

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

ED "PUNCH" ANDREWS, MANAGER AND CO-PRODUCER FOR 29 YEARS

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JULIE SHERR, OFFICE MANAGER, 20 YEARS

ALTO REED, SAXOPHONES, 18 YEARS

JOHN RAPP, SECURITY, TECHNICAL ASSISTANT, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (RECORDING), 17 YEARS

SHAUN MURPHY, HARMONY AND BACKING VOCALS, 16 YEARS

JAY "HOT SAM" BARTH, LIVE SOUND MIXING, 15 YEARS

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WALLY MEYERWITZ, BOOKING AGENT, 10 YEARS

DAVID COLE, ENGINEER AND CO-PRODUCER, 9 YEARS

ROBYN ROBBINS, KEYBOARDS, 8 YEARS

BORRY PAUL, LIGHTING DIRECTOR, 8 YEARS

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DAVID TEEGARDEN, DRUMS, 6 YEARS

MIKE BOILA, PUBLISHING, 6 YEARS

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CHARLIE ALLEN MARTIN, DRUMMER, 4 YEARS

THE MUSCLE SHOALS RHYTHM SECTION!

BARRY BECKETT - KEYBOARDS

PETE CARR - LEAD GUITAR

JIMMIE JOHNSON - RHYTHM GUITAR

DAVID HOOD - BASS

ROGER HAWKINS - DRUMS

ADDITIONALLY, MANY THANKS TO!

RUSS KUNKEL - DRUMS

BILLY PAYNE - PIANO AND OTHER KEYBOARDS

ROY BITTAN - PIANO

WADDY WACHTEL - GUITAR

BOB GLAUB - BASS

RICK VITO - GUITAR

A SPECIAL THANKS TO THE CAPITOL RECORDS FAMILY, BOTH PAST AND PRESENT.

AND, OF COURSE, TO ALL OUR MUCH APPRECIATED FANS, THANK YOU.

MASTERED BY WALLY TRAUBOTT AT TOWER MASTERING - CAPITOL RECORDS

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**Bob Seger**  
& THE SILVER BULLET BAND

G R E A T E S T   H I T S



## ROLL ME AWAY

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY JIMMY IOVINE  
ENGINEERED BY SHELLY YAKUS  
MIXED BY GREG EDWARD, PUNCH AND BOB SEGER

BOB SEGER - VOCAL  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
CRAIG FROST - ORGAN  
RUSS KUNKEL - DRUMS  
ROY BITTAN - PIANO  
WADDY WACHTEL - GUITAR  
BOBBYE HALL - PERCUSSION  
MICHAEL BODDICKER - SYNTHESIZERS  
RECORDED AT STUDIO 55, HOLLYWOOD,  
CALIFORNIA

.....  
*This song always started out full throttle but one time between takes piano player Roy Bittan and drummer Russ Kunkel began playing the intro in a far more subtle and subdued manner. Everyone then followed and fell in, including me, singing live. Ordinarily, we never have the tape machine recording between takes but producer Jimmy Iovine and engineer Shelly Yakus had astutely left it on. When we listened back, we loved it and it quickly became the final version.*  
.....

Took a look down a westbound road, right away  
I made my choice  
Headed out to my big two-wheeler, I was tired of my  
own voice  
Took a bead on the northern plains and just rolled  
that power on

Twelve hours out of Mackinaw City stopped in a bar  
to have a brew  
Met a girl and we had a few drinks and I told her  
what I'd decided to do  
She looked out the window a long long moment then  
she looked into my eyes  
She didn't have to say a thing, I knew what she was  
thinkin'

Roll, roll me away, won't you roll me away tonight  
I too am lost, I feel double-crossed and I'm sick of  
what's wrong and what's right  
We never even said a word, we just walked out  
and got on that bike

And we rolled  
And we rolled clean out of sight

We rolled across the high plains  
Deep into the mountains  
Felt so good to me  
Finally feelin' free

Somewhere along a high road  
The air began to turn cold  
She said she missed her home  
I headed on alone

Stood alone on a mountain top, starin' out at the  
Great Divide  
I could go east, I could go west, it was all up to  
me to decide  
Just then I saw a young hawk flyin' and my soul  
began to rise  
And pretty soon  
My heart was singin'

