Mississippi Burning

Graham Nash

High on a hillside out of town
My grave just cannot hold me
Lying still beneath the stars
I am cold and I am lonely

Kill me quickly, kill me slow
My friends are not here with me
Lying over yonder in the soil
And both were murdered with me

Long and scorching summer days
With Mississippi burning
Black and white and white and black
Their world will keep on turning

Mississippi burning
Clouds come tumbling down
Truth be told it's turning
And I'm turning in the ground

Sail on, sail on up
This mighty river
Lay my soul to rest
God will deliver

Mississippi burning
Clouds come tumbling down
Truth be told it's turning
And I'm turning in the ground

Many a good soul lost their life
And we were just three of them
Arm in arm we stood our ground
For something to believe in

Lynch the truth it will not die
It just comes back to haunt us
Tell the truth and do not lie
Our memory must be ageless

Sail on, sail on up
This mighty river
Lay my soul to rest
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