

Watson Gene

"From Cotton To Satin"

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From cotton to satin, from Burmingham to Manhattan

From a pickup to a long limousine

From cotton to satin, from Burmingham to Manhattan

She had to follow her dream

I saved up enough to buy her one small diamond

That's the year that old tractor broke down

And the dreamhouse I promised her still lies by a
shadetree

Some old bricks and boards all around

She begged me to take her to see New York city

So I mortgaged the farm and we were gone

But while we were there she took up with a rich man

I came back to the country alone

Now, there is the garden where she touched every
flower

There's the meadow where we walked hand in hand

If only she'd waited she'd have more than she
dreamed of

For today they struck oil on my land

She went from cotton to satin, from Burmingham to
Manhattan

From a pickup to a lonely limousine

From cotton to satin, from Burmingham to Manhattan

She had to follow her dream

She went from cotton to satin

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