

# Bobby Darin, Mississippi Mud

Bobby:  
Hey, John, you evah been to Mississippi?

Johnny:  
No, man, but I sure would like to visit down there.

Bobby:  
You would?  
Well, I'll tell you what then, let us hop on a plane and went.

Johnny:  
O-kay, I hear it's very nice.

Bobby:  
It is, it is.

Johnny:  
When the sun goes down  
The tide goes out  
The people gather round  
And they all begin to shout.

Bobby:  
What?

Johnny:  
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.

Bobby:  
And what a dance do they do  
Lordy, ... how I'm tellin' you  
Why, they don't need no band  
They keep time by clappin their hand.

Both:  
Just as happy as a cow  
Chewin' on a cud  
When the people beat their feet  
On the Mississippi Mud.

Bobby:  
Lordy, how they play it  
Goodness, how they sway it  
There's Uncle George and cousin Jack  
Look at those fools peckin' on their back.

Johnny:  
What joy!  
That music thrills me.

Bobby:  
It do.

Johnny:  
Boy, ... it nearly kills me  
Sister Kate hollers, "Son!"  
You sure get muddy  
But, it's mighty good fun

Both:

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.

Bobby:  
What a dance do they do

Both:  
Lordy, ... how I'm tellin' you

Johnny:  
They don't need no band

Bobby:  
They don't?

Johnny:  
They keep time by clappin' their hand

Bobby:  
I see.

Johnny:  
Just as happy as a cow  
Chewing on a cud  
When the people beat their feet ...

Bobby:  
Yeah! Yeah!

Johnny:  
And the people clap their hand  
On the M I double S I double S I double P I Mud.

Bobby:  
An &quot;A&quot; for spelling.