

Tennessee Plates (LP Version)

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

Songwriters

HIATT, JOHN / PORTER, MIKE

Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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