

Mississippi Sand

Johnny Cash

I was born down in the bottoms of the flat black Delta land
I grew up picking cotton in the Mississippi sand
My mama said son take that girl and go make her your wife
Or you'll be stuck here in this mud all of your life

Will the water roll it all way this secret that I hold
Will the water roll it all away will it cleanse my aching soul
But a man's gotta make it sometime a man's gotta take a stand
Or he'll get left in the Mississippi sand

A stranger came to town with two torn shoes upon his feet
Singing songs of sadness picking girls off of the street
He made a little bit of music was a leader of a band
And they call him the muddy Mississippi band

My girl was Ruby Colter and she was on her teens
I took her out to churches to socials schools and things
She was a rose just right for picking and he nipped her in the
bud
And he left her here in the Mississippi mud

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Will the water roll it all away will it cleanse my aching soul
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Then me and old Carl we caught him right down by the store
We choked him just a little bit and held him to the floor
We relived him of his pocketbook his blood and other things
Now the Mississippi man's no longer mean

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