WALKING IN MEMPHIS

Words and Music by
MARC COHN

Put on my blue suede shoes and I boarded the plane. Touched down in the land of the Delta Blues in the middle of the pouring rain.
Yeah, I've got a first-class ticket but I'm as blue as a boy can be. Then I'm walking in Memphis.

Was walking with my feet ten feet off of Beale. Walking in Memphis.
- phis,

but do I really feel the way I feel?_

Saw the ghost of El-

vis on Union Avenue, followed him up

to the gates of Grace-land, then I watched him walk right through._
Now security, they did not see him; they just
hovered 'round his tomb, but there's a pretty little thing waiting for the King down in the Jungle Room.
When I was walking in Memphis
I was walking with my feet ten feet off of Beale.
Walking in Memphis

but do I really feel the way I feel?

They’ve got catfish on the table:

they’ve got
gos - pel in the air,

and Reverend Green be glad to see you when you _

_ have n’t got a prayer, _

boy, you’ve got a prayer in Mem - phis.

a tempo

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Now Muriel plays piano

every Friday at the Hollywood, and they

brought me down to see her and they asked me if I would,

well, do a little number, and I
F sang with all my might. She said, “Tell me, are you a Chris-
tian, child?” and I said, “Ma’am I am tonight.” Walking in Mem-
phis.

I was walking with my feet ten feet off of Beale.

Walking in Memphis, but do I really
feel the way I feel?
Walk- ing in Mem- feel the way I feel?

Put on my blue suede shoes and I boarded the plane.

Touched down in the land of the Delta Blues in the
middle of the pouring rain. Touched down in the land of the

Del - ta Blues. in the mid -dle of the pouring rain.

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