

# Bing Crosby, Mississippi Mud

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 telling you  
They don't need no band  
They keep time by clapping their hands  
Just as happy as a cow chewing 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 the music thrills me  
Boy it nearly kills me  
What a show when they go  
Say they beat up either fast or slow

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When the people beat their feet  
When the people beat their feet  
When the people beat their feet  
On the Mississippi mud