**A Tennessee Tale**

By C. Dawn Campbell 2004

This is our tale in all of its glory.   
It is a tale of a Tennessee road-trip story.

As we headed east away from the fading sun;   
the journey ensued had only begun.

With our belongings piled on the rear;   
the rumble of our bike was the sound in our ears.

Our Trudi was hungry and thirsty for miles.   
A trip like this had been desired awhile.

Trudi’s our Suzuki Intruder motorcycle.   
She's a red-and-white beauty and we surely do like her.

The destination pursued was McNairy County, Tennessee.  
Buford Pusser's land is what we set out to see.

Sheriff Pusser, he’s a hero of ours.   
He has a legacy anyone could admire.

Walk tall, he did that indeed!   
He's the sort of fellow this here world needs!

Our Tennessee trip's one we're not gonna forget.  
And we'll always remember the two nights in Memphis we spent.

In Adamsville we met with Dwana and Buford's sweet granddaughter who sings.  
The Elvis tune she sang for us in our ears still rings.

If you're ever in Adamsville, give Pusser's a try.  
You’ll be glad you did, and here’s why:

The service is excellent and the food there is great.  
Fried Green Tomatoes is one thing we ate.

Tennessee is a great state we just love passing through.  
But how can you pass through Memphis without stopping to hear Blues?

The Blues and Elvis, that's what we like!  
Did we mention to you how much fun we have traveling across country on bike?!!

*There's just nothing quite like it.* That's what we say.  
And if you don’t believe us, well then, have it your way!

With the sun drenching our faces and arms around my sexy old man;   
I can't tell you how much we love riding freely through God's lovely land.

A trip like this sure cleanses one's soul.  
It's also what helped me become happy and whole.

There was a detour at Graceland, because a stop there's a must!  
Did you honestly think we'd forget the man who was so full of trust?!

Elvis was a man as real as could be.  
His qualities, I'd like to find some in me.

Of course, no trip would be complete without an awful citation.  
Oh, why, oh why? And, when we were on our vacation!!!

This time it was for not wearing our helmets.  
This is a law we find that stirs fits.

Oh well! It was worth it, you see --  
-- To have our hair blowing wildly and free.

This trip was amazing beyond measure.   
What it created was a whole bunch of pleasure!~)

Pleasures are plentiful if you know where to look.  
Why, they're so abundant, I just might write a book.

If you're ever traveling down a highway and a fruit stand's in reach 

Then pull right on over and grab yourself a sweet peach.

A peach that's delicious; a peach that's so ripe.  
Surely doing this couldn't cause one to gripe.

Another pleasure you'll find is above in the sky.

It's that wonderful site of the hawks soaring high.

We love hearing the sound of their echoes and cries.  
It's a sound that reverberates from our toes to our thighs.

We find their sound to be piercing and so amazing!  
And the sky, at it we just love to be gazing!

Yep, we could watch it for hours and hours of great pleasure.  
And we consider it to be one of the greatest-of-all treasures!

So the secret to traveling wildly and free --   
-- is to find someone to travel with in which you agree.

Agreement's a must for that special road trip.  
So make sure the one you take gives you no lip.

I almost forgot to tell you, while chatting with Dwana we heard her contend --  
-- that her dad, Buford, and our Elvis, they were great friends!

They both received Tennessee's Most Outstanding Men Award.  
And for this, most likely, they both thanked our Sweet Lord!

Lauderdale Courts in Memphis, a lot of time there was spent.  
Why, we even scaled a great 'ole big fence!

This is where Elvis once lived in case you're wondering why.  
And right after we scaled that fence, we saw an entrance nearby!

Oh well, what's one little rip in the jeans gonna hurt?  
At least we didn't fall face first and land in the dirt!-)

We pitched our tent behind Heartbreak Hotel on Elvis Presley Boulevard.  
Staying there was real pleasant and finding it wasn't hard.

We met some great folks at this campground in Memphis.  
And we really enjoyed the Krispy Kreme Donuts we all had for breakfast.

Shira and Tamara, wherever you are;  
Thank you so much for the two post cards.

And ex-trooper Tony, now he was real trip.  
We were stunned, though, by the words from his lip.

Road trips are fun and truly required.  
They energize one's soul, though they can leave a body real tired.

Of course, getting back home is always a joy.   
Can't wait for our next road trip. Boy, oh boy!

We wonder just where our next road trip will be?   
It might be Arkansas, Missouri or Tennessee.

Or maybe, just maybe, it might be all three!