

Chris Rea, Mississippi 2

Nashville sky
In a 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