

# Mississippi You're On My Mind

Jesse Winchester

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 that sits an old tar paper shack. Mississippi, you're on my mind  
Mississippi, you're on my mind  
Oh, 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  
Oh, 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  
Oh, Mississippi, you're on my mind. I think I feel an angry oven heat  
The southern sun just blazes in the sky  
In the dusty weeds a fat grasshopper jumps  
I want to make it to that creek before I fry.  
Mississippi, you're on my mind  
Mississippi, you're on my mind  
Oh, Mississippi, you're on my mind. Mississippi, you're on my mind  
Mississippi, you're on my mind  
Oh, Mississippi, you're on my mind.

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