

John Hiatt, Tennessee Plates

I woke up in a hotel and I didn't know what to do

I turned the TV on and wrote a letter to you

The news was talkin' 'bout a dragnet up on the interstate

Said they were lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates

Since I left California baby, things have gotten worse

Seems the land of opportunity for me is just a curse

Tell that judge in Bakersfield that my trial will have to wait

Down here they're lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates

It was somewhere in Nevada, it was cold outside

She was shiverin' in the dark, so I offered her a ride

Three bank jobs later, four cars hot wired

We crossed the Mississippi like an oil slick fire

If they'd known what we was up to they wouldn't 'a let us in

When we landed in Memphis like original sin

Up Elvis Presley Boulevard to the Graceland gates

See we were lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates

Well, there must have been a dozen of them parked in that garage

And there wasn't one Lincoln and there wasn't one Dodge

And there wasn't one Japanese model or make

Just pretty, pretty Cadillacs with Tennessee plates

She saw him singing once when she was seventeen

And ever since that day she's been living in between

I was never king of nothin' but this wild weekend

Anyway he wouldn't care, hell he gave them to his friends

Well this ain't no hotel I'm writin' you from

It's the Tennessee prison up at Brushy Mountain

Where yours sincerely's doin' five to eight
Stampin' out my time makin' Tennessee plates