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Produced by: Bob Seger & Punch Andrews | Management: Punch Andrews | Mastered by Robert Virginio at Capitol Mastering, Hollywood for all tracks except "Wait For Me," "Hey Hey Hey Hey" and "Downtown Train" which were mastered by Brian Gardner at Bernie Grundman Mastering

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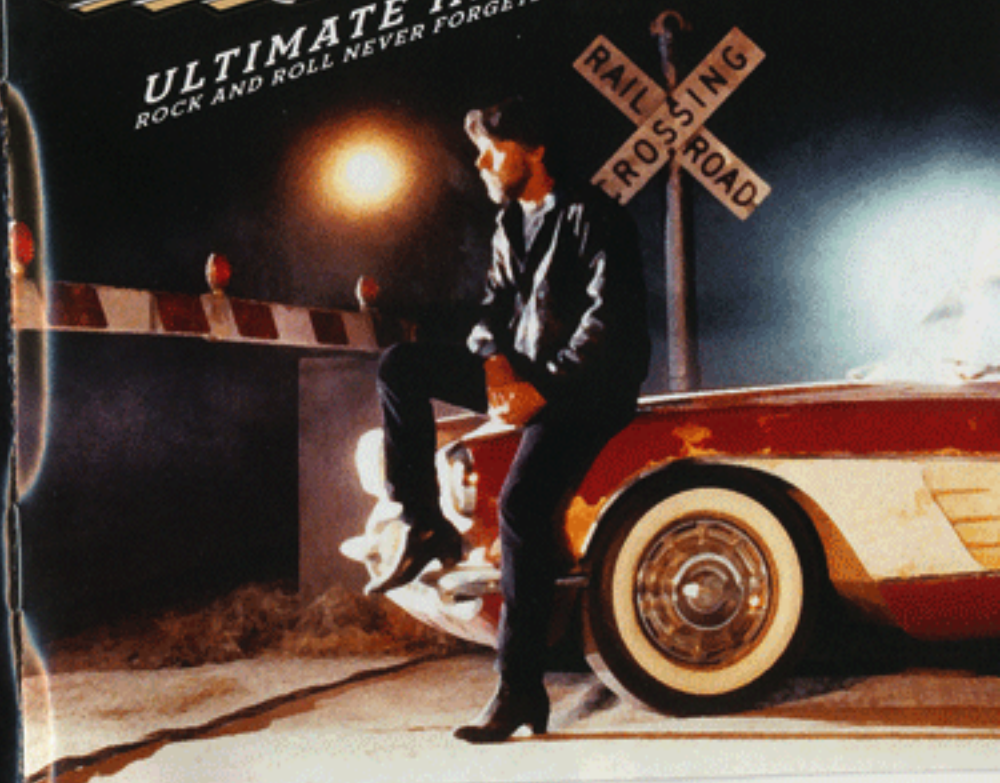
Capitol HR

Bob Seger

& THE SILVER BULLET BAND

ULTIMATE HITS

ROCK AND ROLL NEVER FORGETS





OLD TIME ROCK AND ROLL

Written By: George Jackson and Thomas Earl Jones III

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

Won't go 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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HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS

Written By: Bob Seger

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 lookin' 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 L.A.
Wondering if could ever go home

And those Hollywood nights
In those Hollywood hills
It was lookin' 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
Above all the lights
She had all of the skills

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NIGHT MOVES

Written By: Bob Seger

I was a little too tall
Could've used a few pounds
Tight pants points hardly renown
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 hummin' 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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MAINSTREET

Written By: Bob Seger

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
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

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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ROLL ME AWAY

Written By: Bob Seger

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 head 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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TURN THE PAGE

Written By: Bob Seger

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 riding 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

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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HER STRUT

Written By: Bob Seger

She's totally committed
To major independence
She's a lady through and through
She gives them quite a battle
All that they can handle
She'll bruise some
She'll hurt some too
But oh, they love to watch her strut
Oh, they do respect her, but
They love to watch her strut

Sometimes they'll want to leave her
Just give up and leave her
But they would never play that scene
In spite of all their talking
Once she starts in walking
The lady will be all they ever dreamed
Oh, they'll love to watch her strut
Oh, they'll kill to make the cut
They love to watch her strut

