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Johnny Tillotson "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

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Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind