

John Anderson, Mississippi Moon

It's a late night show on the radio
Going down the road with the Wolfman
Lightning bugs all around moonlight shining down
on little sleepy towns down in the flatlands

I can still hear momma calling son it's time to come on in
When the darkness started falling...
Everybody gathered round the table, amen

Mississippi Moon hangin in the haze wish I'd never left you
Spent enough time in that old rat race
Goin on back in the delta

Barbecues, back porch stews, and the guitar blues just about sundown
Mockingbird melodies, watermelon memories...
Cruisin the streets downtown

Hot summer night down on the levy
She spread the blanket on the ground
There ain't no feeling like the first time
When the innocence is lost and love is found

Mississippi Moon hangin in the haze almost reach and touch you
Been a long time and I missed your face
Goin on back to the delta

I'm tired of searching for the answers
Always out there on the run
I'm goin back to where my heart is...
Down on Highway 61

Mississippi Moon hangin in the haze almost reach and touch you
Been a long time and I missed your face
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Mississippi Moon hangin in the haze wish I'd never left you
Had enough time in that old rat race
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