

FORTY-TWO YEARS

Verse 1

Well, in a two-room house deep down in the South, in sleepy Tupelo,
He was raised on the gospel and his mama's love and the songs of old Hank Snow.
He was born without a penny or a chance in hell; could he have ever known
What he would find and how he would shine when he left Tupelo?

Verse 2

When he was thirteen, just starting to dream, he set out on the road.
He found himself in Memphis with the rhythm and blues near the birth of rock and roll.
Near the banks of the river, 'neath the lights of Beale, was there any way to know
Where country, blues, and gospel fused, he would find a soul?

Chorus

Through forty-two years, that boy became a man.
By the banks of the Mississippi, he made his stand.
Rooted in gospel but soaked in blues, even a king had to pay his dues.
And in that city on the Mississippi, when fate drew near,
It couldn't dim the dreams of forty-two short years.

Verse 3

Well, in a brand-new home of grace and of stone, built on rock and roll,
He stamped our lives and music, and he took the world; still, fame would take its toll.
At once he was a champion, conquering the sun, but can we ever know
Did he reminisce, and did he miss the soft shade of Tupelo?

Bridge

Twenty-one years a pauper, just twenty-one years a star.
Just forty-two years among us, still a part of who we are.

For forty-two years, he learned to chase his fears
Down a road filled with love, fortune, fame, and tears.
Running from the devil while singing his songs, but a shooting star don't last too long.
And in that city on the Mississippi, when fate drew near,
It didn't dim the dreams of forty-two short years.

Music and Lyrics by Jason A. Spraggins