Let It Slide

Edwin McCain

Dreary Memphis city night,Dark like a Kennedy's veil,
Shaky like them motorcycle lights,
Leading all them angels at hell,
I gave out my very last dime,
Laid out the bartenders all in a line,
We weren't fighting, we just drank 'em out of time,
Down at Printer's Alley,[Chorus]So let the poets be poets and the cops just give us a ride,
We ain't worried about your hands of time,
Just let it slide,
And let it slide,You know Elvis said only two things were certain Hookers and Coupe Devilles,
Messing with that old boy down at the pool hall surely get your young ass
killed,
I'm too tired for fighting,
I'd rather wear myself out with a smile,
We'll stay up with some good bar stores,
Beat up time for a while,[Chorus]So let the poets be poets and the cops just give us a ride,
We ain't worried about your hands of time,
Just let it slide,
And let it slide,Oh you know it's nights like these,
I get down on my knees,
And pray the Lord the sun won't shine,
'Till I'm done having my big time,[Chorus]So let the poets be poets and the cops just give us a ride,
We ain't worried about your hands of time,
Just let it slide,
And let it slide.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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