

Eddie Meduza

"Mississippi Way"

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Way down the Mississippi way
Down the Mississippi way
Down the Mississippi way

Took my guitar and I took my trunk, it was on a Friday
Jumped in to my trunk and gave it a hunk and went
down the highway
Twenty dollars in my pocket, had to fill up my car
Went down south where the weather is fine, where the
sun shining down hot
Way down the Mississippi way

Way down the Mississippi way
Down the Mississippi way
Down the Mississippi way

Sold my car in a little town by the side of the river
The car was good and I needed the cash so I just had
to leave her
Saw the smoke from the steamboat engine
As I raged for the river
Her was where I was dreaming to go through the long
lonely winter
Way down the Mississippi way

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Down the Mississippi way

Black folks, white folks, yellow folks, red folks going on
the river
Young folks, old folks, bad folks, good folks going on
the river
There no was no fights no ramps when you're going on
the river
Way down the Mississippi way

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