# Tennessee Plates

## Charlie Sexton

I woke up in a hotel and didn't know what to do
I turned the TV on, wrote a letter to you
The news was talkin' 'bout a dead man upon the interstate
Seems they're lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates
Well, since I left California, baby, things have gotten worse
Seems the land of opportunity, for me it's just a curse
Tell that judge in Bakersfield, my trial'll have to wait
They're lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates
It was somewhere in Nevada, it was cold outside
She was shiverin' in the dark, so I offered her a ride
Three bank jobs later, four cars hot-wired
We crossed the Mississippi like an oil slick fire
And if they'd known what we was up to, they wouldn't have let us in
Now we landed in Memphis like original sin
Elvis Presley Boulevard to the Graceland gates
Oh, see we're lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates
Man, there must have been a dozen of 'em parked in that garage
And there wasn't one Lincoln and there wasn't one Dodge
Wasn't one Japanese model or make
And just some pretty, pretty Cadillacs with Tennessee plates
She saw him singin' once when she was seventeen
Ever since that day she's been livin' in between
I was never king of nothin' but that wild weekend
Anyway he wouldn't care, hell, he gave them to his friends
Ain't no hotel I'm writin' you from
The Tennessee prison up at Brushy Mountain
Where yours sincerely's doin' five to eight
Stampin' out my time makin' Tennessee plates

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