Roll, roll me away, I'm gonna roll me away tonight  
Gotta keep rollin', gotta keep ridin', keep searchin'  
till I find what's right  
And as the sunset faded I spoke to the faintest  
first starlight  
And I said next time  
Next time  
We'll get it right

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## NIGHT MOVES

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY JACK RICHARDSON AND BOB SEGER  
ENGINEERED BY BRIAN CHRISTIAN  
MIXED BY JIM BRUZZESE

BOB SEGER - VOCALS, ACOUSTIC GUITARS  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
CHARLIE ALLEN MARTIN - DRUMS  
DOUG RILEY - PIANO, ORGAN  
JOE MIGUELON - ELECTRIC GUITAR  
SHARON DEE WILLIAMS, RHONDA SILVER,  
LAUREN WARD - BACKING VOCALS  
RECORDED AT NIMBUS NINE STUDIOS,  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

.....  
*It was 2:00 am and our guitar player Drew Abbott  
and sax player Alto Reed had already left the studio*



Bob & Cole Seger

for the drive back to Detroit. With bass player Chris Campbell, drummer Charlie Martin and me, playing acoustic guitar, we recorded it. I think we did five takes. The next day we added a local guitar player and piano player and then some female singers from Montréal who happened to be in town. When people ask "Do you know when you've written a hit?" the usual answer is no. This song was an exception.

.....  
I was a little too tall  
Could've used a few pounds  
Tight pants points hardly reknown  
She was a black-haired beauty with big dark eyes  
And points all her own sitting way up high  
Way up firm and high

Out past the cornfields where the woods got heavy  
Out in the back seat of my '60 Chevy  
Workin' on mysteries without any clues  
Workin' on our night moves  
Tryin' to make some front page drive-in news  
Workin' on our night moves  
In the summertime  
In the sweet summertime

We weren't in love, oh no, far from it  
We weren't searchin' for some pie in the sky summit  
We were just young and restless and bored  
Livin' by the sword  
And we'd steal away every chance we could  
To the backroom, to the alley or the trusty woods  
I used her, she used me  
But neither one cared  
We were gettin' our share  
Workin' on our night moves  
Tryin' to lose the awkward teenage blues  
Workin' on our night moves  
And it was summertime

And oh the wonder  
We felt the lightning  
And we waited on the thunder  
Waited on the thunder

I awoke last night to the sound of thunder  
How far off I sat and wondered

Started humming a song from 1962  
Ain't it funny how the night moves  
When you just don't seem to have as much to lose  
Strange how the night moves  
With autumn closing in

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## TURN THE PAGE

WRITTEN BY BOB SEDER  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEDER AND PUNCH  
ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY JIM BRUZZESE

BOB SEDER - VOCAL, ELECTRIC PIANO  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
ALTO REED - SAXOPHONE  
DREW ABBOTT - GUITAR  
CHARLIE ALLEN MARTIN - DRUMS  
ROBYN ROBBINS - HELLOTRON  
RECORDED LIVE AT COBO HALL,  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

.....  
Our first headline shows ever in a large (twelve thousand seat) hall were the two shows at Cobo Arena, September 4th and 5th, 1975. I remember while I was singing this how nice it was to have such good on-stage monitors.

I had never heard my voice so well while performing.

.....  
On a long and lonesome highway east of Omaha  
You can listen to the engine moanin' out his  
one note song  
You can think about the woman or the girl you knew  
the night before  
But your thoughts will soon be wandering the way  
they always do  
When you're ridin' sixteen hours and there's nothin'  
much to do  
And you don't feel much like ridin', you just wish the  
trip was through

Here I am  
On the road again  
There I am  
Up on the stage  
Here I go  
Playin' star again  
There I go  
Turn the page



Matthew & Craig Frost

Well you walk into a restaurant, strung out from  
the road  
And you feel the eyes upon you as you're shakin'  
off the cold  
You pretend it doesn't bother you but you just want  
to explode  
Most times you can't hear 'em talk, other times  
you can  
All the same old clichés, "Is that a woman or a man?"  
And you always seem outnumbered, you don't dare  
make a stand

Here I am  
On the road again  
There I am  
Up on the stage  
Here I go  
Playin' star again  
There I go  
Turn the page

Out there in the spotlight you're a million miles away  
Every ounce of energy you try to give away  
As the sweat pours out your body like the music that  
you play  
Later in the evening as you lie awake in bed  
With the echoes from the amplifiers ringin' in  
your head  
You smoke the day's last cigarette, rememberin'  
what she said

