

Plan Three

"Cotton Fields"

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When I was a little bitty baby
My mama would rock me in the cradle
In them old cotton fields back home.
When I was a little bitty baby
My mama would rock me in the cradle
In them old cotton fields back home.

Oh, when them cotton balls get rotten
You can't pick very much cotton
In them old cotton fields back home.
It was down in Louisisana
Just about a mile from Texarkana,
And them old cotton fields back home.

It may sound a little funny,
But you didn't make very much money
In them old cotton fields back home.
It may sound a little funny,
But you didn't make very much money
In them old cotton fields back home.

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