

Abba

"Medley: Pick A Bale Of Cotton/on Top Of Old Smokey/midnigh"

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Gonna jump down, spin around, pick a bale of cotton

Gonna jump down, spin around, pick a bale a day

Gonna jump down, spin around, pick a bale of cotton

Gonna jump down, spin around, pick a bale a day

Oh Lordy

Pick a bale of cotton

Oh Lordy

Pick a bale a day

Oh Lordy

Pick a bale of cotton

Oh Lordy

Pick a bale a day

I said me and my buddy gonna pick a bale of cotton

Now me and my buddy gonna pick a bale a day

I said me and my buddy gonna pick a bale of cotton

Now me and my buddy gonna pick a bale a day

Oh Lordy

Pick a bale of cotton

Oh Lordy

Pick a bale a day

Oh Lordy

Pick a bale of cotton

Oh Lordy

Pick a bale a day

On top of old Smokey

All covered with snow

I lost my true lover

By courting so slow

For courting's a pleasure

And parting is grief

And a false-hearted lover

Is worse than a thief

On top of old Smokey

All covered with snow

I lost my true lover

By courting so slow

Well, you wake up in the morning

Hear the ding dong ring

You go marching to the table

See the same old thing

See the fork on the table

Nothing in your pan

If you say a thing about it

You're in trouble with the man

Let the midnight special

Shine a light on me

Let the midnight special
Shine it's everlovin' light on me
If you ever go to Houston
Well you'd better act right
And you'd better not gamble
And you'd better not fight
For the sheriff will arrest you
And he'll take you down
And before you understand it
You are prison bound
Let the midnight special
Shine a light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine it's everlovin' light on me

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