

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