

Ely Joe

"Dream Camara"

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I was standing at the end of the very longest line

between everywhere and nowhere I could not make up
my mind

stole enough to keep me honest, walked a crooked
mile, I know

I had more time than money, I had no place left to go

closed my eyes and chose a destination like any good
refugee

I stuck a fork into a roadmap right through Nashville,
Tennessee

Swimming pools, country stars

Hitchhiking on the shoulder of the road to nowhere fast

I flagged down a ride, next thing I know we're haulin'
ass

I turned to the scarecrow, to the lion, to the tin man

I said "Everyone in Nashville gonna wonder where we
been man"

ÃfÃ, 'cross the bridge into Memphis, I had my hat in my
hand

paid our respects to He King and drove on to the
promised land

Welcome to Nashville - land of opportunity

Welcome to Nashville - your cab driver knows Alan
Jackson

Welcome to Nashville - the dreams are shoulder to
shoulder

Welcome to Nashville...

We crossed against the light on Broadway, we just got into town

nobody saw the blind man who was showing us around

he'd just moved back to Nashville for the forty-second time

introduced himself as "Hey Buddy, can you spare a dime?"

He was back without a vengeance, he arrived there with a thud

he was living on the sidewalk, he was thinning out his blood

I told the hotel clerk about my band and our show in town tonight

he said "Let me guess - John, Paul, George and Ringo, am I right?"

Take a look around you, Buddy, don't you know where you are?

You can't throw a rock without hitting some guy with a guitar.

Since you brought it up I must confess I got my own band, too."

He said his name was Wallace Hartley, I said "Fancy meetin' you!"

Welcome to Nashville - everyone's a songwriter

Welcome to Nashville - get yourself a crappy day job

Welcome to Nashville - they're gonna tear you a new one

Welcome to Nashville...

If a tree falls in the forest and there's no one around

if a band plays in Nashville does it make a sound?

We did our bet three minutes that nobody came to see

but we sure put some time out of its misery

singin' 'bout wallpaper cowboys and Hemmingway cats

to a conflict of disinterest from their boots down to
their hats

I sang 'em six or seven hundred of my very best
melodies

they just said "Boy, ain't you got any other songs than
these?"

I go walkin' after midnight goin' where the lonely go

I got heartaches by the number, hear that lonesome
whistle blow

I took the grand tour, lived the night life, saw the rose
garden too

found a good hearted woman but I can't stop lovin' you

if it's only maek believe well who's to bless and who's
to blame

'cause I walked the line and they never even called me
by my name

Welcome to Nashville - man these guys are serious

Welcome to Nashville - I've got a friend who's got a
friend

Welcome to Nashville - would you like fries with that?

Welcome to Nashville - now go on home

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