

# 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