

Roll on Mississippi

Charley Pride

Roll On Mississippi
Walking along, whistling a song
Half foot and fancy free,
A big riverboat, passing us by, she's headed for New Orleans
There she goes, disappearing around the bend.
Roll on Mississippi, you make me feel like a child again.
A cool river breeze, like peppermint leaves,
The taste of it takes me back, Chewin' on a straw, torn overalls,
I can't hold an old straw and muddy river.
Just like a long lost friend. Roll on Mississippi, you make me feel like a child again
Roll on Mississippi, big river roll.
You're the childhood dream that I grew up on.
Roll on Mississippi, carry me home. Now I can see I've been away too long.
Roll on, Mississippi, roll on.
Now, when the world's spinning round, too fast for me,
And I need a place to dream. So I come to your banks, I sit in your shade
Relive the memories
Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn
Roll on Mississippi, you make me feel like a child again
Roll on Mississippi, Big river roll You're the childhood dream that I grew up on.
Roll on Mississippi, carry me home.
Now I can see I've been away too long. Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on, Mississippi,
Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on
Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on
Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on

Songwriters

FLEMING, RHONDA KYE / MORGAN, DENNIS W. Published by

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