

# Garth Brooks, The Old Stuff

Well I said a little prayer tonight 'fore I came on stage  
As I came walkin' past the drivers and the locals on the union wage  
I asked the good Lord up in Heaven  
Let me treat the music right  
And then I prayed that Detroit goes wild tonight

Seven pickers and all our gear in a rental van  
Playin' music, never sleepin', and a-workin' on the neon tan  
We played the barn down in Sanford, Florida  
For Bev Roberts out in Camden Park  
We plugged it in out east at Bull Run and the place went dark

Back when the old stuff was new  
Back before the busses and the hard workin' boys in the crew  
Well it was one big party but the papers called it payin' our dues  
Back when the old stuff was new

Oh the stories we could tell if it weren't for the code of the road  
About the Buckboard, Bear Creek, Cowboys, and the Grizzly Rose  
You know the weather turned bad in Scottsdale  
A tornado nearly stole the show  
But we just danced in the rain and listened to the thunder roll

Back when the old stuff was new  
Hats off to the KC Opry and Ella Guru's  
Well it was one big party Uncle Joe, you know we owe it to you  
Back when the old stuff was new

No rules, young fools comin' from the old school  
Takin' on the world alone  
Next date, can't wait, tearin' up the interstate  
Every place we played was home  
Balls out, no doubt, this is what's it's all about  
Beggin' for a place to play  
Swingin' with our low friends, prayin' that it never ends  
Wouldn't trade a single day

Back when the old stuff was new  
Back before the busses and the hard workin' boys in the crew  
It was one big party but the papers called it payin' our dues  
Back when the old stuff was new

Hey it's still one big party, you can call it whatever you choose  
You make me feel like the old stuff is new