

That Old Time Feeling

David Allan Coe

That old time feelin'
Goes sneekin' the hall
Like an old grey tomcat in winter
Keeping his back to the wall

That old time feelin'
Goes stumbling up the street
Like an old salesman kickin'
Papers away from his feet

That old time feelin'
Draws circles around the block
Like a woman with any children
Holding hands with the clock

That old time feelin'
Falls on its face in a park
Like an old wino wonderin'
If hell make it till it gets dark

That old time feelin'
Comes and goes in the rain
Like an old man with his checkers
Dying to find him a game

That old time fellin'
Plays for beer in a bar
Like an old blues time picker
Who don't recall who you are

That old time fellin'
Limps through the light on a crutch
Like an old soldier a wonderin'
If he's paid too much

That old time feelin'
Rocks and spits and cries
Like an old lover rememberin'
The girl with the clear blue eyes

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