

What I Really Mean

Robert Earl Keen

Drove from Albuquerque to Ft. Smith, Arkansas
Then all the way to New Orleans in time for Mardi Gras
You should have seen... the craziness down there
What I really mean... I wish you were here

And we were down on Beale Street, Memphis, Tennessee
With the blues, the booze, the bar-B-
Q's, our name on the marquee
And you should have seen... the crowd we drew in there
What I really mean... I wish you were here

I'm sending you this postcard
To tell you that I'm fine
And let you know wherever I go
You never leave my mind

Broke down in Kentucky; in Richmond there was snow
We saw our friends in Charlotte; we played on the radio
And you should have seen... us singin' on the air
What I really mean... I wish you were here

I'm sending you this postcard
To tell you that I'm fine
And let you know wherever I go
You never leave my mind

Tonight we're in the city, and it's like Disneyland
But I'm sick and tired and I can't wait to get back home again
And I have this dream... you'll be waitin' there
What I really mean... I wish you were here
What I really mean... I wish you were here