Here I am  
On the road again  
There I am  
Up on the stage  
Here I go  
Playin' star again  
There I go  
Turn the page

Here I am  
On the road again  
There I am  
Up on the stage  
Here I go  
Playin' star again  
There I go  
There I go

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## You'll Accomp'ny Me

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH  
ENGINEERED BY JOHN ARRIAS  
MIXED BY JOHN ARRIAS, BOB SEGER  
AND PUNCH

BOB SEGER - VOCAL, ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
DAVID TEEDGARDEN - DRUMS  
BILL PAYNE - PIANO, SYNTHESIZER, ORGAN  
SAM CLAYTON - PERCUSSION  
LAURA GREASER, LINDA DILLARD,  
GINGER BLAKE - BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT CRITERIA STUDIOS,  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

.....  
*This again was one of those rare times when our bass  
player Chris, our drummer David Teegarden, and  
I were alone in the studio. Like Night Moves, I played  
acoustic guitar and much later we added Bill Payne  
on keyboards and the female background singers.*

.....  
A gypsy wind is blowing warm tonight  
The sky is starlit and the time is right  
And still you're tellin' me you have to go  
Before you leave there's something you should know  
Yeah something you should know babe

I've seen you smiling in the summer sun  
I've seen your long hair flying when you run  
I've made my mind up that it's meant to be  
Someday lady you'll accomp'ny me

Someday lady you'll accomp'ny me  
Out where the rivers meet the sounding sea  
You're high above me now, you're wild and free ah but  
Someday lady you'll accomp'ny me  
Someday lady you'll accomp'ny me

Some people say that love's a losin' game  
You start with fire but you lose the flame  
The ashes smolder but the warmth's soon gone  
You end up cold and lonely on your own

I'll take my chances babe I'll risk it all  
I'll win your love or I'll take the fall  
I've made my mind up girl it's meant to be  
Someday lady you'll accomp'ny me  
Someday lady you'll accomp'ny me



Chelsea, Alto & Victoria Reed

It's written down somewhere, it's got to be  
You're high above me flyin' wild and free  
Oh but someday lady you'll accomp'ny me  
Someday lady you'll accomp'ny me

Someday lady you'll accomp'ny me  
Out where the rivers meet the sounding sea  
I feel it in my soul, it's meant to be  
Oh someday lady you'll accomp'ny me  
Someday lady you'll accomp'ny me

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## HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH  
ENGINEERED BY JOHN ARRIAS  
MIXED BY JOHN ARRIAS, BOB SEGER  
AND PUNCH

BOB SEGER - VOCAL, GUITARS  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
DAVID TEEGARDEN - DRUMS, PERCUSSION  
BILL PAYNE - PIANO, ORGAN  
JULIE WATERS, MAXINE WATERS, LUTHER  
WATERS, OREN WATERS - BACKING VOCALS  
RECORDED AT CHEROKEE STUDIOS,  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

.....  
*The chorus to this song came into my head one night in 1977 as I was driving through the Hollywood Hills. Our drummer, David Teegarden, played an entire set of drums as we recorded and overdubbed another entire set of drums playing a different pattern. In other words, there's two sets of everything: snare, kick drum, hi-hat, etc. Billy Payne (of Little Feat) sat in with us for the first time and played the last two instruments, piano and organ. When he was done, he asked for a tape to listen to on the way home. He called me the next day and said while he'd been listening, he looked down and found himself going 100 miles an hour on the freeway.*  
.....

She stood there bright as the sun on that California coast  
He was a midwestern boy on his own  
She looked at him with those soft eyes, so innocent and blue  
He knew right then he was too far from home

He was too far from home

She took his hand and she led him along that golden beach  
They watched the waves tumble over the sand  
They drove for miles and miles up those twisting turning roads  
Higher and higher and higher they climbed

And those Hollywood nights  
In those Hollywood hills  
She was looking so right  
In her diamonds and frills  
All those big city nights  
In those high rolling hills  
Above all the lights  
She had all of the skills

He'd headed west 'cause he felt that a change would do him good  
See some old friends, good for the soul  
She had been born with a face that would let her get her way  
He saw that face and he lost all control  
He had lost all control

