

# 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.