

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
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It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud" What a dance do they do, Lordy, how I'm tellin' you
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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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