

## Hans Theessink

### "Cottonfields"

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When I was just a little bitty baby  
My mama would rock me in the cradle  
In them old cottonfields back home  
It was down in Louisiana  
Just about a mile from Texicana  
In them old cottonfields back home

Well when them cotton folks get rockin'  
We don't pick very much cotton  
In them old cottonfields back home  
It was down in Louisiana  
Just about a mile from Texicana  
In them old cottonfields back home

When Jess 'n I were just about knee high  
'N our daddy's corn was ridin' mighty high  
In them sweet old cottonfields back home  
Mama would pray to the lord to save our cattle  
'N get the mandolin down 'n make the chickens scuttle  
In them old cottonfields back home

Well when them cotton folks get rockin' ...

When Jake 'n Jonas was drinkin' whiskey  
We hit on the road up to Tennessee  
'N leave them old cottonfields back home  
But mama would wring her hands 'n start a-cryin'  
Sayin' her boys wouldn't leave their mother dyin'  
In them old cottonfields back home  
"No way Mama ..."

Well when them cotton folks get rockin'

(spoken: Then mama would take the mandolin down 'n  
start  
a-playing and a-dancing, playing just like this)

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