

# Tennessee Plates (feat. John Hiatt & Vince Gill)

Joe Bonamassa

I woke up in a hotel, didn't know what to do  
I turned the TV on, wrote a letter to you  
The news was talkin' 'bout a dead man upon the interstate  
Seems they lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates Well since I left California baby, things  
have gotten worse  
Seems the land of opportunity for me is just a curse  
Tell that judge in Bakersfield, my trial I'll have to wait  
They're lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates It was somewhere in Nevada, it was cold  
outside  
She was shiverin' in the dark, so I offered her a ride  
Three bank jobs later, four cars hotwired  
We crossed the Mississippi like an oil slick fire, Yeah!  
Yeah If they'd known what we was up to they wouldn't let us in  
Now we landed in Memphis like original sin  
Elvis Presley Boulevard to the Graceland gates  
Oh, see we're lookin' for a Cadillac with Tennessee plates Man, there must have been a dozen of  
them parked in that garage  
There wasn't one Lincoln and there wasn't one Dodge  
Wasn't one Japanese model or make  
Just pretty, pretty Cadillacs' with Tennessee plates She saw him singing once when she was  
seventeen  
And ever since that day she's been living in between  
I was never king of nothin' but that wild weekend  
Anyway he wouldn't care, hell he gave them to his friends  
This ain't no hotel I'm writin' you from  
The Tennessee prison up at Brushy Mountain  
Where yours sincerely's doin' five to eight  
Stampin' out my time makin' Tennessee plates

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>