

Heartland

"Mississippi Love"

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Everybody in my senior class
Got the hell out just as fast
As they could go
And pretty soon that greyhound bus
Had only left a few of us
To carry on
It might have been the family farm
Or Sherry Johnson's loving arms
Something wouldn't let me leave
Something made me believe in

Chorus:

A little house
A piece of land
Making things grown with my own two hands
Coming home
Weary to the bone
At the end of the day
Country stores
Beat up fords
And songs with only 2 or 3 cords
Somehow I think I fell in love
With this Mississippi mud

My best friend went to Birmingham
He's a State Farm insurance man
Makes a hundred thou
He calls me every now and then
Keeps sayin he can cut me in
But its too late now
Cause I've seen so much delta rain
It must have seeped into my veins
Been here long enough to see
One thing for a man life me is

Chorus:

A little house
A piece of land
Making things grown with my own two hands
Coming home
Weary to the bone
At the end of the day

Country stores
Beat up fords
And songs with only 2 or 3 cords
Somehow I think I fell in love
With this Mississippi mud

Hang around here long enough
It'll get into your blood
Comes up like a cotton seed
Before to long all you need is

Chorus:
A little house
A piece of land
Making things grown with my own two hands
Coming home
Weary to the bone
At the end of the day
Country stores
Beat up fords
And songs with only 2 or 3 cords
Somehow I think I fell in love
With this Mississippi mud
With this Mississippi mud
Woah I think I fell in love with this
With this Mississippi mud

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