

Track 29

Christian Kane

Well given the tall grass you're livin' in
It's not ideal to keep fire in your life.
And the Delta Winds keep pickin' on me
As I'm makin' it down the line.

Sorry to burn so unexpectedly
But it ain't goin' out with the rain in your eyes.
Mississippi burnin' in the middle of
The raging wind tonight

Black gold and coal's open up the throttle
To get me the hell away
From that Mason-Dixon line.
Sit on the floor
And lock the door-
Dancin' with a bottle.
Takin' it home where the buffalo roam on track 29...
Track 29.

Given the tone of your delivery
And the habit of seeing me kinda blow right by,
And the Delta Winds keep trickin' me
That I hear your words arrive.

She said she found the arms of another man.
Well to tell you the truth man
She should've lied.
Mississippi lyin' in the middle
Of a bed of nails tonight.

Black gold and coal's open up the throttle
To get me the hell away
From that Mason-Dixon line.
Sit on the floor
And lock the door-
Dancin' with a bottle.
Takin' it home where the buffalo roam on track 29...
Track 29.