

"Forty-two Years"

V1

In a two-room house deep down in the south-
in sleepy Tupelo,
he was raised with the Bible 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 from Tupelo?

V2

When he was fourteen- just startin' to dream,
he set out on the road-
found himself in Memphis with the rhythm and blues
near the dawn of rock -n- roll.
On the banks of the river,
'neath the lights of Beale,
was there any way to know-
when country, blues, and gospel fused
he would find his soul?

CH 1

Through forty-two years, he faced his fears
on a road of love, fortune, fame and tears.
Rooted in gospel- soaked in blues-
even a king had to pay his dues.
When the temple started fallin' and fate drew near-
it couldn't dim the dreams of forty-two short years.

V3

In a brand-new home of grace and stone-
built on rock-n-roll,
he stamped our lives, and he took the world.
but fame would take its toll.
He was climbin' ever higher- shinin' like the sun,
but can we ever know-
did he reminisce, and did he miss
the shade of Tupelo?

CH 2

Through forty-two years, he faced his fears
on a road of love, fortune, fame and tears.
Runnin' from the devil while singin' the songs-
shootin' stars don't last long.
When the temple started fallin' and fate drew near-
it couldn't dim the dreams of forty-two short years.

BR

Just twenty-one years a pauper.
Twenty-one years a star.
Forty-two years among us.
Still a part of who we are.

(instrumental solo)

Runnin' from the devil while singin' the songs-
shootin' stars don't last long.

(repeat chorus one)

Lyrics by Jason Spraggins, 11/2007