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STILL THE SAME

Written By: Bob Seger

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 foresee
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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YOU'LL ACCOMP'NY ME

Written By: Bob Seger

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 losing 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
It's written down somewhere it's got to be
You're high above me flying 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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WE'VE GOT TONIGHT

Written By: Bob Seger

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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LIKE A ROCK

Written By: Bob Seger

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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FIRE LAKE

Written By: Bob Seger

Who's gonna ride that chrome three wheeler
Who's gonna make that first mistake
Who wants to wear those gypsy leathers
All the way to Fire Lake
Who wants to break the news about Uncle Joe
You remember Uncle Joe
He was the one afraid to cut the cake
Who wants to tell poor Aunt Sarah
Joe's run off to Fire Lake
Joe's run off to Fire Lake
Who wants to leave those bronze beauties
Lying in the sun
With their long, soft hair falling
Flying as they run
Oh, they smile so shy
And they flirt so well
And they lay you down so fast
Till you look straight up and say
Oh Lord
Am I really here at last
Who wants to play those eights and aces
Who wants a raise
Who needs a stake
Who wants to take that long shot gamble
And head out to Fire Lake
Head out
Who wants to go to Fire Lake
And head out
Who wants to go to Fire Lake
Head out
Out to Fire Lake
Who's gonna do it

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TRYIN' TO LIVE MY LIFE WITHOUT YOU

Written By: Eugene Williams

I used to smoke five packs of cigarettes a day
It was the hardest thing to put them away
I drank four or five bottles of wine
I kept a glass in my hand all the time
Breakin' those habits was hard to do
But nothing compared to the changes
That you put me through

Tryin' to live my life without you, babe
It's the hardest thing I'll ever do
Tryin' to forget the love we once shared
It's the hardest burden I'll ever bear

I had the worst reputation in town
For chasin' all the women around
I thought changin' my way of living was hard to do
But it's nothing compared to the changes
That you put me through
I've done everything I tried to do
But it's gonna take a miracle to get me over you

Tryin' to live my life without you, babe
It's the hardest thing I'll ever do
Tryin' to forget the love we once shared
It's the hardest burden I'll ever bear

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ROCK AND ROLL NEVER FORGETS

Written By: Bob Seger

So you're a little bit older and a lot less bolder
Than you used to be
So you used to shake 'em down
But now you stop and think about your dignity
So now sweet sixteen's turned thirty-one

You get to feelin' weary when the workday's done
Well, all you got to do is get up and into your kicks
If you're in a fix
Come back baby
Rock and roll never forgets

You better get yourself a partner
Go down to the concert or the local bar
Check the local newspapers
Chances are you won't have to go too far
Yeah the rafters will be ringin' 'cause the beat's so strong
The crowd will be swayin' and singing along
All you got to do is get in, into the mix
If you need a fix
Come back baby
Rock and roll never forgets

Ooh the band's still playing it loud and lean
Listen to the guitar player making it scream
All you got to do is just make that scene tonight
Hey tonight

Well now sweet sixteen's turned thirty-one
Feel a little tired feeling under the gun
Well all of Chuck's children are out there playing his licks
Get into your kicks
Come back baby
Rock and roll never forgets
Said you can come back baby
Rock and roll never forgets
Come back baby
Rock and roll never forgets

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AGAINST THE WIND

Written By: Bob Seger

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 running 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
Against the wind

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RAMBLIN' GAMBLIN' MAN

Written By: Bob Seger

I was born lonely down by the riverside
Learned to spin fortune wheels and throw dice
And I was just thirteen when I had to leave home
Knew I couldn't stick around, I had to roam

Ain't good lookin' but you know I ain't shy
Ain't afraid to look you girl, in the eye
So if you need some lovin' and you need it right away
Take a little time out and maybe I'll stay

Lord, I've got to ramble
I've got to gamble
Oh, I've got to ramble
And I was born a ramblin', gamblin' man

I hope you got money, 'cause you know I need some
I ain't gonna run on lovin' and I must run
I got to keep movin', never gonna slow down
You can have your funky world, see you 'round

