

Bobby Bare

"Song of the South"

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(Bob McDill)

Cotton on the roadside cotton in the ditch
We all picked the cotton but we never got rich
Daddy was a veteran a Southern Democrat
Said they oughta kill a rich man to vote like that.

Sing a song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and shut my mouth
Gone, gone with the wind
Ain't nobody looking back again.

Well, I was eighteen fore I ate my fill
We lied on the garden and the cow's good will
Winter was wet and the summer was dry
And mama she was old at thirty-five.

Somebody told us Wall Street fell
So damn poor we couldn't even tell
Cotton was short and the weeds were tall
Mr. Roosevelt's gonna save us all.

Sing a song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and shut my mouth
Gone, gone with the wind
Ain't nobody looking back again.

Mama got sick and daddy got down
County got the farm and they moved to town
Daddy took a job with the TVA
Bought a washin' machine and a Chevrolet.

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