

Private Presley

Peach Pit

The two room shotgun house
The folks could hear her howls
The cotton bed sheets blood, my son
One less, when its all done

Love me tender like what keeps you well
My voice is back home while I'm in hell
Who's the ol' slew foot who took you from me
Cried oh Private Presley, she swayed like the trees

The bus line, people shout
Reach out with my hand to these sidewalk crowds
All of these faces, you can't see, with me
Just wanna go home, my river winds breeze

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My voice is back home while I'm in hell
Who's the ol' slew foot who took you from me
Cried oh Private Presley, she swayed like the trees

The Memphis sun still shone
Tupelo's air still filled my lungs
Alone except my songs, you're gone
Just bring me with you love

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Who's the ol' slew foot who took you from me
Cried oh Private Presley, she sways like the trees