Flatlands

Steve Azar

Drivin' this '75 Cadillac
I've got the top rolled back
On a southern born uncloudy day
Down a long stretch of highway

I know this day's gonna be my friend
Long as I'm here, baby, in the flatlands
Mississippi flatlands

September fields white as snow
A thousand acres of cotton rows
Sweet gospel preachin' in the air
Amazin' grace is everywhere

So down to earth here in the palm
Of heaven's hand
Baby, that's the flatlands

Mississippi flatlands

I saw an old blues man on 61
That's a highway where I'm from
Playin' slide guitar with a loaded gun

He's got delta mud runnin' through his veins
And when he sings his songs
You can feel the pain

Lord, he may have a broken heart
But he's got magic hands
Where else but in the down home, ever lovin'
Heart breakin', no mistakin'
Mighty ole, muddy Mississippi flatlands

Welcome to Mississippi

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