

# Tesla

## "Cotton Fields"

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When I was a little bitty baby,  
My momma would rock me in a cradle,  
In them o-o-old cotton fields back home.

Well it was down in Louisiana,  
Just about a mile from Texarkana,  
In them o-o-old cotton fields back home.

Oh, when them cotton bolls get rotten,  
You can't pick very much cotton,  
In them old cotton fields back home.

Well it was down in Louisiana,  
Just about a mile from Texarkana,  
In them o-o-old cotton fields back home.

(guitar solo)

When I was a little bitty baby,  
My momma would rock me in a cradle,  
In them o-o-old cotton fields back home.

Well it was down in Louisiana,  
Just about a mile from Texarkana,  
In them o-o-old cotton fields back home.

Back home  
Back home  
Back home  
Back home  
(indeterminable mumbling)

When I was a little bitty baby,  
My momma would rock me in a cradle,  
In them old cotton fields back home.

Well it was down in Louisiana,  
Just about a mile from Texarkana,  
In them o-o-old cotton fields back home.

(guitar solo)

Oh, when them cotton bolls get rotten,  
You can't pick very much cotton,  
In them old cotton fields back home.

Well it was down in Louisiana,  
Just about a mile from Texarkana,  
In them o-o-old cotton fields back home.

When I was a little bitty baby,  
My momma would rock me in a cradle,  
All night long.

All night long.

adios mother.

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