

Mississippi Mud

Bing Crosby

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 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!
Uncle Joe, Uncle Jim,
How they pound the mire with vigor and vim!
Joy! that music thrills me!
Boy! it nearly kills me!
What a show when they go!
Say! they beat it up either fast or slow.

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