

Crossing Mississippi

Jeffrey Foucault

Empty barns falling down to the ground
Ground falling down to the sky
In the country where I left you
The river never sleeps
She just keeps on rolling south in the night

And your beauty finds me there as I leave you
Seeks me out and calls me by my name
You are a temple where I take
Religion like water
Never in my life to forsake
Never in my life to forsake
Deep in this love I can't forsake

And I woke up in the morning
Stumbling with my head bowed low
My hands made into prayers for every mile left to go
And every next time that I leave you
With only half a soul
Maybe if I pray hard enough
I don't have to go

And your beauty finds me there as I leave you
Seeks me out and calls me by my name
You are a temple where I take
Religion like water
Never in my life to forsake
Never in my life to forsake
Deep in this love I can't forsake