

Graceland Mood

Rob Baird

I was riding shotgun
South out of Memphis
That Mississippi feeling
Creeping through my bones

To hell with my regrets
Keep them where they lay
Take the feeling of leaving over dying
Any damn day

55 and flying
Just pushing 95
Looking in my rear view
Whispering goodbye

It ain't my fault
Guess that's what we all say
I'll take the feeling of leaving over dying
Any damn day

How was I supposed to choose
Couldn't stay I couldn't refuse
Caught up in the Graceland mood
Strung out on the truth
Between living and the dying
I'm just trying
To get me over you

Riding home through Greenville
Stalled out in the rain
Wish I hadn't tried so hard
To bring about this change

Not the first time that I've lost one
It's just putting out a flame
But still what's the cost son
Of trying to out run this pain

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I got a first class ticket babe to a delta sunrise
No time to waste, no time to hide