

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 awakening to find my Trans-Am gone.
Still, I'm feeling 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,
floating with the tv in the swimming pool.
I'm calling for the owner of the motel,
then noticing the bloodstain on the door.
I'm reaching for the shoes under the bushes,
just in time to hear the sirens sing.
I'm handcuffed to a fence in Mississippi,
where things is always better than they seem.
Things is always better than they seem.
You know freedom's just a stupid superstition,
'cause life's a highway that you travel blind.
It's true that having fun's 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 seem.
Things are always better than they seem.