

Grateful Dead

"Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again"

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Well, the ragman draws circles
Up and down the block
I'd asked him, "What's the matter?"
But I know he don't talk

And the ladies treat me kindly
And they had furnish me with tape
But deep inside my heart I know
I know I can't escape

Oh Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside a Mobile
With the Memphis blues again?

Shakespeare, he's in the alley
With his pointed shoes and bells
Speaking with some French girl
Who says she knows me well?

And me, I would send a message
To find out if she's talked
But the post office has been stolen
Mailbox is locked

Oh Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside a Mobile
With the Memphis blues again?

Now Mona, she tried to warn me
Stay away from the railroad line
She says 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
He just smoked my eyelids
An' he punched my cigarette"

Oh Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside a Mobile
With the Memphis blues again?

My grandpa died last week
And they buried him in the rocks
Everyone still talks about
How badly they are shocked

But me, I expected it to happen
I knew he'd lost control
When he built a fire on Main Street
And he shot it full of holes

Oh Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside a Mobile
With the Memphis blues again?

Now the senator, he came down here
Showing everyone 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
Be discovered beneath a truck

Oh Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside a Mobile
With the Memphis blues again?

Now the preacher looked so baffled
When I asked him why he had dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chest

Then he cursed me when I proved it to him
Then I said, " You see, not even you can hide
You see, you're just like me
And I hope you're satisfied"

Oh Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside a Mobile
With the Memphis blues again?

Now the rainman gave me two cures
And he said, "Jump right in"
The first was Texas medicine
The second was just railroad gin

An' like a fool I mixed them
And it strangled up my mind
Now people just get uglier

An' I have got no sense of time

Oh Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside a 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 said, "Aw, come on now
You know, you know about my debutante"
She says, "You take your time, knows what you need
But I know what you want"

Oh Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside a Mobile
With the Memphis blues again?

Now the bricks, they lay on Grand Street
Where the neon madmen climb
They all fall there so perfectly
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 of these things twice

Oh, oh Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside a Mobile
With the Memphis blues again?

Oh Mama, can this really be the end
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