

Mississippi Mud

Harry Barris / James Cavanaugh

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 telling you
 They don't need no band
 They keep time by clapping their hands
 Just as happy as a cow chewing on a cud
 When the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud

Lordy how they play it
 Goodness how they sway it
 Uncle Joe, Uncle Jim
 How they pound the mire with vigor and vim

Joy the music thrills me
 Boy it nearly kills me
 What a show when they go
 Say they beat up either fast or slow

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