Cause I've got to ramble
Lord, I've got to gamble
Oh, I've got to ramble
Lord, I'm a ramblin', gamblin' man

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THE FIRE DOWN BELOW

Written By: Bob Seger

Here comes old Rosie, she's looking mighty fine
Here comes hot Nancy, she's steppin' right on time
There go the street lights bringing on the night
Here come the men faces hidden from the light
All through the shadows they come and they go
With only one thing in common
They got the fire down below

Here comes the rich man in his big long limousine
Here comes the poor man, all you got to have is green
Here comes the banker and the lawyer and the cop
One thing for certain it ain't never gonna stop
When it all gets too heavy
That's when they come and go
With only one thing in common
They got the fire down below
It happens out in Vegas, it happens in Moline
On the blue blood streets of Boston
Up in Berkeley and out in Queens
And it went on yesterday and it's going on tonight
Somewhere there's somebody ain't treatin'
somebody right

And he's looking out for Rosie and she's looking mighty fine
And he's walking the streets for Nancy
And he'll find her everytime
When the street lights flicker bringing on the night
Well they'll be slipping into darkness slipping out of sight
All through the midnight
Watch 'em come and watch 'em go
With only one thing in common
They got the fire down below

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TRAVELIN' MAN

Written By: Bob Seger

Up with the sun, gone with the wind
She always said I was lazy
Leavin' my home, leavin' my friends
Runnin' when things get too crazy

Out to the road, out 'neath the stars
Feelin' the breeze, passin' the cars

Women have come, women have gone
Everyone tryin' to cage me

Some were so sweet, I barely got free
Others, they only enraged me

Sometimes at night I see their faces
I feel the traces they've left on my soul
And those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul
I tell you those are the memories that make me a
wealthy soul
Travelin' man, love when I can
Turn loose my hand cause I'm goin'
Travelin' man, love when I can
Sooner than later I'm goin'
Travelin' man

Sometimes at night, I see their faces
I feel the traces they've left on my soul
And those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul
I tell you those are the memories that make me a
wealthy soul

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BEAUTIFUL LOSER

Written By: Bob Seger

He wants to dream like a young man
With the wisdom of an old man
He wants his home and security
He wants to live like a sailor at sea
Beautiful loser, where you gonna fall
When you realize you just don't need it all?

He's your oldest and your best friend
If you need him, he'll be there again
He's always willing to be second best
A perfect lodger, a perfect guest
Beautiful loser, read it on the wall
And realize you just don't need it all
Just don't need it all
You don't need it all
You can try, but you can't have it all

He'll never make any enemies
He won't complain if he's caught on his knees
He'll always ask, he'll always say please
Beautiful loser, never take it all
'Cause it's easier and faster when you fall
You just don't need it all

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SHAKEDOWN

Written By: Harold Faltermeyer, Keith Forsey and Bob Seger

No matter what you think you've done
You'll find it's not enough
No matter who you think you know
You won't get through

It's a given, L.A. law
Someone's faster on the draw
No matter where you hide
I'm comin' after you
No matter how the race is won
It always ends the same
Another room without a view
Awaits downtown

You can shake me for a while
Live it up in style
No matter what you do
I'm gonna take you down

Shakedown, breakdown, takedown
Everybody wants into the crowded light
Breakdown, takedown, you're busted

Let down your guard, honey
Just about the time you think that it's alright
Breakdown, takedown, you're busted

This is a town where everyone

is reaching for the top
This is a place where second best will never do

It's O.K. to want to shine
But once you step across that line
No matter where you hide
I'm comin' after you

Shakedown, breakdown, takedown
Everybody wants into the crowded light
Breakdown, takedown, you're busted

Shakedown, breakdown honey
Just about the time you think that it's alright
Breakdown, takedown, you're busted

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SHAME ON THE MOON

Written By: Rodney Crowell

Until you've been beside a man
You don't know what he wants
You don't know if he cries at night
You don't know if he don't
When nothin' comes easy
Old nightmares are real
Until you've been beside a man
You don't know how he feels

Once inside a woman's heart
A man must keep his head
Heaven opens up the door
Where angels fear to tread
Some men go crazy
Some men go slow
Some men go just where they want
Some men never go
Oh blame it on midnight
Ooh shame on the moon

