

Mississippi Mud

Bobby Darin

Hey, John, you evah been to Mississippi?

No, man, but I sure would like to visit down there.

You would?

Well, I'll tell you what then, let us hop on a plane and went.

O-kay, I hear it's very nice.

It is, it is.

When the sun goes down
The tide goes out
The people gather 'round
And they all begin to shout.

What?

Hey, hey, Uncle Dud
It's a treat to beat your feet
On the Mississippi Mud.
It's a treat to beat your feet
On the Mississippi Mud.

And what a dance do they do
Lordy, how I'm tellin' you
Why, they don't need no band
They keep time by clappin their hand.

Just as happy as a cow
Chewin' on a cud
When the people beat their feet
On the Mississippi Mud.

Lordy, how they play it
Goodness, how they sway it
There's Uncle George and cousin Jack
Look at those fools peckin' on their back.

What joy!
That music thrills me.

It do.

Boy, it nearly kills me
Sister Kate hollers, "Son!"
You sure get muddy
But, it's mighty good fun

When the sun goes down
The tide goes out
The people gather round
And they all begin to shout.
Hey, Hey, Uncle Dud
It's a treat to beat your feet
On the Mississippi Mud
It's a treat to beat your feet

On the Mississippi Mud.

What a dance do they do

Lordy, how I'm tellin' you

They don't need no band

They don't?

They keep time by clappin' their hand

I see.

Just as happy as a cow

Chewing on a cud

When the people beat their feet

Yeah! Yeah!

And the people clap their hand

On the M I double S I double S I double P I mud.

An "A" for spelling.