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 Sweet Cordelia Brown