

Miss The Mississippi And You

K.T. Oslin

I'm growing tired of the big cities lights
I'm tired if the glamour tired of the sites
In all my dreams I am home once more
Back to my home on the old river shore

I'm sad and weary everywhere I go
Miss the Mississippi and you
Days are dark and dreary everywhere I roam
Miss the Mississippi and you

Roaming the wide world over
Seems I'm always alone and blue
Nothing seems to cheer me underneath Heavens door
Miss the Mississippi and you

Yo di o ledi
Mississippi and you

Memories are bringing happy days of yours
Miss the Mississippi and you dear
Mockingbirds are sing all around the cabin door
Miss the Mississippi and you

Roaming the wide world over
Seems I'm always alone and blue
Nothing seems to cheer me underneath Heavens door
Miss the Mississippi and you

Yo di o ledi
Mississippi and you