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 enoughThey all come from New York City
They woke me up at dawn
She walked with me to the fountain
She held onto my armCome 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 backThere's a man of conviction
And although he's getting old
Mr. Browning has a prediction
And we've all been toldSo come on back from New York City
Roll your trucks in at dawn
Walk with me to the fountain
And hold onto my armCome 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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