

## Jerry Reed "Tupelo Mississippi"

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(Spoken) I'm gonna tell you a story  
that's all about this job I had one time as a talent scout.  
I had a hard day at the office and the boss wasn't in  
town,  
the day this hairy legged guitar picker just happened to  
come around.  
Well, he walks into my office with this great big grin,  
and folks,  
that's where my story really begins.  
He said "Son, my name is Beauregard Rippy.  
I come to you from Tupelo, Mississippi.  
I write songs and I sing like a bird.  
I play licks on my guitar like you ain't never heard.  
But I'm down on my luck and things are just a little  
slack.  
I got a quarter in my pocket and a shirt on my back.  
You promise me some supper and give me a place I  
can sleep;  
I'll sing you some songs that'll knock your hat in the  
creek.  
I got talent, boy! Said back home they called me the  
Tupelo Mississippi Flash!  
Well, I knew I was in a room with some kind of nut  
when he pulled out that pack of used cigarette butts.  
So that's when I told him, "We can't use you today."  
So I hand the boy a dollar and send him on his way.  
Well, the boss got back and we both had a laugh  
when I told him 'bout the Tupelo Mississippi Flash.  
And pretty soon I had this story circulatin' around,  
about this Mississippi nut that we had in our town.  
I said watch him, ev'rybody, this boy's squirrelly;  
He walks around callin' himself the Tupelo Mississippi  
Flash!  
Well, then it happened one day I was driving to my  
home,  
I just happened to have my car radio on.  
When I heard a jockey raving 'bout a brand new smash  
by a kid called the Tupelo Mississippi Flash.  
Why, I almost wrecked my automobile.  
I went thru red light, I hit a traffic cop.  
Well, my story's got an ending and it's short and sweet.  
The Boss man he fire me and left me out in the street.

But I got a new job and I'm learning real fast.  
I'm driving the bus for the Tupelo Mississippi Flash.  
And his Cadillac, I'm driving that for him too.  
And that yacht he's got and his airplane.  
Well, chauffeur so good I always say.  
Heh, Tupelo Mississippi, who ever heard of it.  
Why, I'll kill the boy. Help him somebody.

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