

# What I Really Mean

Robert Earl Keen

Drove from Albuquerque to Ft. Smith, Arkansas  
Then all the way to New Orleans in time for Mardi Gras  
You should have seen... the craziness down there  
What I really mean... I wish you were here And we were down on Beale Street, Memphis, Tennessee  
With the blues, the booze, the bar-B-Q's, our name on the marquee  
And you should have seen... the crowd we drew in there  
What I really mean... I wish you were here I'm sending you this postcard  
To tell you that I'm fine  
And let you know wherever I go  
You never leave my mind Broke down in Kentucky; in Richmond there was snow  
We saw our friends in Charlotte; we played on the radio  
And you should have seen... us singin' on the air  
What I really mean... I wish you were here I'm sending you this postcard  
To tell you that I'm fine  
And let you know wherever I go  
You never leave my mind Tonight we're in the city, and it's like Disneyland  
But I'm sick and tired and I can't wait to get back home again  
And I have this dream... you'll be waitin' there  
What I really mean... I wish you were here  
What I really mean... I wish you were here

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