin' our dues  
Back when the old stuff was new

Oh the stories we could tell  
If it weren't for the code of the road  
About The Buckboard, Bear Creek, Cowboys, and the  
Grizzly Rose  
You know the weather turned bad in Scottsdale  
A tornado nearly stole the show  
We just danced in the rain and listened to the thunder  
roll

Back when the old stuff was new  
Hats off to the K.C. Opry and eIIA GURU'S  
It was one big party  
Uncle Joe you know we owe it to you  
Back when the old stuff was new

No rules young fools comin' from the old school  
Takin' on the world alone  
Next date can't wait tearin' up the interstate  
Every place we played was home

Balls out no doubt this is what it's all about  
Beggin' for a place to play  
Swingin' with our low friends  
Prayin' that it never ends  
Wouldn't trade a single day

Back when the old stuff was new  
Back before the buses and the  
Hard workin' boys in the crew  
It was one big party  
But the paper's called it payin' our dues  
Back when the old stuff was new

Hey it's still one big party  
You can call it whatever you choose  
You make me feel like the old stuff is new

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