

# Something In The Water

## Little Feat

She don;t look like her mother  
Nothing like her father  
How else can you explain it must be something in the water  
Pig tails, overalls, freckles on her face  
Skinny as a toothpick turned side ways,  
Something happened to her when she turned sixteen,  
From a little Dixie Chicken to a Mississippi Queen, She spent her days a fishin with a bamboo cane  
every night skinny dippin in the Ponchatrain  
IF you were living breatin, had two feet  
you would be stalking that girl cause she looked so sweet  
You could always find her when the night time fell,  
Drinkin of a bucket from an old stone well,  
Drinking from her hand,  
dancing to the moon,  
She don't look like her mother, nothing like her father,  
How else can you explain it must be something in the water  
I never will forget that look in her eye  
The night she took me down to the riverside,  
She wrapped herself around me like a honey suckle vine  
An let me have a taste of wild cherry wine  
You could always find her when the nighttime fell  
Drinking of a bucket from an old stone well  
Drinking from her hand  
Singing to the moon  
She dont look like her mother  
Nothing like her father  
Folks round here say it's something in the water  
Two straight months without any rain  
I never ever saw that girl again  
But I still got her picture  
Burning in my head  
Dancing in a downpour  
soaking wet.  
You could always find when the night time fell  
Drinking of a buck of an old stone well  
Drinking from her hand howling at the moon  
She dont look like her mother nothing like her father  
How else can you explain it must be something in the water  
She dont look like her mother nothing like her father  
Folks round here say it something in the water