

# Trisha Yearwood, Wrong Side Of Memphis

I've been living on the wrong side of Memphis  
I'm really breaking away this time  
A full tank of gas and a '69 Tempest  
Taking me to that Nashville sign

No turning back, I've come too far  
I'm headed down 40 with my old guitar  
This ain't Graceland that's a fact  
And I ain't driving a pink Cadillac

I've been living on the wrong side of Memphis  
Gonna bronze these blue suede shoes  
These cowboy boots are gettin' kinda restless  
And I ain't gotta single thing to lose

I've had this dream from a tender age  
Calling my name from the Opry stage  
I can hear it sing loud and clear  
200 miles and I'll be there

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