

Shemekia Copeland

"Mississippi Mud"

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what a morning was dancing
slanted across the water
tugged in her own heart
of a poor man's daughter
the mud felt so cool
from a toes up to a knees
said a word singing up in a trees
she tries to save the moment but the moment in was
gone
now she gets to find herself a old sweet song
mississippi mud
mississippi mud
don't you get stuck in that mississippi mud

heard a young man playing on a tool from back in time
on a recipe so wide
and it sounded all right
he was singing bottle two joints
a little country stores
playing with that feeling oh' we all heard before
and you know it sounded sweet
underneath the tangerine sky
but he never even noticed the world he'd passing by
mississippi mud
mississippi mud
don't you get stuck in that mississippi mud

keep it in your soul
feel it in your blood but don't you get stuck in that
mississippi mud, that mississippi mud

that mud feels soft, that mud feels smooth
but stay too long and you can't move, you can't move,
you can't move

jukebox in a jackyards
down band the levy
with the hundreds forty fives
also heavy
like a demon like goes feel dawn
with the holy ghost

who want it down from memphis to the golf coast
but you wanna hear any music if you drop a corder rain
the grooves were out and there is nothing left to spend
mississippi mud
mississippi mud
don't you get stuck in that mississippi mud

keep it in your soul
feel it in your blood but don't you get stuck in that
mississippi mud,that mississippi mud
but don't you get stuck in that mississippi mud,that
mississippi mud

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