

## Rock Back Billy

D7

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

G

Got a little bungalow  
C D G  
In the valley somewhere

C

Took a gig playing bass  
D G

With Sonny and Cher

C

He took it on his chin

D

G

And never got it off his chest

C

A

D7

He wouldn't be caught dead wearing that vest

D

C/D

Not rock back Billy

D7

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

G Em  
When you see him on the street  
D  
Well, he's no spring chicken  
G Em  
But ask him how he makes ends meet  
A  
He'll tell you, "I'm still pickin'"

A7 D7  
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