

# Seekers, Cottonfields

When I was a little biddy baby  
My mamma would a-rock me in my cradle,  
In them old cottonfields back home;

When I was a little biddy baby  
My mamma would a-rock me in my cradle,  
In them old, old cottonfields back home.

Well it may not sound too funny  
But we didn't make a-very much money,  
In them old cottonfields back home;

Well it may not sound too funny  
But we didn't make a-very much money,  
In them old, old cottonfields back home.

Chorus:

Oh when them cotton balls get a-rotten  
You couldn't pick a-very much cotton,  
In them old cottonfields back home;

I was down in Lousiana  
'Round about a mile from a-Texicana,  
In them old, old cottonfields back home.

I was down in Arkensaw  
People said "What did you come here for?"  
From them old cotton fields back home;

I was down in Arkensaw  
People said "What did you come here for?"  
From them old, old cotton fields back home.

(Chorus)

In them old, old cottonfields back home,  
In them old, old cottonfields back home!