

Memphis

Janis Ian

memphis(janis ian)we were standing by the riverstaring into townall the world was on his shouldersthe tears
were raining downall along the southern skylinecity lights began to bloomhe said -- if you only knew herthe
way that i do, siryou would be crying tooif you could see memphis the way that i doshe would look different to
youqueen of the delta, tip your tiaramemphis, the belle of the blueshe streets were filled with cottonand music
filled the airall the paddle boats came rollingfrom east of everywherenow the streets are filled with silenceand
songs no one can hearbut her memory lingersit slips through my fingersand into this river of tearsif you could
see memphis the way that i doshe would look different to youqueen of the delta, tip your tiaramemphis, the belle
of the bluesso roll on -- roll onmy sweet magnolia, roll onhow the memory lingersit slips through my fingersand
into this river of tearsif you could see memphis the way that i doshe would look different to youqueen of the
delta, tip your tiaramemphis, the belle of the blues

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

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