

Eddy Arnold, This Ain

THIS AIN'T TENNESSEE AND SHE AIN'T YOU
WRITERS JIM SHAW, LARRY BASTIAN

It's a big estate
With wrought iron gates
And palm trees standin' tall
Fancy mirrors and chandeliers
Comfort wall to wall
And the ocean air is so crisp and clear
And they rave about our view
But there ain't no mountain breeze
And there ain't no hickory trees
And this ain't Tennessee
And she ain't you
There's a bedroom suite
Where she comes to me
And as her fingers touch my face
I close my eyes and I fantasize
Of another time and place
What she feels is so warm and real
And I know her love is true
And she tries so hard to please
Still I think sometimes she sees
That this ain't Tennessee
And she ain't you
It's not that it's not good enough
And it's not that I'm not man enough
There's just somethin' easy goin' that I love
About you and Tennessee
So I made up my mind to learn my lines
And try to play the part
But part of me is in Tennessee
And deep down in my heart
I miss my Smoky Mountain home
And I miss your lovin' too
And it's deep inside of me
And it's always gonna be
Cause this ain't Tennessee
And she ain't you