

FOCUS

The Battalion, Thursday, January 25, 1979

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Eric Taylor plays what he feels

By Lyle Lovett

The place was the same as it had been month after month for the last few years, the same perceptive audience, the same leaky ceiling. Drops of rain thumped as they hit a bucket off-stage.

Eric Taylor was playing to a familiar crowd — a crowd that had already heard two sets and was waiting for another. He began a song, but was distracted by the erratic thumping of the rain. He must have wondered how anyone could tap along so miserably. Halfway through the first verse, he stopped and started laughing.

"Is that the rain?" he continued laughing. "I'm tryin' to do the most serious song I've ever written and the elements are kickin' my ass. *It's rainin' on my song.*"

"You got me that time, Eric," a straining voice from the back of the room called abruptly.

"I got you a long time ago," Taylor responded. "You old drunk, I've got 50 years to get as drunk as you."

When Taylor began again, he didn't seem to mind as the drunk sang along.

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