Mississippi Mud

George Melly

Everybody in my senior class
Got the hell out just as fast as they could go
And pretty soon that Greyhound bus
It only left a few of us to carry on
It might've been the family farm
Or Sherry Johnson's loving arms
Something wouldn't let me leave
Something made me believe in
A little house, a piece of land
Making things grow with my own two hands
Coming home weary to the bone
At the end of the day
Country stores, beat up Fords
And songs with only two or three chords
Somehow I think I fell in love
With this Mississippi mud
My best friend went to Birmingham
And he's a State Farm Insurance man
And makes a hundred thou
He calls me every now and then
Keeps saying he can cut me in
But it's too late now
'Cause I've seen so much Delta rain
It must've seept into my veins
Been here long enough to see

One thing for a man like me is
A little house, a piece of land
Making things grow with my own two hands
Coming home weary to the bone
At the end of the day
Country stores, beat up Fords
And songs with only two or three chords
Somehow I think I fell in love
With this Mississippi mud
Hang around here long enough
It'll get into your blood
Comes up like a cotton seed
Before too long all you need is

A little house, a piece of land
Making things grow with my own two hands
Coming home weary to the bone
At the end of the day
Country stores, beat up Fords
And songs with only two or three chords
Somehow I think I fell in love
With this Mississippi mud
With this Mississippi mud
Oh, I think I fell in love
With this Mississippi mud

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