Night after night, day after day, it went on and on  
Then came that morning he woke up alone  
He spent all night staring down at the lights of LA  
Wondering if he could ever go home

And those Hollywood nights  
In those Hollywood hills  
It was looking so right  
It was giving him chills  
In those big city nights  
In those high rolling hills  
Above all the lights  
With a passion that kills

In those Hollywood nights  
In those Hollywood hills  
She was looking so right  
In her diamonds and frills  
All those big city lights  
In those high rolling hills



*Chris & Alexandra Campbell*

Above all the lights  
She had all of the skills

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## STILL THE SAME

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH  
ENGINEERED BY JOHN ARRIAS  
MIXED BY JOHN ARRIAS, BOB SEGER  
AND PUNCH

BOB SEGER - VOCAL, PIANO, ACOUSTIC GUITARS  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
DAVID TEEGARDEN - DRUMS, PERCUSSION  
ROBYN ROBBINS - ORGAN  
VENETTA FIELDS, CLYDIE KING,  
SHIRLEY MATHEWS - BACKING VOCALS  
RECORDED AT CRITERIA STUDIOS,  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

.....  
*It was just Chris Campbell, David Teegarden, and me in the studio when we cut this. People have asked me for years who it's about. It's an amalgamation of characters I met when I first went to Hollywood. All "Type A" personalities: overachieving, driven.*

.....  
You always won, everytime you placed a bet  
You're still damn good, no one's gotten to you yet  
Everytime they were sure they had you caught  
You were quicker than they thought  
You'd just turn your back and walk

.....  
You always said, the cards would never do you wrong  
The trick you said was never play the game too long  
A gambler's share, the only risk that you would take  
The only loss you could forsake  
The only bluff you couldn't fake

.....  
And you're still the same  
I caught up with you yesterday  
Moving game to game  
No one standing in your way  
Turning on the charm  
Long enough to get you by  
You're still the same  
You still aim high

.....  
There you stood, everybody watched you play  
I just turned and walked away

I had nothing left to say

'Cause you're still the same  
You're still the same  
Moving game to game  
Some things never change  
You're still the same

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## OLD TIME ROCK & ROLL

WRITTEN BY GEORGE JACKSON  
AND THOMAS EARL JONES III  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND  
THE MUSCLE SHOALS RHYTHM SECTION  
ENGINEERED BY GREG HAMM  
MIXED BY JOHN ARRIAS, BOB SEGER  
AND PUNCH

BOB SEGER - VOCAL  
ALTO REED - SAXOPHONE  
RANDY MCCORMICK - PIANO  
KEN BELL - GUITAR  
HOWIE McDONALD - GUITAR  
DAVID HODD - BASS  
ROGER HAWKINS - DRUMS, PERCUSSION  
JAMES LAYELL EASLEY, STANLEY CARTER,  
GEORGE JACKSON - BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT MUSCLE SHOALS SOUND STUDIOS,  
SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA

.....  
*This track was sent to me by the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section from Alabama as a demo with a different singer. I rewrote the verses but asked for no writing credit (I wish I had). Next to Patsy Cline's "Crazy", it's the most popular juke box single of all time.*

.....  
Just take those old records off the shelf  
I'll sit and listen to 'em by myself  
Today's music ain't got the same soul  
I like that old time rock 'n' roll  
Don't try to take me to a disco  
You'll never even get me out on the floor  
In ten minutes I'll be late for the door  
I like that old time rock 'n' roll

.....  
Still like that old time rock 'n' roll  
That kind of music just soothes the soul  
I reminisce about the days of old  
With that old time rock 'n' roll

.....  
I want you to hear them play a tango  
I'd rather hear some blues or funky old soul  
There's only one sure way to get me to go  
Start playing old time rock 'n' roll  
Call me a relic, call me what you will  
Say I'm old-fashioned, say I'm over the hill  
Today's music ain't got the same soul  
I like that old time rock 'n' roll

.....  
Still like that old time rock 'n' roll  
That kind of music just soothes the soul  
I reminisce about the days of old  
With that old time rock 'n' roll

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## WE'VE GOT TONIGHT

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND THE MUSCLE  
SHOALS RHYTHM SECTION  
ENGINEERED BY STEVE MELTON  
MIXED BY JOHN ARRIAS, BOB SEGER  
AND PUNCH

