

Tom McRae, One Mississippi

Got no gloves, and I don't wear a hat.
And these streets are cold and I
forgot the reasons I came.

Walk a mile and I crossed a bridge
to where heat of industry meets
cool river air, and I
wonder if I will survive the wave
that'll drown this place.

It's a clockwork planet
and I've broken every key,
trying to keep the time from twisting
out of reach.
And it's one Mississippi.
It is two times grip is slipping.
It is three Mississippi,
time stands still.

Got no home, and I made no plans.
And this city holds me in the palm
of its hand. And it sings,
'This is where you catch your breath.'
Well I'm thinking of you,
and I can hear your words
when you said, flying away is for the birds.
And by the way genius,
you ain't walking south.'

It's a clockwork planet
and I've broken every key,
trying to keep the time from twisting
Out of reach.
And it's one Mississippi.
It is two times grip is slipping.
It is three Mississippi,
time stands still.
It is four Mississippi.
Can we stop the clocks from ticking?
It is five Mississippi,
time stands still

Can we spin the world on its axis?
Can we make the clocks run backwards?
Can I only change your history for a day?
Can I fix you in this moment?
See us both move in slow motion?
Is that sunrise or sunset, well who can say?

Yeah it's one Mississippi.
It is two times grip is slipping.
It is three Mississippi,
time stands still.
Yeah it's one Mississippi.
It is two times grip is slipping.
It is three Mississippi,
time stands still.
Yeah it's one Mississippi.
It is two times grip is slipping.
It is three Mississippi,
time stands still.