

# Mississippi Mud

## Shemekia Copeland

what a morning was dancing  
slanted across the water  
tugged in her own heart  
of a poor man's daughter  
the mud felt so cool  
from a toes up to a knees  
said a word singing up in a trees  
she tries to save the moment but the moment in was gone  
now she gets to find herself a old sweet song  
mississippi mud  
mississippi mud  
don't you get stuck in that mississippi mudheard a young man playing on a tool from back in time  
on a recipe so wide  
and it sounded all right  
he was singing bottle two joints  
a little country stores  
playing with that feeling oh' we all heard before  
and you know it sounded sweet  
underneath the tangerine sky  
but he never even noticed the world he'd passing by  
mississippi mud  
mississippi mud  
don't you get stuck in that mississippi mudkeep it in your soul  
feel it in your blood but don't you get stuck in that mississippi mud,that mississippi mudthat mud feels soft, that  
mud feels smooth  
but stay too long and you can't move, you can't move, you can't movejukebox in a jackyards  
down band the levy  
with the hundreds forty fives  
also heavy  
like a demon like goes feel dawn  
with the holy ghost  
who want it down from memphis to the golf coast  
but you wanna hear any music if you drop a corder rain  
the grooves were out and there is nothing left to spend  
mississippi mud  
mississippi mud  
don't you get stuck in that mississippi mudkeep it in your soul  
feel it in your blood but don't you get stuck in that mississippi mud,that mississippi mud  
but don't you get stuck in that mississippi mud,that mississippi mud

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