

## Mississippi You're On My Mind

Jerry Jeff Walker

I think I see a wagon rutted road  
With the weeds growing tall between the tracks,  
And along one side runs a  
Rusty barbed wire fence and beyond there  
Sits an old tar paper shack.

Mississippi, you're on my mind,  
Mississippi, you're on my mind,  
Mississippi you're on my mind.

I think I hear a noisy old John Deere in a field  
Specked with dirty cotton lint, and below the  
Field runs a little shady creek, and there you'll  
Find the cool green leaves of mint.

Mississippi, you're on my mind,  
Mississippi, you're on my mind,  
Mississippi you're on my mind.

I think I smell the honeysuckle vine,  
The heavy sweetness like to make me sick.  
And the dogs, my God, they're hungry all the time  
And the snakes are sleeping where the weeds are thick.

Mississippi, you're on my mind,  
Mississippi, you're on my mind,  
Mississippi you're on my mind.

I think I feel an angry oven heat,  
The southern sun just blazes in the sky.  
And in the dusty weeds, an old fat grasshopper jumps.  
I wanna make it to that creek before I fry.

Mississippi, you're on my mind,  
Mississippi, you're on my mind,  
Mississippi you're on my mind.

(2x)