

Croce Jim

"Mississippi Lady"

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Written by - Jim Croce

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

Till I met that Mississippi Lady in sleepy Gulfport town,
she was a

Chorus:

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

That Mississippi Lady, Sweet Cordelia Brown

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