

Catie Curtis, Memphis

My mother cleans Elvis' house
Yeah, she and everybody else
Who moved to Memphis for the King
She used to work at the Motel 6
Now she gets free guitar picks
That's how I learned to play and sing
I've been playing the hotel scene
Living out my mother's dreams
Strumming underneath the disco lights
All kinds of people come in
We got this psychic from Beijing
She read my cards right there that night
And then I dreamed that my soul mate
Was a motel clerk in Jersey
Who has not met me, so why am I in this Hotel in Memphis
When I just want to kiss somebody tonight
My mother doesn't seem to mind that
Elvis isn't still alive
She just toils in memory
She's no hippie, she's no flake
She just thinks that it's her fate
And who am I to disagree
Everybody's got a heart to follow
Everybody's got to make that call
As I look around the hotel scene
I'm doing pretty good with my band
People come shake my hand
But true love is what I need
So I dream about my soul mate
Who's a motel clerk in Jersey
Who has not met me so why am I in this Hotel in Memphis
When I just want to kiss somebody tonight
So I'm gonna take the Greyhound all the way to Jersey
I hope you meet me 'cause
I don't care if I ever get famous
I just want to kiss somebody tonight