

## Mississippi

Words and music Bob Dylan

Album: Love And Theft (2001)

Intro

C /d /e /f G C

C Csus4 C Csus4  
Every step of the way, we walk the line.C Csus4 C F  
Your days are numbered, so are mine.C F C F  
Time is piling up, we struggle and we scrape.C /d /e /f G C  
We're all boxed in, nowhere to escape.City's just a jungle, more games to play.  
Trapped in the heart of it, trying 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.G /a /b /c  
Got nothing for you, I had nothing before  
/d /e F G  
Don't even have anything for myself anymore  
G /a /b /c  
Sky full of fire, pain pouring down  
/d /e F G  
Nothing you can sell me, I'll see you around.All my powers of expression, I thought so sublime,  
Could never do you justice in reason or rhyme  
Only one thing I did wrong,  
Stayed in Mississippi a day too longWell, the devil's in the alley, mule's in the stall  
Say anything you want to, 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 blindWell, 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 got nothing but affection for those who've sailed with me.  
Everybody moving, if they ain't already there.  
Everybody 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  
Now 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

