

Handcuffed to a Fence in Mississippi

Jim White

I'm handcuffed to a fence in Mississippi
My girlfriend blows a boozy good bye kiss
I see flying squirrels and nightmares of stigmata
Then awakenin' to find my Trans-Am gone
Still, I'm feelin' pretty good about the future
Yeah, everything is peaches but the cream
I'm handcuffed to a fence in Mississippi
Where things is always better than they seem
Things is always better than they seem
I see the guitar that my cousin played in prison
It's floating with the TV in the swimmin' pool
I'm callin' for the owner of the motel
Then noticing the bloodstain on the door
I'm reachin' for the shoes under the bushes
Just in time to hear the siren sing
I'm handcuffed to a fence in Mississippi
Where things is always better than they seem
Things is always better than they seem
My Trans-Am is missing
My Trans-Am is missing
I guess, no more kissing
The girl who loved my car
My Trans-Am is missing
My Trans-Am is missing
I guess, no more kissing
The girl who loved my car
You know freedom's just a stupid superstition
'Cause life's a highway that you travel blind
That's right
It's true that havin' fun is a terminal addiction
What good is happiness, when it's just a state of mind?
For in the prison of perpetual emotion
We're all shackled to the millstone of our dreams
Me, I'm handcuffed to a fence in Mississippi
Where things is always better than they yea, yea, yeah, seem
Things is always better than they
Things is always better than they seem
Things is always better than they
Things is always better than they seem
Seem
Seem
Seem
Seem
Seem

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