BOB SEGER - VOCAL  
BARRY BECKETT - KEYBOARDS  
PETE CARR - LEAD GUITAR  
JIMMIE JOHNSON - RHYTHM GUITAR  
DAVID HODD - BASS  
ROGER HAWKINS - DRUMS, PERCUSSION  
VENETTA FIELDS, CLYDIE KING,  
SHIRLEY MATHEWS - BACKING VOCALS  
STRINGS ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED  
BY JIM ED NORMAN  
RECORDED AT MUSCLE SHOALS SOUND  
STUDIOS, SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA

.....  
*The original title of the song was "This Old House" and it was about rock and roll music. I loved the chords and rewrote the lyric after I saw Robert Redford in "The Sting" say to a waitress "It's four in the morning and I don't know nobody."*

.....  
I know it's late, I know you're weary  
I know your plans don't include me  
Still here we are, both of us lonely  
Longing for shelter from all that we see  
Why should we worry, no one will care girl  
Look at the stars so far away  
We've got tonight, who needs tomorrow?  
We've got tonight babe

Why don't you stay?

.....  
Deep in my soul, I've been so lonely  
All of my hopes, fading away  
I've longed for love, like everyone else does  
I know I'll keep searching, even after today  
So there it is girl, I've said it all now  
And here we are babe, what do you say?  
We've got tonight, who needs tomorrow?  
We've got tonight babe  
Why don't you stay?

.....  
I know it's late, I know you're weary  
I know your plans don't include me  
Still here we are, both of us lonely  
Both of us lonely

.....  
We've got tonight, who needs tomorrow?  
Let's make it last, let's find a way  
Turn out the light, come take my hand now  
We've got tonight babe  
Why don't you stay?  
Why don't you stay?

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## AGAINST THE WIND

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY BILL SZYMZYK  
ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY BILL SZYMZYK

BOB SEGER - VOCAL, ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
DAVID TEEGARDEN - DRUMS  
DREW ABBOTT - ELECTRIC GUITAR  
PAUL HARRIS - PIANO, ORGAN  
BOB SEGER, GLENN FREY - BACKING VOCALS  
RECORDED AT BAYSHORE STUDIOS,  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

.....  
*My old friend, Glenn Frey of the Eagles, had an idea that our guitarist Drew Abbott should play along with the piano solo. He and I then went out and did the background vocals together. The line "Wish I didn't know now what I didn't know then" bothered me for the longest time but everyone I knew loved it so I left it in. It has since appeared in several hits by other artists, so I guess it's o.k.*

It seems like yesterday

But it was long ago  
Janey was lovely, she was the queen of my nights  
There in the darkness with the radio playing low  
And the secrets that we shared  
The mountains that we moved  
Caught like a wildfire out of control  
Till there was nothing left to burn and nothing  
left to prove  
And I remember what she said to me  
How she swore that it never would end  
I remember how she held me oh so tight  
Wish I didn't know now what I didn't know then

Against the wind  
We were runnin' against the wind  
We were young and strong, we were runnin'  
against the wind

And the years rolled slowly past  
And I found myself alone  
Surrounded by strangers I thought were my friends  
I found myself further and further from my home  
And I guess I lost my way  
There were oh so many roads  
I was living to run and running to live  
Never worried about paying or even how  
much I owed  
Moving eight miles a minute for months at a time  
Breaking all of the rules that would bend  
I began to find myself searching  
Searching for shelter again and again

Against the wind  
A little something against the wind  
I found myself seeking shelter against the wind

Well those drifters days are past me now  
I've got so much more to think about  
Deadlines and commitments  
What to leave in, what to leave out

Against the wind  
I'm still runnin' against the wind  
I'm older now but still runnin' against the wind  
Well I'm older now and still runnin'  
Against the wind

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## MAIN STREET

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND THE  
MUSCLE SHIGALS RHYTHM SECTION  
ENGINEERED BY JERRY MASTERS  
AND STEVE MELTON  
MIXED BY JIM BRUZZESE  
BOB SEGER - VOCAL  
BARRY BECKETT - KEYBOARDS  
PETE CARR - LEAD AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
JIMMIE JOHNSON - RHYTHM GUITAR  
DAVID HODD - BASS  
ROBER HAWKINS - DRUMS, PERCUSSION  
RECORDED AT MUSCLE SHIGALS SOUND  
STUDIOS, SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA

