

Mott The Hoople, All The Way From Memphis

(Ian Hunter)

Forgot my six-string razor - hit the sky
Half way to Memphis 'fore I realised
Well I rang the information - my axe was cold
They said she rides the train to Oreoles
Now its a mighty long way down the dusty trail
And the sun burns hot on the cold steel rails
'N I look like a bum 'n I crawl like a snail
All the way from Memphis
Well I got to Oreoles y'know - it took a month
And there was my guitar, electric junk.
Some spade said "Rock'n'rollers, you're all the same.
Man that's your instrument." I felt so ashamed.
Now its a mighty long way down rock'n'roll
Through the Bradford Cities and the Oreoles
'N you look like a star but you're still on the dole
All the way from Memphis
Yeah it's a mighty long way down rock'n'roll
From the Liverpool docks to the Hollywood Bowl
'N you climb up the mountains 'n you fall down the holes
All the way from Memphis
Yeah its a mighty long way down rock'n'roll
As your name gets hot so your heart grows cold
'N you gotta stay young man, you can never be old
All the way from Memphis
Yeah its a mighty long way down rock'n'roll
Through the Bradford Cities and the Oreoles
'N you look like a star but you're really out on parole!
All the way from Memphis