

Graceland

Dan Bern

Mississippi Delta shining like a National guitar
Paul Simon wrote that song about Graceland
While driving in his car
Mark Cohn wrote that other one
It was a big hit, it made Mark Cohn real I'm walking in Memphis, do I really feel the way I feel?
Well, look at me, Lord, I am at Graceland
On a Saturday afternoon
I threw up last night at a rest stop
From eating cheese grits at the Waffle House
I felt like hell then, I feel alright now I am at Graceland and I feel alright I know that Graceland has sacred
meaning
Deep, deep meaning for lots of people
For me it don't mean all that much
Okemah means more than that's
Woody Guthrie's home I don't have shrines to Elvis Presley
On the dashboard of my RV
I haven't spotted Elvis lately
In the tool section of the Wal-Mart
But I travel around the country
Playing my guitar for whoever will listen So I'm at Graceland, I am at Graceland
I am at Graceland and I feel alright He had the coolest shoes
He had the coolest hair
He sang the coolest songs
He made the coolest movies
He moved his hips like wheat fields waving
He was even cool in the army Well, look at me, Lord, I am at Graceland

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