

Silver Jews, Tennessee

I saw the river playing in the valley
Rushin' 'round the bend and skippin' stones
I saw the meadow wobble in the moonlight
I've come to get my girl and take her home

Her doorbell plays a bar of Stephen Foster
Her sister never left and look what it cost her
We're gonna live in Nashville and I'll make a career
out of writing sad songs and gettin' paid by the tear

Marry me and leave Kentucky, come to Tennessee

Cause you're the only ten I see
You're the only ten I see

I've looked through offices and honky tonks for a man man enough to be
Mr. and Mrs. Tennessee
Mr. and Mrs. Tennessee

Punk rock died when the first kid said
"Punk's not dead, punk's not dead"
You know Louisville is death
We've got to up and move
because the dead do not improve

Goodbye users & suckers & steady badluckers
We're off to the land of club soda unbridled
We're off to the land of hot middle-aged women
Off to the land whose blood runneth orange

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