

Johnny Thunders

"Mississippi You're On My Mind"

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MISSISSIPPI YOU'RE ON MY MIND

Writer Jesse Winchester

I think I see a wagon rutted road
With the weeds growing tall between the tracks
And along one side runs a rusty barbed wire fence
And beyond that sits an old tar paper shack
Mississippi you're on my mind
Mississippi you're on my mind
Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind
I think I hear a noisy old John Deere
In a field specked with dirty cotton lint
And below the field runs a shady little creek
And there you'll find the cool green leaves of mint
Mississippi you're on my mind
Mississippi you're on my mind
Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind
I think I smell the honeysuckle vine
The heavy sweetness like to make me sick
And the dogs, my God, they're hungry all the time
And the snakes are sleeping where the weeds are thick
Mississippi you're on my mind
Mississippi you're on my mind
Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind
I think I feel an angry oven heat
The Southern Sun just blazes in the sky
In the dusty weeds a fat grasshopper jumps
I want to make it to that creek before I fry
Mississippi you're on my mind
Mississippi you're on my mind
Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind

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