

Tom Jones "Tupelo Mississippi Flash"

Visit "[Tupelo Mississippi Flash](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He said:

Son my name is Boregard Rippy
I come to you from Tupelo Mississippi
I write songs that'll 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 gotta quarter in my pocket
And a shirt on my back
You buy me some supper
And give me a place I can sleep
He said: I'll sing you some songs
that'll rock your head to sleep
I got talent boy
Said back home they call me
The Tupelo Mississippi Flash

Well, I knew I was in a room
With some kind of a 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 handed the boy a dollar
And sent 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 the story circling around
About this Mississippi nut
That we had in our town

I said:

Watch him everybody
The boy's squirrely

He walks around calling himself
The Tupelo Mississippi Flash

Well, it happened one day
While I was driving to my home
I just happened to have my car radio on
When I heard the jockey raving about
A brand new smash
By a kid called
The Tupelo Mississippi Flash

I almost wrecked my automobile
I went through a red light
I hit the traffic cop

Well, my story's got an ending
And it's short and sweet
The boss man he fired me
And left me out in the street
But I got a new job now
And I'm as learnin' real fast
I'm drivin' the bus
For the Tupelo Mississippi Flash

And his Cadillac
I'm driving that for him too
And that yacht he's got
And is there a plane??
Well, chauffeur, show good I always say
Tupelo Mississippi, who ever heard of it...

Visit [Tom Jones](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.