

Going to Memphis

Johnny Cash

Bring a drink of water Leroy bring a drink of water (no)
If I could get to mercy man he's give me some I know
I got a gal in Vickburg Bertha is her name
Wish I's tied to Bertha instead of this ball and chain I'm goin' to Memphis (that's right Lord) yeah (uh huh)
But dues took all my money wouldn't let me see the cards
I owen the boss about a hundred years for sleepin' in his backyard
I'm goin' to Memphis (yeah Memphis) yeah I'm goin' to Memphis (now) Like a bitter weed I'm a bad seed but
when that levee's through and I am too
Let the honky tonk roll on come mornin' I'll be gone
I'm goin' to Memphis yeah Memphis
I never been to Chicago but it must be a mighty fine place (that's right) I couldn't get past Tennessee with
Mississippi all over my face (uh huh)
I'm goin' to Memphis (that's right Lord Memphis)
Well the freezin' ground at night is my own foldin' bed
Polk salad is my bread and meat and it will be till I'm dead Well I brought me a little water in a Mr Prince Albert
can
But the bossman caught me drinkin' it and I believe he broke my hand (hm hm)
They all call me crazy for sassin' Mr Scott
My brother was killed for a deed I did but I disremember what (yeah) Well another boy is down the shovel
burned him out
Let me stand on his body to see what the shoutin's about
I'm goin' to Memphis yeah I'm goin' to Memphis hmm
Like a bitter weed

Songwriters

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