

Roll On Mississippi

Charley Pride

Walking along, whistling a song,
Barefoot and fancy free,
A big riverboat, passing us by, she's headed for New Orleans
There she goes, disappearing around the bend.
Roll on Mississippi; you make me feel like a child again.

A cool river breeze, like peppermint leaves,
The taste of it takes me back,
Chewin on a straw, torn overalls,
A cane pole and old straw hat and muddy river.
Just like a long lost friend.
Roll on Mississippi; you make me feel like a child again

Roll on Mississippi, big river roll.
You're the childhood dream that I grew up on.
Roll on Mississippi, carry me home.
Now I can see I've been away too long.
Roll on, Mississippi, roll on.

Now, when the world's spinning round, too fast for me,
And I need a place to dream.
So I come to your banks, I sit in your shade
Relive the memories
Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn
Roll on Mississippi; you make me feel like a child again

Roll on Mississippi, Big river roll
You're the childhood dream that I grew up on.
Roll on Mississippi, carry me home.
Now I can see I've been away too long.
Roll on, Mississippi, roll on, Mississippi,
Roll on, Mississippi, roll on
Roll on, Mississippi, roll on
Roll on, Mississippi, roll on