

## Emmylou Harris

### "California Cottonfields"

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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 saying to my  
mama  
That he'd finally saved enough to go  
California was his dream of paradise  
Before 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

--- Instrumental ---

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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