Everywhere it's all around
Comfort in a crowd
Strangers' faces all around
Laughin' right out loud
Hey watch where you're goin'
Step light on old toes
Cause until you've been beside a man
You don't know who he knows

Oh blame it on midnight
Ooh shame on the moon
Oh blame it on midnight
Ooh shame on the moon

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KATMANDU

Written By: Bob Seger

I think I'm going to Katmandu
That's really, really where I'm going to
If I ever get out of here
That's what I'm gonna do

K-K-K-K-K Katmandu
I think that's really where I'm going to
If I ever get out of here
I'm going to Katmandu

I got no kick against the West Coast
Warner Brothers are such good hosts
I raise my whiskey glass and give them a toast
I'm sure they know it's true

I got no rap against the Southern states
Every time I've been there it's been great
But now I'm leavin' and I can't be late
And to myself be true

That's why I'm going to Katmandu
Up to the mountains where I'm going to
If I ever get out of here
That's what I'm gonna do

K-K-K-K-K Katmandu
Really, really where I'm going to
If I ever get out of here
I'm going to Katmandu

I ain't got nothing 'gainst the East Coast
You want some people, well they got the most
And New York City's like a friendly ghost
You seem to pass right through

I know I'm gonna miss the U.S.A.
I guess I'll miss it every single day
But no one loves me here anyway
I know my plane is due

The one that's going to Katmandu
Up to the mountains where I'm going to
If I ever get out of here
That's what I'm gonna do

K-K-K-K-K Katmandu
Really, really, really going to
If I ever get out of here
If I ever get out of here
If I ever get out of here
I'm going to Katmandu

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LITTLE DRUMMER BOY

Written By: Katherine K. Davis, Henry Onorati, Harry Simeone

Come they told me
Pa rum pum pum pum

A new born King to see
Pa rum pum pum pum
Our finest gifts we bring
Pa rum pum pum pum
To set before the King
Pa rum pum pum pum
Rum pum pum rum
Rum pum pum pum
So to honor Him
Pa rum pum pum pum
When we come

Little Baby
Pa rum pum pum pum
I am a poor boy too
Pa rum pum pum pum
I have no gift to bring
Pa rum pum pum pum
That's fit to give our King
Pa rum pum pum pum
Rum pum pum rum
Rum pum pum pum
Shall I play for you
Pa rum pum pum pum
On my drum

Then He nodded
Pa rum pum pum pum
The ox and lamb kept time
Pa rum pum pum pum
I played my drum for Him
Pa rum pum pum pum
I played my best for Him
Pa rum pum pum pum
Rum pum pum rum
Rum pum pum pum
Then He smiled at me
Pa rum pum pum pum
Me and my drum

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WAIT FOR ME

Written By: Bob Seger

I will answer the wind
I will leave with the tide
I'll be out on the road
Every chance I can ride
No matter how far, no matter how free
I'll be along if you'll wait for me

There'll be times when I'll rise
There'll be times when I'll fall
There'll be times when it's best
To say nothing at all
Knowing you're right, letting it be
I'll be around if you'll wait for me
If you'll wait for me

And I'll fight for the right to go over that hill
If it only means something to me
I will not be persuaded I won't be still
I'll find a way to be free

In the cool of the night
In the heat of the day
If you're ever in doubt
I'll be on my way
Straight to your side I guarantee
I'll be around
If you'll wait for me

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**HEY HEY HEY HEY
(GOING BACK TO BIRMINGHAM)**

Written By: Richard Penniman

Going back to Birmingham
Way down in Alabama
Going back to Birmingham
Way down in Alabama
See my great aunt Mary
And good ol' Uncle Sam

Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, baby
Hey, child
Hey, hey, hey, hey, now
Ah tell me baby
What's been wrong with you?

Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, baby
Hey, now
Hey, hey, hey, hey, child
Ah tell me baby
What's been wrong with you?

