

## **Dylan Bob**

### **"Mississippi"**

Visit "[Mississippi](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Words and Music by Bob Dylan)

Every step of the way, we walk the line  
Your days are numbered, so are mine  
Time is piling up, we struggle and we stray  
We're all boxed in, nowhere to escape

City's just a jungle, more games to play  
Trapped in the heart of it, tryin' to get away  
I was raised in the country, I been working in the town  
I been in trouble ever since I set my suitcase down

Got nothing for you, I had nothing before  
Don't even have anything for myself anymore  
Sky full of fire, Pain pouring down  
Nothing you can sell me, I'll see you around

All my powers of expression and thoughts so sublime  
Could never do you justice in reason or rhyme  
Only one thing I did wrong  
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

Well, the devil's in the alley, mule's in the stall  
Say anything you wanna, I have heard it all  
I was thinking about the things that Rosie said  
I was dreaming I was sleeping in Rosie's bed

Walking through the leaves, falling from the trees  
Feeling like a stranger nobody sees  
So many things that we never will undo  
I know you're sorry, I'm sorry too

Some people will offer you their hand and some won't  
Last night I knew you, tonight I don't  
I need something strong to distract my mind  
I'm gonna look at you 'til my eyes go blind

Well I got here following the southern star  
I crossed that river just to be where you are  
Only one thing I did wrong  
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

Well my ship's been split to splinters and it's sinking  
fast  
I'm drowning in the poison, got no future, got no past  
But my heart is not weary, it's light and it's free  
I've got nothing but affection for all those who sailed  
with me

Everybody's moving, if they ain't already there  
Everybody's got to move somewhere  
Stick with me baby, stick with me anyhow  
Things should start to get interesting right about now

My clothes are wet, tight on my skin  
Not as tight as the corner that I painted myself in  
I know that fortune is waiting to be kind  
So give me your hand and say you'll be mine

Well, the emptiness is endless, cold as the clay  
You can always come back, but you can't come back all  
the way  
Only one thing I did wrong Stayed in Mississippi a day  
too long

Visit [Dylan Bob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.