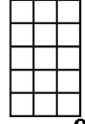
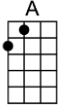
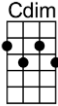
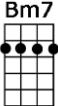
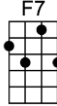
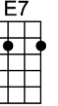


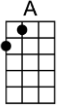
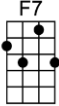
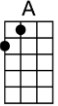
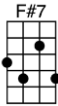
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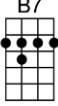
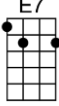
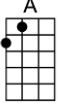
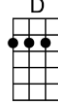
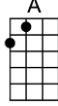
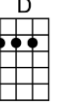
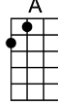
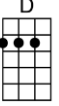
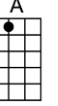
MISSISSIPPI MUD-Harry Barris

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

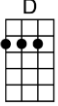
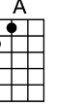
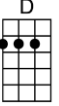
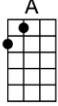
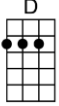
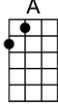
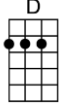
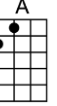
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |

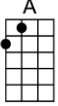
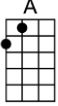
When the sun goes down, the tide goes out, the people gather round, and they all begin to shout

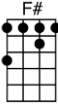
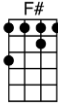
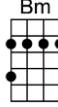
Hey hey, Uncle Dud, it's a treat to beat your feet on the Missis-sippi mud

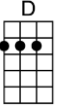
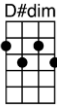
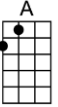
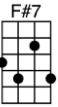
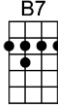
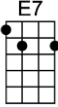
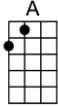
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Missis-sippi mud.

What a dance do they do, Lordy, how I'm tellin' you

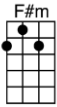
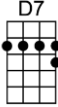
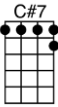
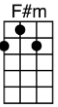
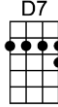
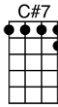
    

They don't need no bands, they keep time by clappin' their hands

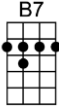
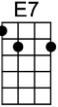
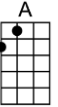
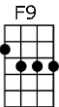
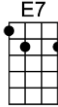
      

Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud, when the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud.

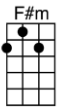
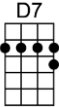
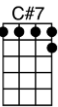

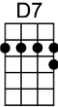
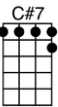
Bridge:

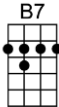

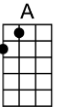
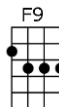

Lordy, how they play it. Goodness, how they sway it

Uncle Joe, Uncle Jim, how they pound the mire with vigor and vim

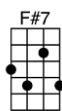
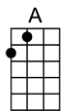
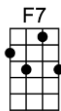
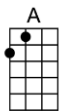
     

Joy the music thrills me. Boy it nearly kills me

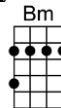
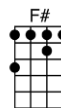
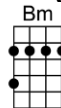
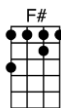
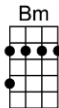
    

What a show when they go, say, they beat it up either fast or slow. (repeat song, with instrumental bridge)

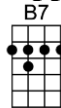
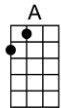
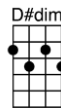
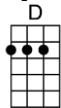
p.2. Mississippi Mud



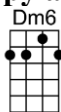
What a dance do they do, Lordy, how I'm tellin' you



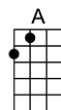
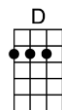
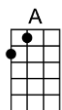
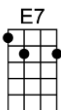
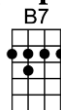
They don't need no bands, they keep time by clappin' their hands



Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud, when the people beat their feet....



When the people beat their feet....



When the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud.

MISSISSIPPI MUD-Harry Barris

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: | A | Cdim | Bm7 | F7 E7 |

A F7 A F#7
When the sun goes down, the tide goes out, the people gather round, and they all begin to shout

B7 E7 A D A D A D A
Hey hey, Uncle Dud, it's a treat to beat your feet on the Missis-sippi mud

D A D A D A D A
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Missis-sippi mud.

A F7 A F#7
What a dance do they do, Lordy, how I'm tellin' you

Bm F# Bm F# Bm
They don't need no bands, they keep time by clappin' their hands

D D#dim A F#7 B7 E7 A
Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud, when the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud.

Bridge:

F#m D7 C#7 F#m D7 C#7
Lordy, how they play it. Goodness, how they sway it

B7 E7 A F9 E7
Uncle Joe, Uncle Jim, how they pound the mire with vigor and vim

F#m D7 C#7 F#m D7 C#7
Joy the music thrills me. Boy it nearly kills me

B7 E7 A F9 E7
What a show when they go, say, they beat it up either fast or slow.

A F7 A F#7
When the sun goes down, the tide goes out, the people gather round, and they all begin to shout

B7 E7 A D A D A D A
Say hey, Uncle Dud, it's a treat to beat your feet on the Missis-sippi mud

D A D A D A D A
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Missis-sippi mud.

p.2. Mississippi Mud

A **F7** **A** **F#7**
What a dance do they do, Lordy, how I'm tellin' you

Bm **F#** **Bm** **F#** **Bm**
They don't need no bands, they keep time by clappin' their hands

D **D#dim** **A** **F#7** **B7** **E7** **A**
Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud, when the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud.

Interlude: Chords of the bridge

A **F7** **A** **F#7**
What a dance do they do, Lordy, how I'm tellin' you

Bm **F#** **Bm** **F#** **Bm**
They don't need no bands, they keep time by clappin' their hands

D **D#dim** **A** **F#7** **B7**
Just as happy as a cow chewin' on a cud, when the people beat their feet....

Dm6
When the people beat their feet....

B7 **E7** **A** **D** **D7b5** **A**
When the people beat their feet on the Mississippi mud.