

## Mississippi Sand

Johnny Cash

I was born down in the bottoms of the flat black Delta land  
I grew up picking cotton in the Mississippi sand  
My mama said son take that girl and go make her your wife  
Or you'll be stuck here in this mud all of your life

Will the water roll it all way this secret that I hold  
Will the water roll it all away will it cleanse my aching soul  
But a man's gotta make it sometime a man's gotta take a stand  
Or he'll get left in the Mississippi sand

A stranger came to town with two torn shoes upon his feet  
Singing songs of sadness picking girls off of the street  
He made a little bit of music was a leader of a band  
And they call him the muddy Mississippi band

My girl was Ruby Colter and she was on her teens  
I took her out to churches to socials schools and things  
She was a rose just right for picking and he nipped her in the  
bud  
And he left her here in the Mississippi mud

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Will the water roll it all away will it cleanse my aching soul  
But a man's gotta make it sometime a man's gotta take a stand  
Or he'll get left in the Mississippi sand

Then me and old Carl we caught him right down by the store  
We choked him just a little bit and held him to the floor  
We relived him of his pocketbook his blood and other things  
Now the Mississippi man's no longer mean

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