

## Ian Hunter

# "All The Way From Memphis"

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Forgot my six-string razor - hit the sky  
Half way to memphis 'fore I realised  
Well I rang the information - my axe was cold  
They said she rides the train to oreoles

Now it's a mighty long way down the dusty trail  
And the sun burns hot on the cold steel rails  
'N I look like a bum 'n I crawl like a snail  
All the way from memphis

Well I got to oreoles y'know - it took a month  
And there was my guitar, electric junk.  
Some spade said "rock'n'rollers, you're all the same.  
Man that's your instrument." I felt so ashamed.

Now it's a mighty long way down rock'n'roll  
Through the bradford cities and the oreoles  
'N you look like a star but you're still on the dole  
All the way from memphis

Yeah it's a mighty long way down rock'n'roll  
From the liverpool docks to the hollywood bowl  
'N you climb up the mountains 'n you fall down the  
holes  
All the way from memphis

Yeah it's a mighty long way down rock'n'roll  
As your name gets hot so your heart grows cold  
'N you gotta stay young man, you can never be old  
All the way from memphis

Yeah it's a mighty long way down rock'n'roll  
Through the bradford cities and the oreoles  
'N you look like a star but you're really out on parole!  
All the way from memphis

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