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

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

So I dream about my soul mate