

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

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
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Fightin' the Nashville Blues