

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