

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!