

Cab Calloway, Cabin In The Cotton

There's a cabin in the southland
Where I long to go,
Little cabin in the cotton,
Where the cotton grows.

There's a cabin in the cotton,
Far away but not forgotten,
And in every recollection,
That's where my affection strays.

I got a feeling so sentimental
And I see a smile so gentle,
When I think of old Virginnie
And my pickaninny days.

We took the good and we took the evil,
Laughter and song and the old boll weevil,
Time has gone by, now here am I,
Wishing that I only knew:

How to wake up in the morning
In the cabin I was born in,
Little cabin in the cotton
I have not forgotten you.