

# Tupelo

Albert King, Steve Cropper, Pop Staples

Picked a wildflower off the side of the road  
You put it in my hair  
Two bare feet up on the dashboard  
Hands waving through the summer air  
Looking at you, looking at me  
With the wind strapped to our backs  
Flying as high as a bird in the sky  
Don't get much better than that  
And we sang all the way down to Tupelo  
Love struck right on the money  
Heartbeats a beating to the radio  
Kisses sweet as the honey  
Down in Tupelo  
All the way down to Tupelo  
Counting the white lines a mile by mile  
Worries slipping away  
Took a back road for a little slow down  
Off of the interstate  
We followed the river as far as it goes  
Smiling in the July sun  
Hearing you say, you were falling in love  
I said, you ain't the only one  
And we sang all the way down to Tupelo  
Love struck right on the money  
Heartbeats a beating to the radio  
  
Kisses sweet as the honey  
Down in Tupelo  
All the way down  
La la la la la la  
Wind strapped to our backs  
La la la la la la  
Don't get much better than that  
And we sang all the way down to Tupelo  
Love struck right on the money  
Heartbeats a beating to the radio  
Kisses sweet, kisses sweet  
And we sang all the way down to Tupelo  
Love struck right on the money

Heartbeats a beating to the radio  
Kisses sweet as the honey  
Down in Tupelo  
All the way down to Tupelo  
La la la la la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la la la  
All the way down to Tupelo, yeah  
All the way down to Tupelo  
All the way down to Tupelo

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