

Wrong Side of Memphis

Trisha Yearwood

I've been living on the wrong side of Memphis
I'm really breaking away this time
A full tank of gas and a '69 Tempest
Taking me to that Nashville sign

No turning back, I've come too far
I'm headed down 40 with my old guitar
This ain't Graceland that's a fact
And I ain't driving a pink Cadillac

I've been living on the wrong side of Memphis
Gonna bronze these blue suede shoes
These cowboy boots are gettin' kinda restless
And I ain't gotta single thing to lose

I've had this dream from a tender age
Calling my name from the Opry stage
I can hear it sing loud and clear
200 miles and I'll be there

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