

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.
[Doot Doot Doot Doot Doodoot Doodoot Doot]

What a dance do they do.
Lordy how I'm tellin' you.
Whoa, what a band
Keepin' time by clapping their hands.
Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud
When the people beat their feet on the Mississippi Mud.

[Lordy how they play it. Boy they really sway it.
Boot da
Dooten dot dow dut dow wuh dare. Da
Dooten doot dotta da dit dit di doo.
Boy that music thrills me. Say it nearly kills me. Boot da
Wah – uh! Deet dot duh wah wah wah.]

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