

Tony Joe White, Tunica Motel

Monday looked like a downer
Tuesday looked like rain
A bad altitude
And I knew I needed a change

Head out on the highway
Cruising way down south
I knew a little place
Where I might could work it all out

I'm so tired of fighting with myself
Gonna spend a little time at the Tunica Motel

Just outside of Memphis,
Highway 61
Sleepy little town down by the
Mississippi River

I'm gonna lay out on a houseboat
Until my hide turns brown
Ain't gonna move 'till the
Evening sun goes down

Fried chicken to go and they got live bait for sale
Anything you need at the Tunica Motel

I find myself at midnight
Moving to the back porch blues
The guitar cries, telling me
About the hard times

Something moves in the shadows
Giving me a little chill
I thought I saw Robert Johnson
Walking out across the field

There ain't hardly anybody left who even knows the tale
Gimme the blues at the Tunica Motel