

Tex Ritter

"Pickin' White Gold"

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Down in the place where I call home I've been workin'
my fingers to the bone
Pickin' white gold pickin' white gold
All day long in that Louisiana sun pickin' and a pullin'
white cotton by the tons
Pickin' white gold pickin' white gold
I fill my sack and I put it on my shoulder then I go away
again
But old man cotton won't let me make a nickel till I take
it to the gin
So I bent my back till I feel it's gonna break
Try to thinkin' how much I'm gonna make
Pickin' white gold pickin' white gold

There's a little girl that I call Nellie all day she works
alongside of me
Pickin' white gold pickin' white gold
Her lips are soft as a cotton in her hand side by side
we're makin' our plans
Pickin' white gold pickin' white gold
There's a little house with a little solid ground make a
mighty pretty home
All we lead is little money down we could call it our
Rome
So I can't rest till I get through I need the money for
what it can do
Pickin' white gold pickin' white gold pickin' white gold
pickin' white gold
Pickin' white gold (pickin' white gold) pickin' white gold

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