

John Hiatt and the Guilty Dogs

"Tennessee Plates"

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woke up in a hotel and I didn't know what to do I turned
the TV on and wrote a letter to you The news was talkin'
'bout a dragnet up on the interstate Said they were
lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates 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 that my trial will 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 If they'd known what we
was up to they wouldn't 'a let us in When we landed in
Memphis like original sin Up 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 And there wasn't
one Lincoln and there wasn't one Dodge And 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 Well this ain't no hotel I'm
writin' you from It's the Tennessee prison up at Brushy
Mountain Where yours sincerely's doin' five to eight
Stampin' out my time makin' Tennessee plates

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