

Emmylou Harris, Miss The Mississippi And You

(Bill Haley)

I'm growing tired on the big city lights
Tired of the glamour and tired of the sights
In all my dreams I am roaming once more
Back to my home on the old river shore
I am sad and weary, far away from home
Miss the Mississippi and you

Days are dark and dreary
Everywhere I go
Miss the Mississippi and you

Roaming the wide world over
Always along and blue
Nothing seems to cheer me under heaven's door
Miss the Mississippi and you

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