

That Old Time Feeling

Steve Earle

And that old time feeling goes sneaking down the hall
Like an old gray cat in winter, keeping close to the wall
And that old time feeling comes stumbling down the street
Like an old salesman kicking the papers from his feet

And that old time feeling draws circles around the block
Like old women with no children, holding hands with the clock
And that old time feeling falls on it's face in the park
Like an old wino praying and he can make it until it's dark

And that old time feeling comes and goes in the rain
Like an old man with his checkers, he's dying to find a game
That old time feeling plays for beer in bars
Like an old blues time picker who don't recall who you are

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

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