

# Cotton Jenny

Written by Gordon Lightfoot

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1. There's a house on a hill by a worn down weathered old mill,  
In the valley below where the river winds,  
'n' there's no such thing as bad times,  
There's a soft southern flame and Cotton Jenny's her name,  
And she wakes me up when the sun goes down,  
And the wheels of love go 'round.

*chorus:* Wheels of love go 'round, love goes 'round,  
Love goes 'round, a joyful sound,  
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend but then,  
The wheels go 'round.

2. When the new day begins I go down to the cotton gin,  
And I make my time worth while to them,  
Then I climb back up again,  
And she waits by the door, "Oh Cotton Jenny I'm sore",  
And she rubs my feet while the sun goes down,  
And the wheels of love go 'round.

3. In the hot, sickly south where they say "well hush my mouth",  
I can never be free from the cotton grind,  
But I know I've got what's mine,  
There's a soft southern flame and Cotton Jenny's her name,  
And she wakes me up when the sun goes down,  
And the wheels of love go 'round.