

Johnny Cash

"The Frozen Four Hundred Pound Fair To Middlin' Cotton Pick"

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I left the field one evening, my fingers so cold and sore
From fair to middlin' cotton, three hundred pounds or
more

Jim McCann was still pickin' straddle in the row
The sun began to sinkin' and the wind began to blow

He was bound to get four hundred, a draggin' a twelve
foot sack

I hollered out, "Jim, come weight it" but I only saw his
back

So I went on home to supper and I gathered around my
kin

I was thinkin' of Jim out there pickin', with winter settin'
in

Next morning the air was freezin', the snow was nine
feet deep

I jerked on my long red handles and I left my kids
asleep

I got myself a shovel and went to where I seen Jim go
And commenced to a diggin' for him at the other end
of his row

I found his body frozen and I took him in to thaw
I dragged in his sack and I weighed it and I added Jim's
marks that I saw

The total was over four hundred so he'd picked more
than he'd bet

Of fair to middlin' cotton, but Jim ain't thawed out yet

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