

Pam Tillis, Maybe It Was Memphis

Looking at you through a misty moonlight,
katydid sing like a symphony.
Porch swing swaying like a Tennessee lullaby,
melody blowing through the willow tree.

What was I s'posed to do,
standing there looking at you?
Lonely boy far from home...

(chorus)
Maybe it was Memphis,
maybe it was southern summer nights.
Maybe it was you, maybe it was me,
but it sure felt right.

Read about you in a Faulkner novel,
met you once in a Williams' play.
Heard about you in a country love song,
summer night beauty took my breath away.

What was I s'posed to do,
standing there looking at you?
Lonely boy far from home.

(repeat chorus twice)

Every night now since I been back home,
I lie awake drifting in my memory.
Think about you on your mama's front porch swing
talking that way, so soft to me.

What was I s'posed to do,
standing there looking at you?
Lonely boy far from home

(repeat chorus 'til fade)