

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 "A" for spelling.