Something In the Water

Little Feat

She don;t look like her mother
Nothing like her father
How else can you explain it must be something in the water

Pig tails, overalls, freckles on her face
Skinny as a toothpick turned side ways,
Something happened to her when she turned sixteen,
From a little Dixie Chicken to a Mississippi Queen,

She spent her days a fishin with a bamboo cane
every night skinny dippin in the Ponchatrain
IF you were living breatin, had two feet
you would be stalking that girl cause she looked so sweet

You could always find her when the night time fell,
Drinkin of a bucket from an old stone well,
Drinking from her hand,
dancing to the moon,
She don't look like her mother, nothing like her father,
How else can you explain it must be something in the water.

I never will forget that look in her eye
The night she took me down to the riverside,
She wrapped herself around me like a honey suckle vine
An let me have a taste of wild cherry wine
You could always find her when the nighttime fell
Drinking of a bucket from an old stone well
Drinking from her hand
Singing to the moon
She dont look like her mother
Nothing like her father
Folks round here say it's something in the water

Two straight months without any rain
I never ever saw that girl again
But I still got her picture
Burning in my head
Dancing in a downpour
soaking wet.
You could always find when the night time fell
Drinking of a buck of an old stone well
Drinking from her hand howling at the moon
She dont look like her mother nothing like her father
How else can you explain it must be something in the water
She dont look like her mother nothing like her father
Folks round here say it something in the water

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