

Johnny Burnette

"Pickin' Time"

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(Spoken)

I got cotton in the bottom land
It's up and growin' and I got a good stand
My good wife and them kids of mine
Gonna get new shoes, come Pickin' Time
Get new shoes come Pickin' Time.

Ev'ry night when I go to bed
I thank the Lord that my kids are fed
They live on beans eight days and nine
But I get 'em fat come Pickin' Time
Get 'em fat come come Pickin' Time.

The corn is yellow and the beans are high
The sun is hot in the summer sky
The work is hard til layin' by
Layin' by til Pickin' Time
Layin' by til Pickin' Time.

It's hard to see by the coal-oil light
And I turn it off purty early at night
'Cause a jug of coal-oil costs a dime
But I stay up late come Pickin' Time
Stay up late come Pickin' Time.

My old wagon barely gets me to town
I patched the wheels and I watered 'em down
Keep her in shape so she'll be fine
To haul my cotton come Pickin' Time
Haul my cotton come Pickin' Time.

Last Sunday mornin' when they passed the hat
It was still nearly empty back where I sat
But the preacher smiled and said that's fine
The Lord'll wait til Pickin' Time
The Lord'll wait til Pickin' Time.

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