

Widespread Panic, Thin Air (Smells Like Mississippi)

Drivin' in the walkin' rain
Let's go, let's go
Stream down my windowpane
Thru the fields, where does all the water go?

Stirring in my sleeping bag
There I stew
Holdin' tight the teddy bear
Dreamin' about you

Feels like Mississippi

Billy Parker on his high tractor
Workin' the dirt all day
The sun and the moon, they're trading places
Better never put that plow away

Yeah, momma was stickin' to her story
Happened wars ago
But Billy walkin' funny now
'Cause he got shot by that local so and so

Feels like Mississippi

Feels like Mississippi

Belly on up boys to your favorite back
If you learn how to paint
She might never, never come back
Guitars can talk on just one string
Lord beat that drum boy, boy, boy, boy
With a turkey leg

Goin' back to Mississippi