

Jeannie C. Riley, Cotton Patch

I was raised in the middle of the cotton belt babe but I ain't gonna stay
I'll lose my shape fast draggin' cotton sacks and eatin' butter beans ever day
Yeah I'm a sweet young thing I just turned eighteen and I'm unhookin' the latch
Cause I've got too much class for this cotton patch
I've been readin' magazines on a once-a-week trip to town on Saturday
And I've seen all pretty clothes and had some rich men and I know that's for me
Papa's been tryin' to pair me up with Willie Bond whose daddy owns the cotton gin
Ha I done checked Willie out two years ago and Willie knows I'm too much for him
It's Monday mornin' four o'clock got my sack packed
And I'm out here where the freeway runs
Here comes a truck I'm in luck he's goin' straight through on a Dallas run
Yeah I am headin' for big D and I know that's place for me to really make a catch
Well finally I'm a gettin' my class out of this cotton patch
I arrived in style aboard that big semi and I felt mighty high
Waltzin' into the best department store for employment to suit my style
And I was doin' pretty good till some wisecracker came on the scene
He called me a ripe tomato but he said I sure look green
I tried ever door to ever store in town but my luck had run down
It seemed nobody round Dallas could recognize the class I'd brought to town
And after all day of looking would you believe the only job I could land
Was in a dog food factory stickin' labels on dog food cans
Dear mama how are you pop and kids hope you're doin' OK
Me I never did find a better job and all the rich men got away
Mama I've been thinkin' pretty soon you know I'll be nineteen
And I sure learned a lot about class fast mama know what I mean
Mama if you'd ask papa if he'd spare a few dollars
I'd catch the next greyhound comin' home
And I tell you if Willie Bond ain't committed yet I'd be willin' to give it a try
After all it's been two years...just tell papa...money...