

Waylon Jennings, Mississippi Woman

(Red Lane)

The reflections of the trees are cut by the bow of my pirogue
And spattered by the paddle of my eager hand
That Mississippi woman is a wavin' over yonder
Wavin' her lantern for her Louisiana man.

How I love that Mississippi woman
How I love that Mississippi girl
How I love that Mississippi woman
But her heart does not belong to me.

The lantern light and moonbeams are dancing patterns on the water
She doesn't seem to realize I've learned her secret plans
My jealous mind is thinking as I paddle through the sleeping alligators
She don't know I know about her Louisiana man.

How I love that Mississippi woman
How I love that Mississippi girl
How I love that Mississippi woman
But her heart does not belong to me.

The reflections of the trees are cut by the bow of my pirogue
And splattered by the paddle of my shaky hand
The silence from behind me is alive with the splashing alligators
And the lantern light is blinking on the bottom in the sand.

How I love that Mississippi woman
How I love that Mississippi girl
How I love that Mississippi woman
But her heart does not belong to me.

How I love that Mississippi woman
How I love that Mississippi girl
How I love that Mississippi woman
But her heart does not belong to me...