

Merle Haggard

"One Row at a Time"

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The southeast Georgia red clay dust is groundin' to my
blue jeans
A heavy hundred pound cotton sack draggin' along
behind
Wanting to leave this place so bad, I forget how I got
here
Workin' my way back home, one row at a time

It's a long old cotton road between here and Waco
Then, three days a-thumbin' through that California line
And two more days of pickin' to that house, just south
of Fresno
Workin' my way back home, one row at a time

Mississippi delta mud is caked in layers on my brogans
Sunshine on snow white cotton, nearly makes me blind
I can almost see 'em now, a home folk runnin' out to
meet me
Workin' my way back home, one row at a time

It's a long, old cotton road between here and Waco
Then, three days a-thumbin' through that California
line, Lord, Lord
Two more days of pickin' to that house, just south of
Fresno
Workin' my way back home, one row at a time
Workin' my way back home, one row at a time

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