

Tennessee Plates (feat. John Hiatt)

Joe Bonamassa

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 lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates Well 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 I'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 hotwired
We crossed the Mississippi like an oil slick fire, Yeah! Yeah If they'd known what we was up to they wouldn't
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 them parked in
that garage
There wasn't one Lincoln and there wasn't one Dodge
Wasn't one Japanese model or make
Just pretty, pretty Cadillacs' with Tennessee plates She 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 that wild weekend
Anyway he wouldn't care, hell he gave them to his friends This 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

Songwriters

HIATT, JOHN / PORTER, MIKE Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>