

Ray Charles, Mississippi Mud

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.

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What a dance do they do.

Lordy how I'm tellin' you.

They don't need no band.

They keep time by clapping their hands.

Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud.

It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi Mud.

Lordy how they play it.

Goodness how they sway it.

Uncle Joe, uncle Jim!

How they pound that mire with vigor and vim.

Joy it nearly kill me.

Boy that music trills me.

What a show when they go.

Say they beat it up either fast or slow.