Tom Faulkner "Blues Across America"

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Way down here, in the heart of Texas There's a own kinda blues going on Elmore James, Stevie Ray, Freddie King Robert J's licks are heard on every song

They play 'em wild as a herd of horses Rumbling through the open plain If I throw you down a back road Dumped you in a honky tonk You'd never wanna go home again

'Coz the broke down sound Of an old Telecaster's about the Sweetest sound I know

Blues across America Gotta have it on the radio Blues across America I gotta have it everywhere I go

Well, come on up in the Memphis Where we like to say the blues' home You see, Elvis picked up Where the real kings left off And we're still carrying on

Take a walk down Beale Street
Every place you pass by, they call you in
A beggar playing up the street
B.B.'s down a block or two
You'll find me somewhere else in between

The broke down sound
Of a harp through the microphone
The sweetest sound I know

Blues across America Gotta have it on the radio Blues across America Gotta have it everywhere I go

Now go on and show 'em what I'm talking about

Blues across America Gotta have it on the radio Blues across America Gotta have it everywhere I go

Oh, when I hear the howling Like to add a little rhythm to our blues And I'm looking at [Incomprehensible] notes He's shaking people in they shoes

Memphis [Incomprehensible] around midnight Shimmy while our lovers lay Go until the break of down Check around, nobody's gone Sing it [Incomprehensible]

The broke down sound
Of a [Incomprehensible]
About the sweetest sound I know

Blues across America Gotta have it on the radio Blues across America Gotta have it everywhere I go

Blues across America I gotta have it on the radio Blues across America I gotta have it everywhere I go

Here we go now, here we go

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