

# New Madrid

## Uncle Tupelo

All my daydreams are disasters  
She's the one think I love  
Rivers burn then run backwards  
For her, that's enough They all come from New York City  
They woke me up at dawn  
She walked with me to the fountain  
She held onto my arm Come on, do what you did, roll me under New Madrid  
Shake my baby and please bring her back  
'Cause death won't even be still, caroms over the landfill  
Buries us all in its broken back There's a man of conviction  
And although he's getting old  
Mr. Browning has a prediction  
And we've all been told So come on back from New York City  
Roll your trucks in at dawn  
Walk with me to the fountain  
And hold onto my arm Come on, do what you did, roll me under New Madrid  
Shake my baby and please bring her back  
'Cause death won't even be still, caroms over the landfill  
Buries us all in its broken back

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