

# Train, Mississippi

They call her Mississippi  
But she don't flow to me  
Spends her light on the Bayou  
But she don't come to see  
She's the one that makes my dreams  
They call her Mississippi  
But she don't flow to me

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

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