

Charley Pride "Mississippi Cotton Pickin' Delta"

Visit "[Mississippi Cotton Pickin' Delta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In a Mississippi cotton pickin' delta town
One dusty street to walk up and down
Nothing much to see but a starvin' hound
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town

Down in the Delta where I was born
All we raised was cotton, potatoes and corn
I've picked cotton 'til my fingers hurt
Draggin' a sack through that Delta dirt

And I've worked hard the whole week long
Pickin' my fingers to the blood and bone
There ain't a lot of money in a cotton bale
At least when you try to sell

In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town
One dusty street to walk up and down
Nothing much to see but a starvin' hound
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town

On Saturday night, we'd get dressed up
Catch us a ride on a pickup truck
On a gravel road it nearly strangled us
That cotton pickin' Delta dust

We'd sit across the street on the depot porch
Lookin' at the folks lookin' back at us
Munchin' on a dust covered ice cream cone
Wondering how we'd get back home

From a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town
One dusty street to walk up and down
Nothing much to do but just hang around
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town

From a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town
One dusty street to walk up and down
Nothing much to do but just hang around
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town

Visit [Charley Pride](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.
