**MISSISSIPPI MUD**

**When the sun goes down, the tide goes out**​

​

**The people gather round and they all begin to shout,**​

​

**Hey, hey, Uncle Bud,**​

​

**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,**​

​

**Ain't it great to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud.**