

Porter Wagoner "Dusty Delta Memories"

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DUSTY DELTA MEMORIES

Writer Damon Black

IT WAS SEVEN IN THE MORNING AND ALREADY IT WAS
EIGHTY-FIVE DEGREES MAMA SAID SHE BET THAT IT
WOULD REACH A HUNDRED CAUSE THERE WASN'T ANY
BREEZE PAPA HAD A COTTON SACK HEADED FOR A
FIELD WE DID NOT OWN LITTLE BROTHER WAS CRYING
CAUSE PAPA SAID WE HAD TO COME ALONG OLD SHEP
CAME OFF THE FRONT PORCH HIS BRISTLES RAISED AND
READY FOR A FIGHT MAMA TOLD SOME BILL COLLECTOR
BETTER STAY OUTSIDE THE GATE THAT DOG'LL BITE I
REMEMBER US ALL LAUGHING AS HE DROVE AWAY OLD
SHEP JUST LAYED BACK DOWN IT WAS A DUSTY JULY
MORNING IN A MISSISSIPPI DELTA COTTON TOWN
DUSTY DELTA MEMORIES COTTON FIELDS BLOWING ON
MY MIND DUSTY DELTA MEMORIES THEM BRING ON
TEARDROPS TAKE ME BACK HOME KIND NOW I PICK
THOSE DAYS LIKE ROSES EVERYTIME A JULY MORNING
COMES ALONG AND MY MEMEORY TAKES A SHORTCUT
RIGHT BACK DOWN THAT GRAVEL ROAD I WALKED
UPON WHEN I'M FALLING SHORT OF HAPPINESS I
ALWAYS TURN THE TABLES OF MY MIND TO THE
CORNER OF A COTTON FIELD AND A WEATHER BEATEN
SHACK OF ROUGH CUT PINE

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