1. When it's peach pickin' time in Georgia, apple pickin' time in Tennessee, Cotton pickin' time in Mississippi, everybody picks on me, When it's roundup time in Texas and the cowboys make whoopee, Then down in old Alabama, it's gal pickin' time to me. Deo-delayee-o, delayee-o, delayee.

2. There's the bluegrass down in Kentucky, Virginia's where they do the swing, Carolina now I'm coming, to you to spend the spring. Arkansas I hear you calling, I know I'll see you soon, There's where I'll do a little pickin', underneath the Ozark moon. Deo-delayee-o, delayee-o, delayee.

3. Now, when hard times overtake you, I hope they don't get me, For I've got a sweety waiting, for me down in Tennessee. I know I'm going to see her, I hope it won't be long, There's where we'll pick a little cabin and call it our mountain home. Deo-delayee-o, delayee-o, delayee.

4. When the cotton pickers pick the cotton, that's when I'll pick a wedding ring, We'll go to town and pick a little gown, for the wedding in the Spring. I hope the preacher knows his business, I know he can't fool me, When it's peach pickin' time in Georgia, it's gal pickin' time to me. Deo-delayee-o, delayee-o, delayee.