

Bob Dylan, Miss The Mississippi

I'm growing tired of 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 dear
Days are dark and dreary everywhere I roam
Miss the Mississippi and you

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

Memories are bringing happy days of yore
Miss the Mississippi and you
Mocking birds are singing 'round the cabin door
Miss the Mississippi and you

Roamin the wide world over
Always alone and blue
Longing form my homeland, muddy water shore
Miss the Mississippi and you