.....  
*Many people have asked me what street I'm talking  
about in this song. It's actually Ann Street, just off Main  
Street in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I grew up and  
went to school. There was a pool hall (I can't remember  
the name) where they had girls dancing in the window  
and R & B bands playing on the weekends.*

.....  
I remember standing on the corner at midnight  
Trying to get my courage up  
There was this long lovely dancer in a little  
club downtown  
I loved to watch her do her stuff  
Through the long lonely nights she filled my sleep  
Her body softly swaying to that smoky beat  
Down on Mainstreet

In the pool halls, the hustlers and the losers  
I used to watch 'em through the glass  
Well I'd stand outside at closing time  
Just to watch her walk on past  
Unlike all the other ladies, she looked so  
young and sweet  
As she made her way alone down that empty street  
Down on Mainstreet

And sometimes even now, when I'm feeling lonely  
and beat  
I drift back in time and I find my feet  
Down on Mainstreet  
Down on Mainstreet

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## THE FIRE INSIDE

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH  
ENGINEERED BY THOM PANUNZIO  
MIXED BY DAVID COLE, BOB SEGER  
AND PUNCH  
BOB SEGER - VOCAL  
ROY BITTAN - PIANO  
STEVE LUKATHER - ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
JAI WINDING - ORGAN  
BOB GLAUS - BASS  
RUSS KUNKEL - DRUMS  
RECORDED AT A & M STUDIOS,  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

.....  
*I rewrote this song so many times, I can't remember  
the original lyric. Oddly, for me, I kept rewriting the  
first verse. I've never done that before or since.*

.....  
There's a hard moon risin' on the streets tonight  
There's a reckless feeling in your heart as you head  
out tonight  
Through the concrete canyons to the midtown lights  
Where the latest neon promises are burning bright

Past the open windows on the darker streets  
Where unseen angry voices flash and children cry  
Past the phony posters with their worn out lines  
The tired new money dressed to the nines  
The low life dealers with their bad designs  
And the dilettantes with their open minds

You're out on the town, safe in the crowd  
Ready to go for the ride  
Searching the eyes, looking for clues  
There's no way you can hide  
The fire inside

Well you've been to the clubs and the discotheques  
Where they deal one another from the bottom of a  
deck of promises  
Where the cautious loners and emotional wrecks  
Do an acting stretch as a way to hide the obvious  
And the lights go down and they dance real close  
And for one brief instant they pretend they're safe  
and warm

Then the beat gets louder and the mood is gone

The darkness scatters as the lights flash on  
They hold one another just a little too long  
And they move apart and then move on

On to the street, on to the next  
Safe in the knowledge that they tried  
Faking the smile, hiding the pain  
Never satisfied  
The fire inside  
Fire inside

Now the hour is late and he thinks you're asleep  
You listen to him dress and you listen to him leave  
like you knew he would  
You hear his car pull away in the street  
Then you move to the door and you lock it when  
he's gone for good

Then you walk to the window and stare at the moon  
Riding high and lonesome through a starlit sky  
And it comes to you how it all slips away  
Youth and beauty are gone one day  
No matter what you dream or feel or say  
It ends in dust and disarray

Like wind on the plains, sand through the glass  
Waves rolling in with the tide  
Dreams die hard and we watch them erode  
But we cannot be denied  
The fire inside

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## LIKE A ROCK

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH  
CO-PRODUCED BY DAVID COLE  
ENGINEERED BY SHELLY YAKUB  
MIXED BY DAVID COLE, BOB SEGER  
AND PUNCH  
BOB SEGER - VOCAL  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
CRAIG FROST - ORGAN  
RICK VITO - SLIDE GUITAR  
BILL PAYNE - PIANO  
RUSS KUNKEL - DRUMS  
DWAYNE BAILEY - ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
IZORA ARMSTEAD, MARTHA WASH,  
DOUGLAS KIBBLE - BACKING VOCALS  
RECORDED AT CRITERIA STUDIOS, MIAMI, FLORIDA

My fondest memory of this recording is of David Cole  
and I listening to Rick Vito play the slide guitar solo  
late one night at Rumbo Studios in LA. It was the  
single most spectacular overdub I'd ever heard.

