

Charley Pride, Mississippi Cotton Picking Delta Town

In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town
One dusty street to walk up and down
Nothin' 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 till my fingers hurt
Draggin' the 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
Nothin' much to see but a starvin' hound
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town
On Saturday nights 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
Nothin' much to do but just hang around
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town
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