

Eric Burdon, Going Back To Memphis

I've been struggling up here, child, trying to make a living
Everybody wants to take, nobody like giving
I wish I was in Memphis back home there with my Mama
The only clothes I got left that ain't rags is my pajamas
No brotherly love, no help, no danger
Just a great big town full of cold hearted strangers

I went hungry in New York and Chicago was no better
But today, my dear mother wrote and told me in her letter
Son, come back to Memphis and live here with your Mama
You can walk down Beale Street, honey, wearing your pajamas
You know home folks here, we let do just what you want to
And I born you and raised you right here on the corner

I'm going to leave here in the morning and walk down to the station
I've got just enough money to pay my transportation
I'm going back to Memphis, back home with my Mama
If I have to ride that bus barefooted in pajamas
Back home in Memphis, no moaning and groaning
I know everything will be all right in the morning