

Loose Caboose Band

"Black Hands White Cotton"

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Black Hands White Cotton by The Caboose

Two, three, four

We're gonna do a tune right now
About a story this old field worker
Told out in South Alabama

He said, me and my woman
Been working real hard
Through this Alabama?

It's all for the man
In the big white house
Who living over yonder
By the church

On a Sunday morning
You can hear us singing
On a Sunday morning
Our voices ringing

Everybody sing
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Lord, can't you hear me
Talking to you

You know, the only time
I ever heard that man pray
Well, he stood right up to the Lord
And I could hear him say

He said, Lord, my crops are dry
Whoa, I'm afraid they're gonna die
Lord, you gotta please
Gimme some water

But all I got in this whole world

Is my black hands and white cotton
Mobile lights, they're forgotten

Glory, glory, hallelujah
Lord, can't you hear me
Talking to you

A new day, it's dawning
The black night, it turns morning
Black hands, they're demanding
Some respect and understanding

A white man, black brother
They're hand in hand one another
Singing glory, glory, hallelujah
Lord, can't you hear me
Talking to you

Black hands and white cotton
Mobile lights, they're forgotten
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Lord, can't you hear me
Talking to you

Glory, glory
Glory, glory, glory now
Glory, can't you hear me talking

Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Oh, Lord, got to hear me talking
Oh, Lord, can't you hear me talking

Glory, glory...

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