Well, bye
Bye, bye, baby bye, bye
Ah, so long
Bye, bye baby, I'm gone
Well, bye
Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye, bye

Well I'm a hollerin' and I'm a screamin'
Baby, please come home
I'm a hollerin' and I'm a screamin'
Don't leave my arms alone
I'm a hollerin' and I'm a screamin'
Baby, please come home

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DOWNTOWN TRAIN

Written By: Tom Waits

Outside another yellow moon
Has punched a hole in the nighttime
I climb from the window and down to the street
And I'm shining like a new dime
Downtown trains are full of all these Brooklyn girls
They try so hard to break out of their little world

When you wave your hand and they scatter like crows
They have nothing that'll ever capture your heart
Their just thorns without the rose
Be careful of them in the dark
If I was the one you chose to be your only one
Only one, can't you hear me now
Can't you hear me now

Will I see you tonight
On a downtown train
Where every night is just the same
Don't leave me lonely now

I know your window and I know it's late
I know your stairs and your doorway
I walked past your street and by your gate
I stand by the light of the four way
You watch them all fall down
They all have heart attacks
They stay at the carnival but they'll never win you back

Will I see you tonight
On a downtown train
Where every night is just the same
Will I see you tonight
On a downtown train
All of my dreams just fall like rain
Baby, on a downtown train

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OLD TIME ROCK AND ROLL
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
BARRY MCCORMACK, PIANO
KEN NELL, GUITAR
HOWIE McDONALD, GUITAR
DAVID HODGINS, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT MUSCLE SHOALS SOUND STUDIOS,
SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA

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 TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BILL DUFFY, PIANO, ORGAN
PAUL HARRIS, PIANO, ORGAN
LUTHER WATERS, GUITAR, PIANO
LUTHER WATERS, GUITAR, PIANO
BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT CHEBECHE STUDIOS,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

NIGHT MOVES
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY JACK SHAMMON AND BOB SEGER
ENGINEERED BY BRIAN CHRISTIAN
MIXED BY JIM BRUZZESE

BOB SEGER, VOCALS, ACOUSTIC GUITARS
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
CHARLIE ALLEN MARTIN, DRUMS
DOUG BILEY, PIANO, ORGAN
JOE MCKINLEY, PIANO, ORGAN
SHARON DEE WILLIAMS, BACKING VOCALS
LAUREL WARD, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT NORTON NINE STUDIOS,
TORONTO, ONTARIO

MAIN STREET
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND
THE MUSCLE SHOALS RHYTHM SECTION
ENGINEERED BY JERRY MASTERS AND
STEVE MELTON
MIXED BY JIM BRUZZESE

BOB SEGER, VOCAL
BARRY BECKETT, KEYBOARDS
PETE CARL, LEAD AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR
JIMMY JOHNSON, RHYTHM GUITAR
DAVID HODGINS, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT MUSCLE SHOALS SOUND STUDIOS,
SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA

ROLL ME AWAY
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY JIMMY BOVINE
ENGINEERED BY SHELLY TAKUS

MIXED BY GREG EDWARD, PUNCH AND BOB SEGER
BOB SEGER, VOCAL
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
DAVID TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT STUDIO 95,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

TURN THE PAGE
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH
ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY JIM BRUZZESE

BOB SEGER, VOCAL, ELECTRIC PIANO
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
ALTO REED, SAXOPHONE
BARRY MCCORMACK, PIANO
KEN NELL, GUITAR
HOWIE McDONALD, GUITAR
DAVID HODGINS, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED LIVE AT COBO HALL,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HER STRUT
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED, ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY
BILL SYTHCYE

BOB SEGER, VOCALS, LEAD GUITAR SOLO
DREW ARBOTT, GUITAR
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
DAVID TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION

RECORDED AT BAYSHORE STUDIOS,
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

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 TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT CRITERIA STUDIOS, MIAMI, FLORIDA

YOU'LL ACCOMPANY 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 TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT CRITERIA STUDIOS, MIAMI, FLORIDA

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 CARL, LEAD GUITAR
JIMMY JOHNSON, RHYTHM GUITAR
DAVID HODGINS, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT MUSCLE SHOALS SOUND STUDIOS,
SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA

LIKE A ROCK
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH
CO-PRODUCED BY DAVID COLE
ENGINEERED BY SHELLY TAKUS
MIXED BY DAVID COLE, BOB SEGER, AND PUNCH

