## Robert Earl Keen, What I Really Mean

Drove from Albuquerque to Ft. Smith, Arkansas Then all the way to New Orleans in time for Mardi Gras You should have seen... the craziness down there What I really mean... I wish you were here

And we were down on Beale Street, Memphis, Tennessee With the blues, the booze, the bar-B-Q's, our name on the marquee And you should have seen... the crowd we drew in there What I really mean... I wish you were here

I'm sending you this postcard To tell you that I'm fine And let you know wherever I go You never leave my mind

Broke down in Kentucky; in Richmond there was snow We saw our friends in Charlotte; we played on the radio And you should have seen... us singin' on the air What I really mean... I wish you were here

I'm sending you this postcard To tell you that I'm fine And let you know wherever I go You never leave my mind

Tonight we're in the city, and it's like Disneyland But I'm sick and tired and I can't wait to get back home again And I have this dream... you'll be waitin' there What I really mean... I wish you were here What I really mean... I wish you were here