

Beneath the Pecan Trees

When I was just a child
Runnin' loose and wild
In my early years back in Mississippi
I used to feel so free
Playin' beneath the pecan trees
I wonder what them years have done to me.

You may think I'm foolish and silly
But I'm getting mighty tired of this overcrowded city
I think I'm gonna build myself a boat
Make sure that boat can float
And let the mississippi take me home

Worked every kind of job
Seems my hammer just never stopped
My hands feels like the bark of the pecan tree
Now I'm workin' dawn to dusk
Doing what a good man must
Those pecan trees are just a memory

I've worked my way on up the Mississippi
From Naches to Memphis
Paducha, Dubuque
On up to the twin cities

I'm gonna build myself a boat
And make sure that boat can float
And let the Mississippi take me home

Row row row your boat
Gently down the stream
Merrily... merrily
Life is but a dream

I'm gonna build myself a boat
And make sure that boat can float
And let the Mississippi take me home

Worked every kind of job
Seems my hammer just never stopped
My hand feels like the bark off of a pecan tree
Now I'm workin' dawn to dusk
Doing what a good man must
Those pecan trees are just a memory
Those pecan trees are just a memory
I'm gonna let the Mississippi take me home