

Muddy, Sam and Otis

Rod Stewart

Oh, yeah, I know, I know, I know

I remember
When I was only seventeen
The bohemian poet
And disciple of the streets
Or was I just a little kid
Searching for identity in '63

Heard it on the radio
On a cold December night
It came burning down the air waves
Like a savior's shinin' light
All the way from the U.S.A.
Across the Atlantic far away
The magic came

The house began to rock
With Cupid and his bow
The hootchy kootchy man's
Lonely harp began to blow
Little did I know that
nothing in my life
Would ever be the same

Stayed up all night
Playin' every 45
Tryin' to sound like you
Strummed my guitar in bed
Till my fingers bled
Tryin' to play like you

Thank you, Sam, thank you, Otis
Thank you Muddy
For the sounds you made
Thank you, Sam, thank you, Otis
Thank you, Muddy
For the times we shared
And they carry on

I saw Otis back in 1965
Tears in my eyes
As he sung "These Arms Of mine"
But angels needed a soul man
For the celestial blues band
They took him home (took you home)

Oh, what I'd give to see
That red mohair suit and hear
"Dock Of The Bay"
Or Sam in his two tone
Singin' "Bring It On Back Home"
What a show that would be

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If I sound sentimental
It's because this blue-eyed soul boys
Got so much respect
My gratitude to you
Runs deep, proud and true
I will never forget

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Thank you, Sam, thank you, Sam
Thank you, Otis, thank you, Muddy
You'll never, never fade away ...