

# Mississippi You're on My Mind

by Jessie Winchester  
(1974)

*E*            *E*    *A*            *E*  
I think I see, a wagon-rutted road  
                  *E*                    *E*                    *B*    *B*  
With the weeds growing tall between the tracks  
*E*                    *E*                    *A*                    *E*  
And along one side, runs a rusty barbed wire fence  
                  *E*                    *B*                    *E*                    *E*  
And beyond that sits an old tar paper shack

*A*                    *A*                    *E*                    *E*<sup>(½)</sup>    *A*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Mississippi you're on my mind, Mississippi you're on my mind. Oh  
*E*                    *A*                    *E*                    *E*  
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

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

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