

# Mississippi Woman

Waylon Jennings

The reflections of the trees are cut by the bow of my pirogue  
And spattered by the paddle of my eager hand  
That Mississippi woman is a wavin' over yonder  
Wavin' her lantern for her Louisiana man.

How I love that Mississippi woman  
How I love that Mississippi girl  
How I love that Mississippi woman  
But her heart does not belong to me.

The lantern light and moonbeams are dancing patterns on the water  
She doesn't seem to realize I've learned her secret plans  
My jealous mind is thinking as I paddle through the sleeping alligators  
She don't know I know about her Louisiana man.

How I love that Mississippi woman  
How I love that Mississippi girl  
How I love that Mississippi woman  
But her heart does not belong to me.

The reflections of the trees are cut by the bow of my pirogue  
And splattered by the paddle of my shaky hand  
The silence from behind me is alive with the splashing alligators  
And the lantern light is blinking on the bottom in the sand.

How I love that Mississippi woman  
How I love that Mississippi girl  
How I love that Mississippi woman  
But her heart does not belong to me.

How I love that Mississippi woman  
How I love that Mississippi girl  
How I love that Mississippi woman  
But her heart does not belong to me...