

Jimmy Buffett, West Nashville Grand Ballroom Gown

Standin' on side of the highway 4 exit
A lady in tie die, a bag by her side
Not really lookin' like anything special
Saw Tennessee tags and she waved for a ride

Sat right beside me as the meter hit sixty
Explainin' her travels and her family background
When she got thru I could not help but thinkin'
She's a long way from a West Nashville grand ballroom gown
Her father had money and her mother had love
Channeled entirely to her dear sister Dove
Twenty-two years in societies plan
Canceled at the swing of her dear mothers hand

Six hours later we hit Cincinnati
Yawning she woke and asked where we were
When she found out she said "I must be going"
This close to Nashville was too close for her

So I stopped by the roadside and I gave her five dollars
She took it then kissed me and gave me a note
She told me just to read it then mail it in Nashville
On old loose leaf paper to her mother she wrote
She said Momma I'm fine if you happen to wonder
I don't have much money but I still get around
I haven't made church in near thirty-six Sundays
So fuck all those West Nashville grand ballroom gowns

Yea, she's a long way from the West Nashville grand
ballroom gowns