

Mark Collie "Tennessee Plates"

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I woke up in a hotel, didn't know what to do
I turned the TV on, wrote a letter to you
The news was talkin' 'bout a dead man upon the
interstate
Seems they were lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee
plates

Well, since I left California, baby, things have gotten
worse
Seems the land of opportunity for me is just a curse
Tell that judge in Bakersfield my trial'll have to wait
Down here they're lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee
plates

It was somewhere in Nevada, it was cold outside
She was shiverin' in the dark, so I offered her a ride
Three bank jobs later, four cars hot wired
We crossed the Mississippi like an oil slick fire

Now if they'd known what we was up to they wouldn't let
us in
And now we landed in Memphis like original sin
Elvis Presley Boulevard to the Graceland gates
See we were lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee
plates

Well, there must have been a dozen of them parked in
that garage
There wasn't one Lincoln and there wasn't one Dodge
There wasn't one Japanese model or make
Just pretty, pretty Cadillacs with Tennessee plates

She saw him singing once when she was seventeen
And ever since that day she's been living in between
I was never king of nothin' but this wild weekend
Anyway he wouldn't care, hell he gave them to his
friends

This ain't no hotel, I'm writin' you from
Now it's a Tennessee prison up at Brushy Mountain
Where yours sincerely's doin' five to eight
I'm just stampin' out my time makin' Tennessee plates

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