

# Johnny Cash, Going To Memphis

Bring a drink of water Leroy bring a drink of water (no)  
If I could get to mercy man he's give me some I know  
I got a gal in Vickburg Bertha is her name  
Wish I's tied to Bertha instead of this ball and chain  
I'm goin' to Memphis (that's right Lord) yeah (uh huh)  
But dues took all my money wouldn't let me see the cards  
I owen the boss about a hundred years for sleepin' in his backyard  
I'm goin' to Memphis (yeah Memphis) yeah I'm goin' to Memphis (now)  
Like a bitter weed I'm a bad seed but when that levee's thru and I am too  
Let the honky tonk roll on come mornin' I'll be gone  
I'm goin' to Memphis yeah Memphis  
I never been to Chicago but it must be a mighty fine place (that's right)  
I couldn't get past Tennessee with Mississippi all over my face (uh huh)  
I'm goin' to Memphis (that's right Lord Memphis)  
Well the freezin' ground at night is my own foldin' bed  
Polk salad is my bread and meat and it will be till I'm dead  
Well I brought me a little water in a Mr Prince Albert can  
But the bossman caught me drinkin' it and I believe he broke my hand (hm hm)  
They all call me crazy for sassin' Mr Scott  
My brother was killed for a deed I did but I disremember what (yeah)  
Well another boy is down the shovel burned him out  
Let me stand on his body to see what the shoutin's about  
I'm goin' to Memphis yeah I'm goin' to Memphis hmm  
Like a bitter weed...