

Jim Croce, Mississippi Lady

With just a sleeping bag
And an old guitar
I left the band in New Orleans
I did some time with the bottle
Some with the river queens
I never thought I would meet a girl
Who could turn my head around
'Til I met that Mississippi lady
In sleepy Gulfport town, she was a

Mississippi lady
My lovin' Gulfport gal
She taught me how to love
And she really loved me well
She took me up to heaven
Then she brought me down
That Mississippi lady
Sweet Cordelia Brown

Hot July in Gulfport
And I was working in the bars

And she was working on the street
With the rest of the evening stars
She said, "I never met a guy
Who could turn my head around"
And that's really sayin' something
For sweet Cordelia Brown, she was a

Now I'm back in New York City
Playin' in a band
But my mind's on Mississippi
Is it hard to understand
I never thought I would meet a girl
Who could bring me that far down
Like the girl I met in Gulfport
Sweet Cordelia Brown, she was a

That Mississippi lady
Sweet Cordelia Brown

That Mississippi lady
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