

Hank Snow

"Mississippi River Blues"

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Oh, you Mississippi river with waters so deep and wide
My thoughts of you keep rising just like an evening tide
I'm just like a seagull that's left the sea
Oh, your muddy waters keep on calling me.

I'm gonna pack my grip and head that way
You'll see me hanging round again some day
'Cause I know that's the only way
To lose the Mississippi river blues.

--- Instrumental ---

I've often ridden on your bosom from Memphis down to
New Orleans
Floating over muddy waters drifting through familiar
scenes
And when I hear that whistle of an old steamboat
Down that Mississippi river again I'm a going to float.

I'm gonna pack my grip and head that way
You'll see me hanging round again some day
Cause I know that's the only way
To lose that mean old Mississippi river blues...

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