

New Madrid (live)

Uncle Tupelo

All my daydreams are disasters
She's the one I think I love
Rivers burn and then run backwards
For her, that's enough They all come from New York City
And they woke me up at dawn
She walked with me to the fountain
And she held onto my arm Come 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
There's a man of conviction
And although he's getting old Mr. Browning has a prediction
And we've all been told
So come on back from New York City
Roll your trucks in at dawn Walk with me to the fountain
And hold onto my arm
Come 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

Songwriters

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