

The Flood

Tony Joe White

It was raining hard in Memphis
When we played the old blues club
It kept pouring down all night long
Just wouldn't let up

We got up early next morning
Started on our way home
Ran into a line of semi trucks
40 miles long

I asked a truck driver
"Can you tell us what you know?"
He said "Boys, there's come a real bad flood
This whole interstate is closed"
We hit 4-wheel drive
Got up on a little dirt road
Made it high up in the mountains
Nowhere else to go

We kept on rolling
And got up on the Natchez Trace
When we made it to Nashville
It was hard to recognize the place

Guitars floating down the river
Drum sets washed up on the mud
So many losing their possessions
In the Nashville Flood

And all the homeless people
Homeless, Homeless - Living in their tents
Right beside the water
They didn't stand a chance

But everybody pulled together
And did what it takes
They let the whole world know
That Nashville has still got a whole lot of
Music to make