

Roy Clark, I Never Picked Cotton

I never picked cotton
But my mother did and my brother did
And my sister did and my daddy died young
Workin' in the coal mine.

When I was just a baby too little for a cotton sack
I played in the dirt while the others worked till they couldn't straighten their backs
And I made myself a promise when I was big enough to run
That I'd never stay a single day in that Oklahoma sun.

And I never picked cotton
But my mother did and my brother did
And my sister did and my daddy died young
Workin' in the coal mine.

Folks said I grew up early and in the farm that couldn't hold me then
So I stole ten bucks and a pickup truck and I never went back again
And it was fast cars and whiskey long haired girls and fun
I had everything that money could bring and I took it all with a gun.

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It was Saturday night in Memphis when a redneck grabbed my shirt
And when he said go back in your cotton sack I let 'im dyin' in the dirt
They'd take me in the mornin' to the gallows just outside
And in the time I've got there ain't a hullava lot that I can look back on with pride.

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