

## Etta's Tune

Rosanne Cash

What's the temperature, darlin'?  
A hundred or more  
Horses pawing at the dust  
Violets wilting by the door  
But you pour your strongest coffee  
And I'll take the battered wheel  
We'll drive straight down the river road  
Spread a blanket on the hill

What's the temperature, darlin'?  
Now don't stare into the past  
There was nothing we could change or fix  
It was never gonna last  
Now don't stare into those photos  
Don't analyze my eyes  
We're just a mile or two from Memphis  
And the rhythm of our lives

A mile or two from Memphis  
And I must go away  
I tore up all the highways  
Now there's nothing left to say  
A mile or two from Memphis  
And I finally made it home

There were days you paced the kitchen  
There were nights that felt like jail  
When the phone rang in the dead of night, you would always throw my b  
ail  
No you never touched the whiskey and you never took the pills  
I traveled for a million miles while you were standing still

What's the temperature, darlin'?  
As the daylight fades away  
I'll make one last rehearsal  
With one foot in the grave  
We kept the house on old Nokomis  
We kept the polished bass guitar  
We kept the tickets and the reels of tape to remember who we are

A mile or two from Memphis  
And I must go away  
I tore up all the highways  
Now there's nothing left to say  
A mile or two from Memphis  
And I finally made it home

What's the temperature, darlin'?