

Come Back Muddy

Buddy Guy

My mind is going back
To the good old times
When me and Muddy Waters
Was playing blues and drinking wine
Come back Muddy
Man I sure do miss your face
Come back Muddy
Lord knows you can't be replaced

We used to ride around
In your big Cadillac
Reefer in the glove box
Whiskey in the sack
I say Come back Muddy
Man I sure wanna hear your voice
Come back Muddy
Let's make up some of that old nasty noise

Lord I don't need no picture
I can see you still
Carrying a switchblade knife
Flashing those hundred dollar bills
I said come back Muddy
I miss those good old days
Come back Muddy
The blues ain't been the same
Give you my promise
That I'm gonna keep on playing