

# Bring It On Home to Memphis

Emmylou Harris & Rodney Crowell

Sweet Lucinda  
Look out your window  
LA freeway just like the man said  
People honking their horns  
Pointing guns at your head  
Sweet Lucinda  
In a land of cotton  
You're not forgotten  
The Mississippi River just rolls on through  
And everybody's wondering what happened to you  
In the land of cotton  
Down on the delta  
Remember your soul  
We're waiting just to welcome you back to the fold  
Tomorrow comes early  
You better get humming  
The whole damn town is gonna know that you're coming  
Bring it on home to Memphis  
Bring it on home to Memphis  
Bring it on home to Memphis  
Bring it on home and give us a thrill  
Bring it on home honey send me the bill  
Bring it on home to Memphis  
Bring it on home to Memphis  
Beale Street was jumping the day you were born  
W.C. Handy was blowing his horn  
From the bluffs to Mud Island  
The music grew quiet  
Mystery train put a hush on the night  
Fireflies made light of the hot summer breeze  
And the wind was a whisper through the tops of the trees  
Rain started falling  
The river grew lazy  
Bring it on home child you're making us crazy  
We've got hot buttered biscuits  
And dewberry pie  
White-flour gravy  
In an endless supply  
Cucumber salad right out of the ground  
And cold soda water just to wash it all down  
But down on the Delta

Where cotton is king  
We only want to treat you like a homecoming queen  
Tomorrow comes early  
It's never too late  
The whole damn town is gonna open the gate

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