

Alabama, Song Of The South

Song, song of the South
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone with the wind
There ain't nobody looking back again
Cotton on the roadside, cotton in the ditch
We all picked the cotton but we never got rich
Daddy was a veteran, a Southern Democrat
They oughta get a rich man to vote like that
Sing it, song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone with the wind
There ain't nobody looking back again
Well somebody told us Wall Street fell
But we were so poor that we couldn't tell
Cotton was short and the weeds were tall
But Mr. Roosevelt's gonna save us all
Well, momma got sick and daddy got down
The county got the farm and they moved to town
Papa got a job with the T V A
He bought a washing machine and then a Chevrolet
Sing it, song, song of the South
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone with the wind
There ain't nobody looking back again
Play it
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