Take me back to cotton fields

(Jean-Luc Brosse - Félicie Garric)



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Couplet G G G I remember the words of a very old song C C I used to sing along when I was a kid G G C C In them old cotton fields back home
There's a place called Texarcana Deep down in Louisiana, and it's allright In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home
When you go down the Mississippi Leadbelly is sleeping in the dust In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home
In my soul I can hear a voice Saying you're bound to go back to the same old place In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home
Refrain Am Am D D
And when cotton balls get rotten Am Am D D You can't pick very much cotton everybody knows
And when cotton balls get rotten Am Am D D
And when cotton balls get rotten Am Am D D You can't pick very much cotton everybody knows G G C C G G C C
And when cotton balls get rotten Am Am D D You can't pick very much cotton everybody knows G G C C G G C C In them old cotton fields back home
And when cotton balls get rotten Am Am D D You can't pick very much cotton everybody knows G G C C G G C C In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home Instrumental couplet When I was back in Arkansas Nobody asked me what I was coming for
And when cotton balls get rotten Am Am D D You can't pick very much cotton everybody knows G G C C G G C C In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home Instrumental couplet When I was back in Arkansas Nobody asked me what I was coming for In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home I swear that one day soon I'm gonna hop on a train and roll along
And when cotton balls get rotten Am Am DD You can't pick very much cotton everybody knows GGGCCCGGGCCC In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home Instrumental couplet When I was back in Arkansas Nobody asked me what I was coming for In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home I swear that one day soon I'm gonna hop on a train and roll along In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home You know folks didn't get very much money But times have changed and it's still the same

I remember the words of a very old song

Of a willow tree, but that sun's gonna kill me

I used to sing along when I was a kid

I dreamed I was sleeping in the shade

In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home

In them old cotton fields back home, in them old cotton fields back home

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