

Wayward Saints of Memphis

Etta James

I have seen the wayward saints of Memphis
The wasted angels down on Stratford Road
You might believe I've taken leave of my senses
But I can feel their presence in my soul

I have seen the wayward saints of Memphis
Down on Beale, when the neons go to sleep
With a guitar case layin' open on the sidewalk
People passing, droppin' pennies at their feet

They came out of the fields of Mississippi
Like refugees up Highway 61
Looking for salvation in the city
They recognize each and every one

I can feel the restless ghosts of Memphis
I hear the cries and the shufflin' of their feet
Like a heart that just won't stop, keeps on beating
A thousand echoes whisper down the street

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