

Chris Rea, Mississippi

Nashville sky, in the morning sun
Somewhere up north, a new life begun
He was drawn to the twister, with a Memphis sound
Kissed by an Angel, of a music town.
Jump a train from Chicago, trace it back
With the neck of a bottle, and the groove of the tracks
Spend your life running, that Angels sweet sound
Chasing the ghosts, of a faraway town.
Oh Mississippi, running through my veins
Oh Mississippi, never the same again.