

From Here to Memphis

This bus don't make no local stops

Four more hours till we hit the coffee shop

It's only me and my designs, my designs

Along this steam of broken lines

I drive from here to Memphis

From Memphis on down to San Antone

She said goodbye and now I know she meant it

Heading back to Houston all alone

How could love just disappear?

Slip through my fingers and leave me standing here

Cut my heart just like a knife, like a knife

Make a shambles of my life

All my riders fast asleep

Somebody's dreaming hard, I hear him breathing deep

Now the loneliness begins, it begins

All my worries closing in

(Chorus)