

# Bob Seger, Back In '72

Words and music by bob seger

Went out in norfolk hung on a short short

Livin' with a bottle of wine

To music, ladies and burned out babies

I was tryin' to write a couple of lines

Sherriff gribbs with his grim ad libs

Spoutin' 'bout the crime in the streets

And women were screamin' and some were dreamin'

'bout the crowd between the sheets

You know that music died, hurt my pride

Somehow I got through, back in '72

Somehow we made it to baton rouge

We stayed inside for a week

We weren't in town for no mardi gras

So we decided to sleep

Houston, yes, was a good old guest

Tho knows how bad we wanted to play

But we got homesick for lincoln park

(imagine that) and then we just couldn't stay

Tricky dick, he played it slick

Something I was afraid he'd do

Back in '72 , oh, '72

Then all our new born philosophers

Out went to alert the world

Then some psuedo-intellectuals

Even got it unfurled

Takin' notes on that harvard course

And got me on a bottle of seed

It was so hip to be negative

So square to try and leave

When the waters cleared, it was what we feared

We learned nothin' new,

Back in '72

'72

'72

In '72

Back in '72

Back in '72 back in '72,...