

# Come Back Muddy

Buddy Guy

My mind is going back  
To the good old times  
When me and Muddy Waters  
Was playing blues and drinking wine  
Come back Muddy  
Man I sure do miss your face  
Come back Muddy  
Lord knows you can't be replaced We used to ride around  
In your big Cadillac  
Reefer in the glove box  
Whiskey in the sack  
I say Come back Muddy  
Man I sure wanna hear your voice  
Come back Muddy  
Let's make up some of that old nasty noise  
Lord I don't need no picture  
I can see you still  
Carrying a switchblade knife  
Flashing those hundred dollar bills  
I said come back Muddy  
I miss those good old days  
Come back Muddy  
The blues ain't been the same  
Give you my promise  
That I'm gonna keep on playing

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