

Back in '72

Bob Seger

Went out in Norfork, hung on a short short
Livin' with a bottle of wine
With music ladies and burned out babies
I was tryin' to write a couple of lines

Sherriff Gribbs with his grim ad libs
Spoutin' about the crime in the street
And women were screamin' and some was dreamin'
'Bout the crimes between the sheets

You know that music died, hurt my pride
But somehow I pulled through, back in '72
Somehow we made it to Baton Rouge
We stayed inside for a week
We weren't in town for no Mardi Gras
So we decided to sleep
Houston, yes, was a good old guest
Lord knows how bad we wanted to play
But we got homesick for Lincoln Park, imagine
And man we just couldn't stay

Tricky Dick, he played it slick
Something I was afraid he'd do, back in '72
Then all the new born philosophers
Are windows for the world
Then some mystic psuedo-intellectual
Avant-garde-ish world
Takin' notes on that ?
That got me down on the scene
It was so hip to be negative
So square to try and believe

When the waters cleared, it was what we feared
We learned nothin' new,
Back in '72