Tennessee Plates

Mark Collie

I woke up in a hotel, 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 were lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee platesWell, since I left California, baby, things have gotten worse
Seems the land of opportunity for me is just a curse
Tell that judge in Bakersfield my trial'll have to wait
Down here they're lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee platesIt 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 fireNow if they'd known what we was up to they wouldn't let us in
And now we landed in Memphis like original sin
Elvis Presley Boulevard to the Graceland gates
See we were lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee platesWell, there must have been a dozen of them parked in that garage
There wasn't one Lincoln and there wasn't one Dodge
There wasn't one Japanese model or make
Just pretty, pretty Cadillacs with Tennessee platesShe saw him singing once when she was seventeen
And ever since that day she's been living in between
I was never king of nothin' but this wild weekend
Anyway he wouldn't care, hell he gave them to his friendsThis ain't no hotel, I'm writin' you from
Now it's a Tennessee prison up at Brushy Mountain
Where yours sincerely's doin' five to eight
I'm just stampin' out my time makin' Tennessee plates

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