

# Mississippi Mud

## Less Than Jake

When the sun goes down, the tide goes out  
The people gather 'round and they all begin to shout  
"Hey, hey, Uncle Dud  
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud  
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud" What a dance do they do, Lordy, how I'm tellin' you  
They don't need no band  
They keep time by clappin' their hand  
Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud  
When the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud Lordy, how they play it  
Goodness, how they sway it Uncle Joe, Uncle Jim  
How they pound the mire with vigor and vim  
Joy, that music thrills me, boy, it nearly kills me  
What a show when they go  
Say, they beat it up either fast or slow When the sun goes down, the tide goes out  
The people gather 'round and they all begin to shout  
"Hey, hey, Uncle Dud  
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud  
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud" What a dance do they do, Lordy, how I'm tellin' you  
They don't need no band  
They keep time by clappin' their hand  
Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud  
When the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud

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