

Tanya Tucker

"California Cotton Fields"

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My driftin' memory goes back to the spring of '43
When I was just a child in Mama's arms.
My daddy plowed the ground and prayed
Someday we would be
Less rundown than this Oklahoma farm.

Then one night I heard my daddy saying to my mama
"We finally saved enough for us to go."
California was his dream
Every dime book he had seen
Pictures in magazines had told him so.

California Cotton Fields
Where labor camps were filled with worried men
With broken dreams.
California Cotton Fields
Was as close to wealth as Daddy ever came.

Almost everything we had was sold or left behind
From Daddy's smile to the fruit that Mama canned.
Some folks came to say farewell
And see what all we had to sell
Some just came to shake my daddy's hand.

Our Model A was loaded down and California bound
And a change of luck was just four days away.
But the only change that I remember
Seein' for my daddy
Was when his dark hair turned to silver grey.

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