

# Tennessee Plates (feat. John Hiatt & Vince Gill)

Joe Bonamassa

I woke up in a hotel and 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're lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates  
Well, since I left California, baby, things have gotten worse  
Seems the land of opportunity, for me it's just a curse  
Tell that judge in Bakersfield, my trial'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 hot-wired  
We crossed the Mississippi like an oil slick fire  
And if they'd known what we was up to, they wouldn't have 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 'em parked in that garage  
And there wasn't one Lincoln and there wasn't one Dodge  
Wasn't one Japanese model or make  
And just some pretty, pretty Cadillacs with Tennessee plates  
She saw him singin' once when she was seventeen  
Ever since that day she's been livin' in between  
I was never king of nothin' but that wild weekend  
Anyway he wouldn't care, hell, he gave them to his friends  
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

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