

# Mississippi Mud

D.C. Anderson

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 seeped 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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