

Waylon Jennings "Willie And Laura Mae Jones"

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Willie and Laura Mae Jones were our neighbours a long
time back
They lived down the road from us in a shack just like
our shack
We worked the fields together, learned to count on
each other
When you live off the land you ain't got time to think of
another man's color

The cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
That was another place and another time

Sit out on the front porch every evening when the sun
went down
Willie would play and Laura would sing and them
younguns'd dance around
I'd bring out my guitar and we'd play on through the
night
Every now and then ol' Willie would grin and say, "Boy,
you play all right"

The cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
That was another place and another time

The years rolled past our land and took back what
they'd given
We all knew we'd had to move if we were gonna make
a livin'
So we all moved off and went about our separate ways
It sure was hard to say goodbye to Willie and Laura
Mae

The cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
That was another place and another time

The years rolled past our doors and we heard of them
no more
When I saw Willie downtown the other day
Said, "Y'all stop right by now we could all sit down and
eat by
Sure love to see your children and Laura Mae"

Shook his head real slow and his eyes were kind
This is another place and another time

The cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
That was another place and another time

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