

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>