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.