

Jeffrey Steele**"There Must Be Something In The Water"**

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She don't look like her mother
Nothin like her father
How else can you explain it
There must be somethin in the water

Pigtails, overalls, freckles on her face
Skinny as a toothpick turned sideways
Somethin happened to her when she turned 16
From a little Dixie chicken to a Mississippi queen
hey hey

Spent her days a fishin with a bamboo cain
Every night skinny dippin in the Pontchartrain
If you were livin, breathin, had two feet
You'd be drawn to that girl like a bee to something
sweet

You could always find her when the night time fell
Crankin up a bucket from that old stone well
Drinkin from her hands
Singin at the moon

She don't look like her mother
Nothin like her father
How else can you explain it
There must be somethin in the water

I'll never forget that look in her eyes
The night she snuck me down to the river side
She wrapped her arms around me like a honeysuckle
vine
Her lips they had a taste of wild cherry wine

You could always find her when the night time fell
Crankin up a bucket from that old stone well
Drinkin from her hands
Singin at the moon

She don't look like her mother
Nothin like her father
How else can you explain it

There must be somethin in the water

Wekk twi straight months without any rain
We never ever saw that girl again
But I still got her picture burning in my head
Danin in a down pour soaking wet.

You could always find her when the night time fell
Crankin up a bucket from that old stone well
Drinkin from her hands
Singin at the moon

She don't look like her mother
Nothin like her father
How else can you explain it
There must be somethin in the water

She don't look like her mother
Nothin like her father
Folks down here say it somethin in the water

~Repeat and fade~

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