

Down in Mississippi

Ry Cooder

Far back's I can remember
Either had to plow or hoe
One of those long ol' nine feet sacks
Standin' at the old turn row.
Down in Mississippi. Down in Mississippi.
Down in Mississippi where I was born
Down in Mississippi where I come from...
They had a huntin' season on a rabbit
If you shoot him you went to jail.
The season was always open on me:
Nobody needed no bail.
Nothing I got 'gainst Mississippi,
It also was the home of my wife.
But I count myself a lucky man
Just to get away with my life.