

# Lynn Anderson, Cotton Jenny

There's a house on a hill by a rolldown weathered old mill  
In the valley below where the river winds there's no such thing as hard times  
And a soft southern flame oh Cotton Jenny's her name  
And she wakes him up when the sun goes down and the wheels of love go round  
Wheels of love go round love go round love go round 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 worthwhile till then and 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 wheels of love go round  
Wheels of love go round...  
Wheels of love go round...