

# Nashville Blues

Cory Morrow

Late one morning I just packed my things  
Burned all my bills and I hopped on a plane  
I told the cops and the bankers goodbye  
They said "Don't let us catch you, you owe us your  
life"

Well the plane was headed east and so I was  
Bound for Tennessee to outrun the fuss  
They found me in a day or two  
Now I'm flat busted in jail fightin' the Nashville  
Blues

I like George Jones, Willie and Waylon  
I think Kris and Merle are songwriting saviors  
Townes Van Zandt, he died to soon  
But now he's up there with Hank  
And they're both fightin' the Nashville Blues

Well the songwriting's left up to old hillbillies  
Hippies and rednecks and girls like Miss Emmylou  
I'm too young to have a point of view  
But I just want to be a part of fightin' the Nashville  
Blues  
Fightin' the Nashville Blues

Fightin' the Nashville Blues ain't fun no  
It takes it's toll upon your mind  
But all the great ones have been there too  
And they're all fightin' the Nashville Blues  
Fightin' the Nashville Blues

Well I moved back to Austin to try to make a living  
But it ain't been so easy with those hill country women  
And i'm stuck inside of this 8x12 room  
And my throat's a scratchin' from the cigarettes and  
booze

And my face in wrinklín' and my mind's a strayin'  
And I get on my knees and I get to prayin'  
But my hands are worn like the soles of my shoes  
And the Lord only knows I'm just fightin' the Nashville  
Blues

I like Johnny Cash, Willie and Waylon  
I think Chris and Merle are songwriting saviors  
And old Keith Whitley he died to soon  
But now he's up there with Hank  
And they're both fightin' the Nashville Blues

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Hippies and rednecks and girls like Miss Emmylou  
I'm too young to have a point of view  
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