

It felt like paradise
You can roll me once, roll me twice
And I'm still lost in your eyes

Trading songs with Chesley
Till the sun comes up
Batton down the hatches
Secure the latches
And start all over again

The eyes of Texas are upon me
Delta mud upon my clothes
And it's dark at the crossroads
Robert Johnson knows

Come on and hold me tight
I feel at home tonight
Come on and hold me tight
And never say goodnight

We'll drive on into town
And circle round the square
Seventy miles to Memphis
But you won't find me there

Fourteen hours what a ride
It was do or die
Southern hospitality
And I'm the King tonight