

Ray Charles "Mississippi Mud"

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When the sun goes down, the tide goes out
The people gather round and they all begin to shout
Hey, hey uncle Dud

It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud

What a dance do they do
Lordy, how I'm tellin' you
They don't need no band
They keep time by clapping their hands

Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud

Lordy, how they play it
Goodness, how they sway it
Uncle Joe, uncle Jim
How they pound that mire with vigor and vim

Joy it nearly kill me
Boy, that music trills me
What a show when they go
Say, they beat it up either fast or slow

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