BOB SEGER, VOCAL
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
DAVID TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT CRITERIA RECORDING STUDIOS,
MIAMI, FLORIDA

FIRE LAKE
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND
THE MUSCLE SHOALS RHYTHM SECTION
ENGINEERED BY STEVE MELTON
MIXED BY BILL SYTHCYE AT BAYSHORE
STUDIOS, COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

BOB SEGER, VOCALS
BARRY BECKETT, PIANO
RANGY MCCORMACK, ORGAN
PETE CARL, LEAD GUITAR
JIMMY JOHNSON, GUITAR
DAVID HODGINS, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT MUSCLE SHOALS SOUND STUDIOS,
SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA

TRYIN' TO LIVE MY LIFE WITHOUT YOU
WRITTEN BY EUGENE WILLIAMS
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH
ENGINEERED BY DAVID JOHNSON
MIXED BY BILL SYTHCYE AT BAYSHORE
RECORDING STUDIOS,
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

BOB SEGER, VOCALS, ELECTRIC GUITAR
DREW ARBOTT, ELECTRIC GUITAR
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS, BACKGROUND VOCALS
ALTO REED, ALTO AND TENOR SAXOPHONES
PLAYED AT THE SAME TIME
DAVID TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, BACKGROUND VOCALS
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS, BACKGROUND VOCALS
SHAWN HURPHY, LEAD BACKGROUND VOCALS
PERCUSSION
JIMMY JOHNSON, RHYTHM GUITAR
DAVID HODGINS, DRUMS, PERCUSSION

RECORDED LIVE AT BOSTON GARDEN,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER 6, 1980
RECORDED BY THE RECORD PLAY
NEW YORK REMIX, RECORDING

ROCK AND ROLL MEYER FORGETS
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH
ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY JIM BRUZZESE

BOB SEGER, VOCALS
DREW ARBOTT, GUITAR
NORTH ROBBINS, PIANO, ORGAN
ALTO REED, SAXOPHONES
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
CHARLIE ALLEN MARTIN, DRUMS

RECORDED AT PAPA SOUND STUDIOS,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

AGAINST THE WIND
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BILL SYTHCYE
ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY BILL SYTHCYE

BOB SEGER, VOCAL, ACOUSTIC GUITAR
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
DAVID TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT BAYSHORE STUDIOS,
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

RAMBLIN' GAMBLIN' MAN
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH
ENGINEERED BY JIM BRUZZESE

BOB SEGER, VOCALS, LEAD GUITAR
DREW ARBOTT, ELECTRIC GUITAR
NORTH ROBBINS, PIANO, ORGAN
ALTO REED, SAXOPHONES
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
CHARLIE ALLEN MARTIN, DRUMS

RECORDED AT UNITED-SOUND STUDIOS,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE FIRE DOWN BELOW
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH
ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY JIM BRUZZESE

BOB SEGER, VOCALS
DREW ARBOTT, GUITAR
NORTH ROBBINS, PIANO, ORGAN
ALTO REED, SAXOPHONES
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
CHARLIE ALLEN MARTIN, DRUMS

RECORDED AT PAPA SOUND STUDIOS,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

TRAVELIN' MAN / BEAUTIFUL LOSER
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH
ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY JIM BRUZZESE

BOB SEGER, VOCALS, PIANO
DREW ARBOTT, LEAD GUITAR
ALTO REED, SAXOPHONES
NORTH ROBBINS, ORGAN
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
CHARLIE ALLEN MARTIN, DRUMS

RECORDED LIVE AT COBO HALL,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

SHAKEDOWN
WRITTEN BY HAROLD FALTERMEYER,
KEITH FORNEY AND BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY HAROLD FALTERMEYER,
KEITH FORNEY
MIXED BY BRIAN REEVES

BOB SEGER, VOCALS
HAROLD FALTERMEYER, SYNCLAYER
KEITH FORNEY, PERCUSSION
DAN HUFF, GUITAR

RECORDED AT GRISS STUDIOS,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

SHAME ON THE MOON
WRITTEN BY ROGERY CHOWELL
PRODUCED BY JIMMY BOVINE
ENGINEERED BY SHELLY TAKUS
ADDITIONAL OVERDUBS BY MET FACTORY,
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
MIXED BY JIMMY BOVINE, PUNCH AND
GREG EDWARDS

