

# Creedence Clearwater Revival, Cotton Fields

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

It was down in Louisiana,  
Just about a mile from Texarkana,  
In them 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;

It was down in Louisiana,  
Just about a mile from Texarkana,  
In them old cotton fields back home.

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