Stood there boldly  
Sweatin' in the sun  
Felt like a million  
Felt like number one  
The height of summer  
I'd never felt that strong  
Like a rock

I was eighteen  
Didn't have a care  
Working for peanuts  
Not a dime to spare  
But I was lean and  
Solid everywhere  
Like a rock

My hands were steady  
My eyes were clear and bright  
My walk had purpose  
My steps were quick and light  
And I held firmly  
To what I felt was right  
Like a rock

Like a rock, I was strong as I could be  
Like a rock, nothin' ever got to me  
Like a rock, I was something to see  
Like a rock

And I stood arrow straight  
Unencumbered by the weight  
Of all these hustlers and their schemes  
I stood proud, I stood tall  
High above it all  
I still believed in my dreams

Twenty years now  
Where'd they go?  
Twenty years

I don't know  
I sit and I wonder sometimes  
Where they've gone

And sometimes late at night  
When I'm bathed in the firelight  
The moon comes callin' a ghostly white  
And I recall  
I recall

Like a rock, standin' arrow straight  
Like a rock, chargin' from the gate  
Like a rock, carryin' the weight  
Like a rock

Like a rock, the sun upon my skin  
Like a rock, hard against the wind  
Like a rock, I see myself again  
Like a rock

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## C'EST LA VIE

WRITTEN BY CHUCK BERRY  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH  
ENGINEERED BY GERARD SMEREK  
MIXED BY ED CHERNEY AND BOB SEGER

BOB SEGER - VOCAL, GUITAR  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
ALTO REED - SAXOPHONE  
GRAIG FROST - PIANO  
DAVID TRESARDEN - DRUMS  
CRYSTAL TAUJERFORD, TOMO THOMAS, AND  
JIMMY ROMEO - ADDITIONAL SAXOPHONES

RECORDED AT AMBIENCE RECORDING,  
FARMINGTON HILLS, MICHIGAN

We had a lot of fun doing this old Chuck Berry nugget.  
Entirely live. No overdubs.

It was a teenage wedding and the old folks  
wished 'em well  
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi-  
selle  
And now the young monsieur and madam have rung  
the chapel bell  
C'est la vie say the old folks, it goes to show you  
never can tell

They finished off an apartment with a two-room  
Roebuck sale  
The coolerator was jammed with TV dinners and gin-  
ger ale  
And when Pierre found work, the little money comin'  
worked out well  
C'est la vie say the old folks, it goes to show you  
never can tell

They had a hi-fi phono, boy did they let it blast  
Seven hundred little records, all blues, rock, rhythm,  
and jazz  
But when the sun went down, the volume went down  
as well  
C'est la vie say the old folks, it goes to show you  
never can tell

They bought a souped-up jitney, it was a  
cherry red '53  
And drove it down to New Orleans to celebrate  
their anniversary  
It was there where Pierre was wedded to the lovely  
mademoiselle  
C'est la vie say the old folks, it goes to show you  
never can tell

They had a teenage wedding and the old folks  
wished 'em well  
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi-  
selle  
And now the young monsieur and madam have rung  
the chapel bell  
C'est la vie say the old folks, it goes to show you  
never can tell

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## IN YOUR TIME

WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER  
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER  
ENGINEERED BY DAVID COLE  
MIXED BY ED CHERNEY AND BOB SEGER

BOB SEGER - VOCAL, PIANO, ACOUSTIC GUITAR,  
SYNTHESIZER  
CHRIS CAMPBELL - BASS  
ALTO REED - SAXOPHONE  
TIM MITCHELL - ELECTRIC GUITAR  
RUSS KUNKEL - DRUMS, PERCUSSION  
SHAWN MURPHY, LAURA GREASER, ROSEMARY  
BUTLER, DONNY GERRARD - BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT WOODLAND DIGITAL STUDIOS,  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

A new song written for my son Cole.

In your time  
The innocence will fall away  
In your time  
The mission bells will toll  
All along  
The corridors and river beds  
There'll be sign  
In your time

Towering waves  
Will crash across your southern capes  
Massive storms  
Will reach your eastern shores  
Fields of green  
Will tumble through your summer days  
By design  
In your time

Feel the wind  
And set yourself the bolder course  
Keep your heart  
As open as a shrine  
You'll sail the perfect line

And after all  
The dead ends and the lessons learned  
After all  
The stars have turned to stone  
There'll be peace  
Across the great unbroken void  
All benign  
In your time  
You'll be fine  
In your time

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