

Charley Pride, Mississippi Cotton Pickin' Delta Town

In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town one dusty street to walk up and down
Nothin' much to see but a starvin' hound in a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town

Down in the Delta where I was born all we raised was cotton potatoes and corn
I've picked cotton till my fingers hurt draggin' the sack through that Delta dirt
And I've worked hard the whole week long pickin' my fingers to the blood and bone
There ain't a lot of money in a cotton bale at least when you try to sell
In a Mississippi cotton pickin'...

On Saturday nights we'd get dressed up catch us a ride on a pickup truck
On a gravel road it nearly string to lust that cotton pickin' Delta dust
We'd sit across the street on the depot porch lookin' at the folks lookin' back at us
Munchin' on a dust covered ice cream cone and wondering how we'd get back home
From a Mississippi cotton pickin'...
From a Mississippi cotton pickin'...