

That Old Time Feeling

Darrell Scott

And that old time feelin' goes sneakin' down the hall, Like an old gray cat in winter, keepin' close to the wall. And that old time feelin' comes stumblin' up the street, Like an old salesman kickin' the papers from his feet.

And that old time feelin' draws circles around the block, Like old women with no children, holdin' hands with the clock. And that old time feelin' fall on its face in the park, Like an old wino prayin' he can make it 'till it's dark.

And that old time feelin' comes and goes in the rain, Like an old man with his checkers, dyin' to find a game. And that old time feelin' plays for beer in bars, Like an old blues-time picker who don't recall who you are.

And that old time feelin' limps through the night on a crutch, Like an old soldier wonderin' if he's paid too much. And that old time feelin' rocks and spits and cries, Like an old lover remembering the girl with the clear blue eyes.