

Cotton Fields

Written by Huddie Leadbetter

1. When I was just a little bitty baby,
My mama would rock me in the cradle,
In them old cotton fields back home,
When I was just a little bitty baby,
My mama would rock me in the cradle,
In them old cotton fields back home.

chorus: Oh when those cotton bolls get rotten,
You can't pick very much cotton,
In them old cotton fields back home,
It was down in Louisiana,
Just about a mile from Texarkana,
In them old cotton fields back home.

2. It may sound a little bit funny,
But we didn't make very much money,
In them old cotton fields back home,
It may sound a little big funny,
But we didn't make very much money,
(*We could live on milk and honey*),
In them old cotton fields back home.
3. I was over in Arkansas,
People ask me "what you come here for?"
In them old cotton fields back home,
I was over in Arkansas,
I told 'em "to see what I could score",
In them old cotton fields back home.