

Jr. Robert Earl Keen

"what I really mean"

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Drove from Albuquerque to Ft. Smith, Arkansas
Then all the way to New Orleans in time for Mardi Gras
You should have seen... the craziness down there
What I really mean... I wish you were here

And we were down on Beale Street, Memphis,
Tennessee
With the blues, the booze, the bar-B-Q's, our name on
the marquee
And you should have seen... the crowd we drew in there
What I really mean... I wish you were here

I'm sending you this postcard
To tell you that I'm fine
And let you know wherever I go
You never leave my mind

Broke down in Kentucky; in Richmond there was snow
We saw our friends in Charlotte; we played on the radio
And you should have seen... us singin' on the air
What I really mean... I wish you were here

I'm sending you this postcard
To tell you that I'm fine
And let you know wherever I go
You never leave my mind

Tonight we're in the city, and it's like Disneyland
But I'm sick and tired and I can't wait to get back home
again
And I have this dream... you'll be waitin' there
What I really mean... I wish you were here
What I really mean... I wish you were here

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