## The Day The Mississippi Died

## **David Rawlings**

Way up on the Erie they like their chops so fat I've seen the League of Women lick their fingers like a cat While out in California they like their soya beans I pretty much eat anything from soup to turnip greens

I try to treat my neighbors like I like them to treat me Even when they got that dog and cut down that tree I hate that barking dog I miss that old oak everyday But I don't expect everyone to see the world my way

Now the truth is hard to swallow it's hard to take
But I do believe we've broken what we never knew could break
I'm just so disappointed in me and you
But we can't even argue so what else can we do

So fill 'em up once again boys
Fill 'em up and over the brim boys
There's whiskey but the water's done run dry
So we're drinking to the end
Of a long long friend
And the day the mighty Mississippi died

Now the other day I saw a living picture torn from Hell Taken down in Kensington a place you all know well I saw demons laughing, breaking people just for play I cried at the table then I put my tears away

I dug my hands deep into the black Mother Earth Tried to raise my spirits up for what it's worth You laughed and said "Aw honey, now what did you expect?" Not these tears and nightmare years where madness goes unchecked

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Oh we're drinking to the end
Of a long long friend
And the day the mighty Mississippi died
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My pony he did stumble and sent me to the sky
When the jury brought the verdict it was the blue-tail fly
I'm thinking that this melody has lasted long enough
The subject's entertaining but the rhymes are pretty rough

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