

Brian May, All The Way From Memphis

(Ian Hunter)

Forgot my six-string razor
And hit the sky
Half way to Memphis
'Fore I realized

I rang the Information
My axe was cold
They said she rides a train
Down to Oriole

Well it's a mighty long way down the dusty trail
And the sun burns hot on the cold steel rail
An' I look like a bum an' I crawl like a snail
All the way from Memphis

I got to Oriole - you know
It took a month
An' there was my guitar
Electric Junk

Some dude says Rock 'n' Rollers
You're all the same
Man that's your instrument
I felt so ashamed

Now it's a mighty long way down Rock 'n' Roll
Through the Bradford Cities and the Orioles
And you look like a star but you're still on the Dole
All the way from Memphis

Well it's a mighty long way down Rock 'n' Roll
From the Liverpool Docks to the Hollywood Bowl
An' you climb up the mountains an' you fall down the holes
All the way from Memphis

Well it's a mighty long way down Rock 'n' Roll
An' your name gets hot and your heart grows cold
An' you gotta stay a young man - you can never get old
All the way from Memphis

It's a mighty long way down Rock 'n' Roll
From the Bradford Cities an' the Orioles
An' you look like a star but you're still on parole
All the way from Memphis

All the way from Memphis -
All the way from Memphis!