

## **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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