

## Stewart Rod

### "Muddy, Sam, And Otis"

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Thanks to manhattanminstrel19@hotmail.com for these lyrics.

Oh, yeah, 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  
shining 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 Hootchie Cootchie 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 playing every forty-five  
Trying to sound like you  
Strummed my guitar in bed 'til my fingers bled  
Trying to play like you

(Chorus)  
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 sun "These Arms Of Mine"  
But the angels needed a soul man

For their celestial blues band  
And took him home

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus-2) 2x  
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 you gave

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

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