

**Music City Blues**  
**Davis Raines**

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**G** **C**  
Iâ€™m stuck here in the middle lane, traffic backed up to the trains  
**G** **D**  
Same old woman on my brain and what to do but wait  
**G** **C**  
Here where buildings look like bats and Yankee boys in cowboy hats  
**G** **D** **G**  
Are asking people where itâ€™s at and I tell â€™em itâ€™s too late  
**D** **G**  
Hey Mama let me reverse the charges.  
**D** **G**  
Would you mind sending me my traveling shoes?  
**G** **C**  
Never mind â€™cause sheâ€™ll be gone regardless  
**G** **D** **G**  
And Iâ€™ll be here in Nashvegas with these Music City Blues

The record man donâ€™t want my songs, he says theyâ€™re dark and much too long  
Besides my accentâ€™s much too strong for radio these days  
So hush my mouth and call me dumb â€™cause I donâ€™t understand how come.  
Where you supposed to come from to be country anyway?  
Hey Buddy, anybody spare a B string? â€™Cause mines broke and damn, I am too.  
I tell you man, a man can start to see things,  
When heâ€™s getting off on Broadway with these Music City Blues.

But if I had it I would bet a hundred dollars now and yet  
Tomorrow Iâ€™ll get up and get that wicked guitar down.  
And give the wheel another spin and try to get it right again,  
And place a bet on me to win the jackpot here in town.  
Hey baby if it comes between us, I guess itâ€™s just what Iâ€™s built to do  
But maybe later on if itâ€™s convenient  
You can meet me at the Merchants with the Music City Blues  
You can meet me at the Merchants with the Music City Blues