

Dean Martin "Mississippi Mud"

Visit "[Mississippi Mud](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 telling you
They don't need no band
They keep time by clapping their hands
Just as happy as a cow chewing on a cud
When the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud

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

Joy the music thrills me
Boy, it nearly kills me
What a show when they go
Say they beat up either fast or slow

When the sun goes down, the tide goes out
The people gather 'round, they all begin to shout

Say 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 telling you
They don't need no band
They keep time by clapping their hands
Just as happy as a cow chewing on a cud
When the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud

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 telling you
They don't need no band
They keep time by clapping their hands
Just as happy as a cow chewing on a cud
When the people beat their feet

When the people beat their feet
When the people beat their feet
On the Mississippi mud

Visit [Dean Martin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.