

Mississippi Woman

Waylon Jennings

The reflections of the trees are cut by the bow of my pirogue
Spattered by the paddle of my eager hand
That Mississippi woman is a wavin' over yonder
Wavin' her lantern to her Louisiana man
How I love that Mississippi woman
How I love that Mississippi girl
How I love that Mississippi woman
But her heart did not belong to me
The reflections of the trees are cut by the bow of my pirogue
Splattered by the paddle of my eager hand
The silence from behind me is alive with the splashing alligators
And the lantern light is blinking on the bottom in the sand
How I love that Mississippi woman
How I love that Mississippi girl
How I love that Mississippi woman
But her heart did not belong to me

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