BOB SEGER, VOCALS
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
DAVID TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT STUDIO 95,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

KATHMANDU
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND
THE MUSCLE SHOALS RHYTHM SECTION
ENGINEERED BY JERRY MASTERS AND
STEVE MELTON
MIXED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH AT
PAPA SOUND DETROIT
ENGINEERED BY JIM BRUZZESE AND
GREG SMITH

BOB SEGER, VOCALS, LEAD GUITAR AND
HARPONICA
PETE CARL, LEAD AND ACOUSTIC GUITARS
BARRY BECKETT, GRAND PIANO, ORGAN
DAVID HODGINS, ELECTRIC PIANO
DAVID HODGINS, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT AMBIENCE RECORDING,
FARMINGTON HILLS, MICHIGAN

DOWNTOWN TRAIN
WRITTEN BY TOM WAITS
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER
ENGINEERED BY THOM FARMINGTON, DAVID COLE
MIXED BY DAVID COLE
BOB SEGER, VOCAL
RICK VITO, GUITAR
JIMMY BOVINE, ADDITIONAL SAXOPHONES

RECORDED AT MUSCLE SHOALS SOUND
STUDIOS, SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA

LITTLE DRUMMER BOY
WRITTEN BY KATHERINE DAVIS, HENRY
CONRAT, HARRY SHREVE

PRODUCED BY JIMMY BOVINE AND BOB SEGER
ENGINEERS, RECORDED BY SHELLY TAKUS AND
DON SMITH

BOB SEGER, VOCAL
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
DAVID TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT AAM RECORDING STUDIOS,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

WAIT FOR ME
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER
ENGINEERED BY DAVID COLE

GLORY HORN, BASS
STEVE BROWNE, DRUMS
BRIAN BOWMAN, ELECTRIC GUITAR
J. J. COBENFLOO, ACOUSTIC GUITAR
JILL RYAN, PIANO
BOB SEGER, ELECTRIC GUITAR SOLO
ACOUSTIC GUITAR AND SYNTH STRINGS
LAURA CREAMER, SHAWN HURPHY AND
BENNETT BARLOW, BACKGROUND VOCALS

RECORDED AT OCEAN WAY STUDIOS,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY
(GOING BACK TO BIRMINGHAM)
WRITTEN BY RICHARD PENNINGMAN
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER AND PUNCH
ENGINEERED BY GERRARD SMERK

BOB SEGER, VOCAL
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
ALTO REED, SAXOPHONES
CHRIS CAMPBELL, BASS
DAVID TESSIGARDEN, DRUMS, PERCUSSION
BOB SEGER, GUITAR, PIANO, ORGAN
JAMES LAYTON, EARLY, STANLEY CARTER,
GEORGE JACKSON, BACKING VOCALS

RECORDED AT AMBIENCE RECORDING,
FARMINGTON HILLS, MICHIGAN

DOWNTOWN TRAIN
WRITTEN BY TOM WAITS
PRODUCED BY BOB SEGER
ENGINEERED BY THOM FARMINGTON, DAVID COLE
MIXED BY DAVID COLE
BOB SEGER, VOCAL
RICK VITO, GUITAR
JIMMY BOVINE, ADDITIONAL SAXOPHONES

RECORDED AT AAM STUDIOS, CARPOT STUDIOS
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Bob Seger Overnight Success... ...Finally!

by Lowell Cauffiel

"There it is," says Bob Seger, pointing his long arm to the west. "There's the hill I was telling you about." It's a rising incline, a quarter mile of road that winds upward, and Seger appears into the grassy area of Michigan's Holly State Park. CREEM photographer Michael Marks is shuffling his feet, chucking at the two figures in the dark, running sweats. Seger and Marks had watched on a hot day a half-dozen cigarettes before Seger we are. But the 35-year-old singer/songwriter likes to run — not jog, really but run — preferably five days a week. So we take off up the hill on the first leg of a three-mile run on a muggy Sunday afternoon.



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Rolling S
June 15th, 1978-8
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get's music
er knows it
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and critics
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stepper.
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on right

