

Roll On Sweet Mississippi

Pussycat

Roll on sweet Mississippi deep and wide

You're a river, more than water
And your waters, more than gold
Your ripples are all stories
Which your many sons have told
Your sound is made of drum beats
For which many half-hearted died
Your water's made of teardrops
Which your southern people cried

So, roll on sweet Mississippi
Wash the faces of your sons
And bathe them in that golden delta sun
Yes! And fill them with your spirit
For which dixie heroes die
Roll on sweet Mississippi deep and wide

You have watched the women's faces
As their men went off to die
For their heartland and their country
Never asking why
You have heard the others laughing
At your gentle southern way
Still you keep right on rolling
Never carrying what they say

You have cloaking fed your people
In their bodies and their minds
And the warmth of your reflections
Has raised them to be kind
You're a river, more than water
Lord! your waters, more than gold
Oh! You're a mother to the southland
You're a wonder to be hold