

Cat On Form

"Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again"

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Oh, the ragman draws circles
Up and down the block
I'd ask him what the matter was
But I know that he don't talk
And the ladies treat me kindly
And furnish me with tape
But deep inside my heart
I know I can't escape
Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Well, Shakespeare
He's in the alley
With his pointed shoes
And his bells
Speaking to some french girl
Who says she knows me well
And I would send a message
To find out if she's talked
But the post office
Has been stolen
And the mailbox is locked
Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Mona tried to tell me
To stay away
From the train line
She said that all
The railroad men
Just drink up
Your blood like wine
An' I said
"Oh, I didn't know that
But then again
There's only one I've met
An' he just smoked my eyelids

An' punched my cigarette
Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Grandpa died last week
And now he's buried
In the rocks
But everybody
Still talks about
How badly
They were shocked
But me
I expected it to happen
I knew he'd lost control
When he built a fire
On Main Street
And shot it full of holes
Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Now the senator came down here
Showing ev'ryone his gun
Handing out free tickets
To the wedding of his son
An' me, I nearly got busted
An' wouldn't it be my luck
To get caught without a ticket
And be discovered
Beneath a truck
Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Now the preacher
Looked so baffled
When I asked him
Why he dressed
With twenty pounds
Of headlines
Stapled to his chest
But he cursed me
When I proved it to him
Then I whispered
"Not even you can hide
You see, you're just like me
I hope you're satisfied"

Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Now the rainman
Gave me two cures
Then he said
"Jump right in"
The one was Texas medicine
The other was just railroad gin
An' like a fool I mixed them
An' it strangled up my mind
An' now people just get uglier
An' I have no sense of time
Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

When Ruthie says come see her
In her honky-tonk lagoon
Where I can watch her
Waltz for free
'Neath her Panamanian moon
An' I say
"Aw come on now
You must know about
My debutante"
An' she says
"Your debutante just knows
What you need
But I know what you want"
Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Now the bricks lay
In Grand Street
Where the neon madmen climb
They all fall there
So perfectly
It all seems so well timed
An' here I sit so patiently
Waiting to find out what price
You have to pay
To get out of going through all
These things twice
Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end

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