

# Anne Murray, Cotton Jenny

There's a house on a hill  
By a worn down weathered old mill  
In a valley below where the river winds  
There's no such thing as bad times

And a soft southern flame, oh Cotton Jenny's her name  
And she wakes him up when the sun goes down  
And the wheel of love goes round  
Wheels of love go round, love go round  
Love go round, a joyful sound

He ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend  
But then the wheels go round

When the new day begins, he goes down to the cotton gin  
And he makes his time worth while to then  
Then he climbs back up again  
And she waits by the door, oh Cotton Jenny he's sore  
And she rubs his feet while the sun goes down  
And the wheel of love goes round  
Wheels of love go round, love go round  
Love go round, a joyful sound

He ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend  
But then the wheels go round  
Wheels of love go round, love go round  
Love go round, a joyful sound

He ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend  
But then the wheels go round  
Wheels go round  
Wheels go round  
Love go round  
Love go round  
Love go round