

The Explosion

"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 p? fylla.
Er faen ikke mye som er bedre enn det.
S? da jekker vi en ?l og blander en dram,
Og drammen den er stram.
Ogs? setter alle sammen tenna I taket,
Ogs? sjangler vi som faen frem og tilbake.
Ogs? synger alle sammen som er her med p?
Siste verset her n?.

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

hooooooooooooooooooooome"

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