Rod Stewart, Muddy, Sam And Otis

(Rod Stewart/Kevin Savigar)

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

I remember When I was only seventeen The bohemian poet And dosciple 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

(1) 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

[Repeat (1)]

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

(2) 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 you gave

[Repeat (2)] Thank you, Sam, thank you, Sam Thank you, Otis, thank you, Muddy You'll never, never fade away ...