

Grammatrain, Mississippi

They call her Mississippi
But she dont flow to me
Spends her light on the Bayou
But she dont come to see
Shes the one that makes my dreams
They call her Mississippi
But she dont flow to me

The shape of her horizon
Makes the morning sun
When she puts her eyes on
Each and anyone
Shes the one that makes me fall
Midnight moon shines through it all

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Midnight moon shines through it all
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