

## Emmylou Harris

### "California cotton"

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My drifting memory goes back to the spring of 43  
When I was just a child in mama's arms  
My daddy plowed the ground and prayed  
Someday we might leave this rundown mortgaged  
Oklahoma farm.

And then one night I heard my daddy  
Aying to my mama that he'd finally saved enough to  
go  
California was his dream of paradise  
Fore he had seen pictures in magazines that told him  
so.

California cottonfields where labor camps are filled  
With worried men with broken dreams  
California cottonfields as close to wealth  
As daddy ever came.

Well, almost everything we had was sold or left behind  
From my daddy's plow to the fruit that mama canned  
And some folks came to say farewell and see what all  
We had to sell and some just came to shake my  
daddy's hand.

Well, the Model A was loaded down and California  
bound  
And a change of luck was just four days away  
But the only change that I remember seeing for my  
daddy  
Was when his dark hair turned to silver gray.

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