

# Rock Back Billy

John Hiatt

Get a load of that guy  
With the dew rag on  
And the cowboy tie  
Man that cat is gone

Form Memphis to Nashville  
Then way out west  
Put that Hollywood party  
To the acid test

Got a little bungalow  
In the valley somewhere  
Took a gig playing bass  
With Sonny and Cher  
He took it on his chin  
And never got it off his chest  
He wouldn't be caught dead wearing that vest

Not rock back Billy  
Rock back Billy

He came to make a stew  
With that swamp guitar  
He kept it lonesome and blue  
Yeah, in the trunk of his car

But no one gave him a long shot  
Though he never did doubt  
What it was not  
Or what it was all about

He got all tangled up with liquor and drugs  
Trying to make a racket  
Like those English mugs

Till he couldn't get arrested  
And he couldn't see straight  
He couldn't even shine shoes  
In that Golden State

Not rock back Billy  
Come on rock back Billy

When you see him on the street  
Well, he's no spring chicken  
But ask him how he makes ends meet  
He'll tell you,