

Miss the Mississippi and You

Doc Watson

I'm growing tired of the big city lights
Tired of the glamor, tired of the size
I'm always dreaming of roaming once more
Back to my home on the old river shore

Days are dark and dreary everywhere I roam
How I long for Mississippi and you
Nothing seems to cheer me under heaven's door
How I miss the Mississippi and you

Roaming the wide world over
Always alone and blue, so blue
I am sad and weary, longing to go home
Yes, I miss the Mississippi and you

Mockingbirds are singing 'round the cabin-door
While I dream of Mississippi and you
And my memories are bringing happy days of yore
I have spent in Mississippi with you

Roaming the wide world over
Always alone and blue, so blue
Longing for my homeland on that muddy water-shore
Yes, I miss the Mississippi and you

The Mississippi and you