

# Roll On Mississippi

## Charley Pride

Walking along, whistling a song,  
Barefoot and fancy free,  
A big riverboat, passing us by, she's headed for New Orleans  
There she goes, disappearing around the bend.  
Roll on Mississippi; you make me feel like a child again. A cool river breeze, like peppermint  
leaves,  
The taste of it takes me back,  
Chewin on a straw, torn overalls,  
A cane pole and old straw hat and muddy river.  
Just like a long lost friend.  
Roll on Mississippi; you make me feel like a child again  
Roll on Mississippi, big river roll.  
You're the childhood dream that I grew up on.  
Roll on Mississippi, carry me home.  
Now I can see I've been away too long.  
Roll on, Mississippi, roll on. Now, when the world's spinning round, too fast for me,  
And I need a place to dream.  
So I come to your banks, I sit in your shade  
Relive the memories  
Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn  
Roll on Mississippi; you make me feel like a child again  
Roll on Mississippi, Big river roll  
You're the childhood dream that I grew up on.  
Roll on Mississippi, carry me home.  
Now I can see I've been away too long.  
Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on, Mississippi,  
Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on  
Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on  
Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on

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