Johnny Tillotson "Mississippi You€Â™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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