

# John Hiatt, Rock Back Billy

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, &quot;I'm still pickin'&quot;

Aw, rock it, Billy, rock it

Yeah they counted him down  
When they dropped that beat  
But that red hot sound  
They could not defeat

It started coming back from Boston  
From East L.A.  
Down in Austin, Texas  
And up New York way

And as long as there's a kid  
In a room somewhere  
With a beat up guitar  
And some funny looking hair  
Well, it might be Billy's kid

You don't know

And all I've got to say is

Go, cat, go

Come on rock back Billy

Come on rock back Billy

Rock back Billy