

# Johnny Cash

## "The Frozen Four Hundred Pound Fair To Middlin' Cotton Picker"

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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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