

# 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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