

New Madrid

Uncle Tupelo

All my daydreams are disasters
She's the one I think I love
Rivers burn and then run backwards
For her, that's enough

They all come from New York City
And they woke me up at dawn
She walked with me to the fountain
And she held onto my arm

Come on, do what you did
Roll me under New Madrid
Shake my baby and please bring her back
'Cause death won't even be still

Caroms over the landfill
Buries us all in its broken back
There's a man of conviction
And although he's getting old

Mr. Browning has a prediction
And we've all been told
So come on back from New York City
Roll your trucks in at dawn

Walk with me to the fountain
And hold onto my arm
Come on, do what you did
Roll me under New Madrid

Shake my baby and please bring her back
'Cause death won't even be still
Caroms over the landfill
Buries us all in its broken back