Skymarshall "Cottonfields Live"

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"When I was a little bitty baby.

My mama where to rock me in the cradle.

In them old, cottonfields back home.

When I was a little bitty baby.

My mummy where to rock me in the cradle.

In them old, cottonfields back home.

And when them cotton-balls get rotten, You can't pick very much cotton. In them old - cottonfields back home. It was down in Louisiana, Just abaout a mile from Texacana. In them old - cottonfields back home.

Jada folkens nok en gang er vi på fylla. Er faen ikke mye som er bedre enn det. Så da jekker vi en øl og blander en dram, Og drammen den er stram. Også setter alle sammen tenna I taket, Også sjangler vi som faen frem og tilbake. Også synger alle sammen som er her med pÃ¥ Siste verset her nå.

Well, when I was a little bitty baby.

My mama where to rock me in the cradle.

In them old, cottonfields back home. (have a good time)

When I was a little bitty baby.

My mummy where to rock me in the cradle.

In them old, cottonfields back home.

And when them cotton-balls get rotten, You can't pick very much cotton. In them old - cottonfields back home. It was down in Louisiana, Just abaout a mile from Texacana. In them old - cottonfields back home.

In them old, cottonfields back home. In them old, cottonfields back home. I said the cottonfields back

hooooooooooooooome"

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