

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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On the Mississippi mud