

# Tennessee Plates

[John Hiatt](#)

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 were 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  
Down here 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  
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 plates  
Well, there must have been a dozen of them parked in  
that garage  
And there wasn't one Lincoln and there wasn't one Dodge  
And there 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 this wild weekend  
Anyway he wouldn't care, hell, he gave them to his friends  
This ain't no hotel I'm writin' you from  
I'm at the 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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