

Memphis

Janis Ian

We were standing by the river
Staring into town
All the world was on his shoulders
The tears were raining down
All along the southern skyline
City lights began to bloom
He said - if you only knew her
The way that I do, sir
You would be crying too

If you could see Memphis the way that I do
She would look different to you
Queen of the Delta, tip your tiara
Memphis, the belle of the blues

The streets were filled with cotton
And music filled the air
All the paddle boats came rolling
From east of everywhere
Now the streets are filled with silence
And songs no one can hear
But her memory lingers
It slips through my fingers
And into this river of tears

If you could see Memphis the way that I do
She would look different to you
Queen of the Delta, tip your tiara
Memphis, the belle of the blues

So roll on - roll on
My sweet magnolia, roll on
How the memory lingers
It slips through my fingers
And into this river of tears

If you could see Memphis the way that I do
She would look different to you
Queen of the Delta, tip your tiara
Memphis, the belle of the blues
Memphis, the belle of the blues