

# Mississippi River Blues

[Hank Snow](#)

Oh, you Mississippi River with waters so deep and wide  
My thoughts of you keep rising just like an evening tide  
I'm just like a seagull that's left the sea  
Oh, your muddy waters keep on calling me I'm gonna pack my grip and head that way  
You'll see me hanging 'round again some day  
'Cause I know that's the only way to lose  
The Mississippi River blues I've often ridden on your bosom from Memphis down to New Orleans  
Floating over muddy waters, drifting through familiar scenes  
And when I hear that whistle of an old steamboat  
Down that Mississippi river again, I'm a going to float I'm gonna pack my grip and head that way  
You'll see me hanging 'round again some day  
'Cause I know that's the only way to lose  
That mean old Mississippi River blues

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