

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 MemphisBeale 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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