

## **Band of the Grenadiers**

### **"King Cotton"**

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#### KING COTTON

Pick the cotton and pick the cotton and pick the cotton  
some more!

You're pickin' cotton until you drop  
You're never getting' away  
You'd rather be in a coffee shop  
With fish and chips on your tray.

You're bendin' down  
Your back is broke  
Your fingers ache and  
Your feet are smokin'

Your head is numb  
Your legs are gone  
And you've got nothing to say

You're pickin' cotton the whole day through  
Until the evening is done  
You'll never get a vacation or a getaway for some fun

You grind your knees into the dirt  
You rip your pants and you tear your shirt  
But you can't complain, your back's in pain  
And you get nothin' for pay

'Cause that sonavabitch will never let you  
Take a break at all,  
You'll never get any food  
Or water, juice or alcohol

So pick your cotton, boy. This rotten  
Day has just begun, and you will  
Not be done with pickin' till it's  
Later in the Fall

I'm tellin' you what my life is like  
So listen up my friend  
My mother is holding up all right  
Although her back don't bend

We pick all day, we pick all night  
And when the day is over we can  
Grab a little nap and then we do it all again.  
TRIO

You'll never guess how much I really love this job,  
So, I'm giving you fair warning  
I love the foreman who can make my mother sob  
While cotton pickin' in the morning.

You see that bastard with the whip? His name is "Bob".  
Woke me up at five this morning,

You'll never know how much I'd love to stab that slob  
And spread his guts to rot 'til dawning  
DOGFIGHT

You've got to  
Bend down, open a boll  
Pick out the fluff, bag it!

If your bag's getting' full  
Harder to pull, drag it!

Fill the bag my friend  
Fill it once again  
Do it till your fingers bleed, boy!

TRIO (REPRISE)  
You'll never know how much I love plantation life,  
Full of sweet perfume and romance;  
You'll never know how much I'd like to use Bob's knife  
To separate him from his gonads.

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