

# Charley Pride, Mississippi Cotton Pickin' Delta

In a Mississippi cotton pickin' delta town  
One dusty street to walk up and down  
Nothing much to see but a starvin' hound  
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town  
Down in the Delta where I was born  
All we raised was cotton, potatoes and corn  
I've picked cotton 'til my fingers hurt  
Draggin' a sack through that Delta dirt  
And I've worked hard the whole week long  
Pickin' my fingers to the blood and bone  
There ain't a lot of money in a cotton bale  
At least when you try to sell  
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town  
One dusty street to walk up and down  
Nothing much to see but a starvin' hound  
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town  
On Saturday night, we'd get dressed up  
Catch us a ride on a pickup truck  
On a gravel road it nearly strangled us  
That cotton pickin' Delta dust  
We'd sit across the street on the depot porch  
Lookin' at the folks lookin' back at us  
Munchin' on a dust covered ice cream cone  
Wondering how we'd get back home  
From a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town  
One dusty street to walk up and down  
Nothing much to do but just hang around  
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