

All the Way from Memphis

Ian Hunter

Forgot my six-string razor, hit the sky
Half way to memphis fore I realized
Well I rang the information, my axe was cold
They said she rides the train to oreoles

Now its a mighty long way down the dusty trail
And the sun burns hot on the cold steel rails
N I look like a bum n I crawl like a snail
All the way from memphis

Well I got to oreoles ya know, it took a month
And there was my guitar, electric junk.
Some spade said rock n' rollers, you're all the same.
Man that's your instrument. I felt so ashamed.

Now its a mighty long way down rock n' roll
Through the Bradford cities and the oreoles
N you look like a star but you're still on the dole
All the way from memphis

Yeah its a mighty long way down rock n' roll
From the Liverpool docks to the Hollywood bowl
N you climb up the mountains n you fall down the holes
All the way from memphis

Yeah its a mighty long way down rock n'roll
As your name gets hot so your heart grows cold
N you gotta stay young man, you can never be old
All the way from memphis

Yeah its a mighty long way down rock n' roll
Through the Bradford cities and the oreoles
N you look like a star but you're really out on parole!
All the way from memphis