

# Johnny Tillotson, Mississippi You

MISSISSIPPI YOU'RE ON MY MIND

Writer Jesse Winchester

I think I see a wagon rutted road  
With the weeds growing tall between the tracks  
And along one side runs a rusty barbed wire fence  
And beyond that sits an old tar paper shack  
Mississippi you're on my mind  
Mississippi you're on my mind  
Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind  
I think I hear a noisy old John Deere  
In a field specked with dirty cotton lint  
And below the field runs a shady little creek  
And there you'll find the cool green leaves of mint  
Mississippi you're on my mind  
Mississippi you're on my mind  
Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind  
I think I smell the honeysuckle vine  
The heavy sweetness like to make me sick  
And the dogs, my God, they're hungry all the time  
And the snakes are sleeping where the weeds are thick  
Mississippi you're on my mind  
Mississippi you're on my mind  
Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind  
I think I feel an angry oven heat  
The Southern Sun just blazes in the sky  
In the dusty weeds a fat grasshopper jumps  
I want to make it to that creek before I fry  
Mississippi you're on my mind  
Mississippi you're on my mind  
Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind