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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