

# Hank Snow, Mississippi River Blues

Oh you Mississippi river  
With water so deep and wide  
My thoughts of you keep rising  
Just like an evening tide

I'm just like a seagull  
That's left the sea  
Oh your muddy waters  
Keep on calling me

I'm gonna pack my grip and head that way  
You'll see me hanging 'round again some day  
'Cause I know that's the only way to lose  
The Mississippi river blues

Break (fiddle / guitar)

I've often ridden on your bosom  
From Memphis down to New Orleans  
Floating over muddy waters  
Drifting through familiar scenes

And when I hear that whistle  
Of an old steam boat  
Down that Mississippi river  
Again I'm-a-going to float

I'm gonna pack my grip and head that way  
You'll see me hanging 'round again some day  
'Cause I know that's the only way to lose  
That mean old Mississippi river blues